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EVERARD DIGBY

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1914
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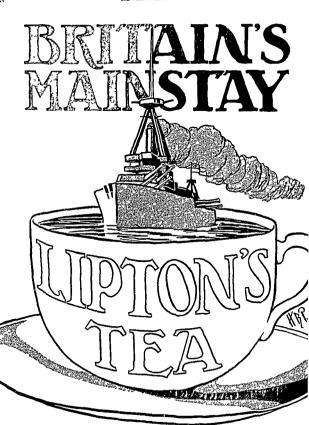
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FOREWORD

I HAVE been asked to write a foreword to "Indian Ink." The idea originated with a Committee of ladies who are helping in Bengal to raise funds to relieve the distress caused by the war.

Whether the war lasts for a long time or whether it ends soon there must be much suffering: we cannot help that, but we want to make the suffering as little as we can; and for this we need money.

It is hoped by the sale of "Indian Ink" to raise a substantial sum for the relief of distress.

The production of a publication of this character entails a great deal of hard work which has been spontaneously and most ungrudgingly performed. Our thanks are due to the authors and artists, who have contributed to its pages including some whose contributions we were unfortunately unable to include.

Our thanks are also due to the following firms who have come forward and enabled us to publish at a cost which would otherwise have been impossible, and so have generously contributed to the financial side of the undertaking :-

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I desire to thank also Mrs. Holmwood and Mrs. Oakley for the great personal interest they have taken, and lastly our Editor, Mr. Digby, and the Associated Press, without whose assistance the production would not have been possible.

> GOVERNMENT HOUSE. CALCUTTA. 16th November 1914.

MARY CARMICHAEL.

THE END OF THE JOURNEY
BY
ABANENDRANATH TAGORE

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MARY CARMICHAEL

WAR FUNDS.

 Prince of Wales' Fund — Few details are known in India regarding this Fund It is being raised in England for the Sailors and Soldiers of the Empire Anyone desirous of contributing should remit his subscriptions to the Bank of Bengal

2 Imperial Indian Relief Fund—Started by H E the Viceroy with the approval of H M the King Emperor It embraces the whole of the Indian Empire but in order to assist in the raising of subscriptions, Provincial Branches

have been opened

The object is to afford relief to all classes in India suffering from the effects of the war—as far as possible not only members of the Military contingents sent from India, but also all other classes of sufferers in India, Civil as well as Military, from suffering or misfortune consequent upon the war

The Bengal Branch is being administered by a Committee presided over by H E Lord Carmichael Contributions, however small, are welcome Where it is not convenient to pay a lump sum down donations by instalments are gladly accepted

Mr L G Dunbar of the Bank of Bengal is Treasurer, and payments should be made to him Maharaja Sir Prodyot Kumar Tagore Bahadur and Major Bateman Champain have been appointed Joint Secretaries from whom further information may be obtained

3 St John's Ambulance Association —This Association has started an organisation for forwarding gifts and medical comforts to troops that have gone to the front from India The Association whose head-quarters are at Simila, is being assisted by Provincial Branches The Bengal Women's Branch of the Imperial Indian Relief Fund has undertaken the work of the Provincial Branch in this matter, and is presided over by H E Lady Carmichael

In order to ensure a supply of articles that experience has proved to be most useful, the Association has prepared a list which has been published in the newspapers. The scheme as set forth is that unit boxes containing extras and comforts to supplement the official scale of equipment for no hospital beds should be made up. The cost of each unit box is RS 250. In the case of donors of a complete unit the name of the donor will be inscribed on the box.

The particulars of work and articles required may be obtained from Mrs. Begg, 16 Elysum Row, Calcutta Gifts should be sent to Miss Rutherford, 134, Corporation Street Subscriptions of money donations should be forwarded to Captain W L Harnett IMS. Government House, Calcutta

PATHAN HONOR

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE YOUNGHUSBAND.

ALI GUL, Subadar, was one of the bravest men in the Guides He had twice won the Order of Merit, the highest reward for valour then open to the Indian Soldier, and would have won it a third time. or perished in the attempt, had he been allowed to This was on the way to Lhassa. when serving under my brother I rank The expedition had reached the Brahmaputra River, here 150 yards wide, and running deep and strong, with icy cold snow water The Tibetans had removed all available boats to the far bank, and the advance was at a deadlock Seeing the dilemma All Gul at once volunteered to swim across the river in face of the enemy. and bring back a boat His Commanding Officer could not, however, spare so valuable a Native Officer for so desperate a venture, and forbade him to make the attempt Whereupon two more men of the Guides at once stepped forward, and said that they would go Of these two one was drowned, or hit by a bullet, on the way across, and was never seen again. whilst the other. Sobat by name, succeeded in this desperate venture, and alone, naked and unarmed, cut out a boat from under the enemy's bank of the river and brought That was a well earned Order it back of Merit

This story, however, is not about Ali Gul's military career, but about his private affairs One day in August a few years back, Alı Gul came, as the custom is, to pay his respects, and to say good bye, before he went on three months' leave to his home, his home being in Tirah, in the land of the Afridis I wished him good-bye, and hoped he would have a

pleasant holiday. With a half sheepish and half bashful air, he muttered something about "he hoped so too" Then. shaking hands and making a military salute and gathering up his shoes at the door, in due sequence, he departed

To my surprise about a week after I saw him in the lines and hailed him

"Hullo! Alı Gul, what are you doing here? Why haven't you gone on leave?"

"Some business Sahib some urgent business has kept me," he said aloud and then, as we strolled on away from listeners, he added in a low murmur. "T couldn't get through, so came back "

"How do you mean you couldn't get through? Why it is your own country, and your own home"

"Without doubt, Sahib, but unfortunately I have many enemies in my own country, and though they dare not touch me, or molest me in the country of the English Government, yet the moment I set foot across the Border I carry my life in my hands "

"That seems a singularly rotten state of affairs Why don't you settle in British

territory then?"

"Well, Sahib, I have often thought of doing so, but I have a good deal of land in Tirah, and many relations there. and I cannot manage it yet"

"What's going to happen now, then?

Are you giving up your leave?"

No. Sahib, I have sent spies round to see whether I can get to my home by another route"

"Well may you be fortunate, and may

your kismet be good"

And we parted

A few days after I noticed that Ali Gul had disappeared from the lines, so I concluded that he had managed to elude the vigilance of his enemies, and had reached his home

At the end of three months I noticed Ah Gul at the Commanding Officer's breweekly durbar, and asked him to comup and see me at my house afterwards

After the usual salutation, and the reiterated enquiries after each other's health, customary on these occasions, "Are you well?" "Are you quite well?" "Are you very well indeed" "You are feeling quite strong?" had been worked through, I said

"Well, Alı Gul, what sort of leave did you have? Enjoyed yourself? Had a

good rest?"

"To tell the truth, Sahib, I did not have a very good time, or a good rest for I was shut up all the time in my fortified tower"

"That is very sad and what illness

were you suffering from ? "

"None at all, Sahib, but (with a broad grin) I should have suffered from a very bad one, if I had put my face out of doors"

"How so?"
"Well Sahib, it is like this, a Subadar of the 26th and myself are deadly enemies, we have a blood feud and most unfortunately list tower is only about 200 yards away from mine, and the moment I show my face he has a shot at me I also in my turn lose no opportunity of having a shot at that Subadar Under these circumstances neither of us, nor any of our relations, could go out at all, so all our land hes uncultivated and we were unable to sow our autumn crop"

"A Subadar of the 26th!" I exclaimed, "why I have seen you and he at the same winter manneavres, and even quartered together in the same Cantonment, and apparently on quite friendly terms"

"That is so, Your Honor As long as we are under the British flag, we sink our private feuds, and serve the King faithfully side by side But when we go

home across the Border, there it is otherwise. There Pathan honor has to be satisfied."

"Well, I must say you are a pair of donkeys Here you are one day and in one country on perfectly friendly terms with each other, and on another day in another country not only try to kill each other, but bring ruin on each other's crops and cattle

"That is so, Sahib, but it is Pathan

honor "

"Oh! rubbish," said I "Now look here, both you and the Subadar of the 26th are good soldiers and excellent fellows, and have served the same King long and faithfully Why not like sensible fellows make friends, and give up this highly idiotic feud?"

Alı Gul sımply beamed on me with

great warmth, and replied

"That, Sahib, is exactly what I say That is exactly the message I have frequently sent that Subadar of the 26th through the medium of friends, but he is an obstinate fellow, he will not consent"

"Well I'll try and get hold of him and have a talk with him I hate to see two fine fellows like you out against each

other "

"Without doubt, Your Honor You speak words of great wisdom There is, however, one obstacle in the way of a settlement The Subadar of the 26th says I am twelve corpses alread of him, and that he cannot make peace, because of Pathan honor, till he is even with me"
"Twelve corpses! What do you mean?"

"It is thus true, Sahib," replied Ali Gul with great frankness, and an open and engaging smile. "I and my family have killed forty of his people, and he and his have killed only twenty eight of mine, and so I am twelve corpses ahead of him. And it would not in the least matter if he or I, or both, were killed, our families would carry on the feud till one family or the other was wiped out, or at any rate till our scores were even."

I met the Subadar of the 26th shortly after, for he was under my command in the Derajat, and had a talk with him about Ali Gul and their mutual feud.

"Yes," he said, "Ali Gul is a splendid fellow, and a great warrior, and a deadly shot, and I would like much to end the feud; yet Pathan honor forbids me to do so till I am even with him."

But Ali Gul died in his bed after all. poor fellow, and not at the hands of the Subadar of the 26th; for one Christmas he sent word for me to come and see him in hospital, and when I came in he struggled up to a sitting position in his bed and gave the military salute, and with the same frank smile, but not the same strong voice, he whispered, "The Subadar of the 26th hasn't killed me after all," and sank back on his pillow. That night he died of pneumonia.

But before we leave Ali Gul, the bravest of the brave, let me tell you a story about

his son.

Ali Gul was himself a great stalwart fellow, over six feet in height, and hard as nails all over. When men are enlisted into the Guides, it is customary for their relations or friends in the regiments to bring them up in open durbar for the Colonel's approval. The Colonel then tells them to strip, and looks them over, and if he approves of them, sends them to the doctor to be "vetted," as it is colloquially called. Usually, however, a Native Officer if he is bringing up a friend, or relation, and much more so a son, will very usually take an opportunity of showing the candidate privately beforehand to the Colonel at his bungalow; so that he may not incur the shame, as he calls it, of having his man rejected in public.

One day at durbar, Alı Gul appeared with what I thought rather a weak and undersized youth, and when other busi-

ness was over put him forward amongst the other recruits for inspection, announcing that he was his son I saw everyone looking at me, and then at the lad, for he was manifestly not up to the standard of the Guides in physique and general appearance.

"Quite so, quite so, Ali Gul, a nice boy I am sure. Bring him up to my house after, and we'll have a talk about

him."

But Ali Gul was not to be put off. "I know, Sahib," he proceeded with great bluntness, " what is in Your Honor's mind. You think he is not good enough for the Guides."

"Well, well, I don't say that exactly, but perhaps in another year, and with lots of good food, he would fill out and become a man like his father. Any way I won't look at him now, bring him up to

my house later." " I thought so, Your Honor. You don't think him good enough for you. Now let me tell you a little story. The lad is only seventeen years old, and the other day he and another lad were working their way home from the Khyber into Tırah. Each of them had a Martini-Henri carbine, which, as Your Honor knows, fires black powder, and makes great smoke. As the two boys were going along they were attacked by three of my enemies, full grown men with beards, and each armed with a Lee-Metford rifle, firing smokeless powder. Well, then, they had a regular fight these five, and my boy shot two of the enemy and brought away their rifles. Now, is he good enough for you or not?" and the proud father looked first at me, and then round the assembled durbar.

"Good enough for me, Ali Gul? Yes, certainly he is. He is enlisted from this

moment."

"Shahbash!" said every one solemnly.

THETRUMPET

RY

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

(Translated by the author from his Bengali poem)

Thy trumpet lies in the dust
The wind is weary, the light is dead Ah, the evil day!
Come fighters, carrying your flags, and singers with your songs!
Come pilgrims hurrying on your journey!
The trumpet lies in the dust waiting for us

I was on my way to the temple with my evening offerings, Seeking for the heaven of rest after the day's dusty toil, Hoping my hurts would be healed and stains in my garment washed white, When I found thy trumpet lying in the dust.

Had not the time come for me to light my evening lamp? Had not the night sung its Iuliaby to the stars? O thou blood red rose, my poppies have paled and faded I was certain my wanderings were over and my debts all paid When suddenly I came upon thy trumpet lying in the dust.

Strike my drowsy heart with thy spell of youth I
Let my joy in life blaze up in fire I
Let the shafts of awakening fly piercing the heart of night
And a thrill of dread shake the palsied blindness
I have come to raise thy trumpet from the dust.

Sleep is no more for me—my walk shall be through showers of arrows. Some shall run out of their houses to come to my side—some shall weep Some in their beds shall toss and groan in dire dreams. For to-night thy trumpet shall be sounded

From thee I had asked peace only to find shame.

Now I stand before thee—help me to don my armour!

Let hard blows of trouble strike fire into my life.

Let my heart beat in pain—beating the drum of thy victory.

My hands shall be utterly emptied to take up thy trumpet.

BACK TO NATURE

IRENE BURN

Author of "The Unknown Steersman," "The Unforgiving Minute"

CHAPTER I

I was staying with Carol when the summons came Her people are oppressively rich, and she lives in a sham Tudor mansion expensively provided with all the latest American inventions Meantime she is sure that she pines to live the simple life, and talks in slighting accents of the vulgar wealth which a cotton-broking father

lavishes upon her

I came downstairs from my palatial rose-brocaded bedchamber I had bathed in the marble bathroom attached, and had admired the lavishness of silver plumbing Carol was sitting pensively at the head of the table while the male members of her family read the market reports aloud to each other Her brothers are all beautiful young men wearing tightwristed morning coats, and they are always telephoning mysterious directions about spots and There is a telephone in every room in Carol's house, and several in the hall One of the brothers tore himself from his paper and brought me things to eat, while Carol put down the letter she was reading and poured me out a pleasing mixture of tea and coffee She is a dreamy girl

"Lionel wants us to go down to his cottage for this week end and live the

simple life," she began happily

' If there are going to be Polish refugees there I shan't go," I said positively "Last time I saw Lionel he was surrounded by a mob of them and they hadn't washed for months"

Carol looked hurt

"He has rather lost interest in Russian reform lately," she said in a tone of mild rebuke "I thought you knew he had gone back to the land He has bought a cottage and a garden outside Birmingham and lives at the heart of nature"

The last words sounded like a quota tion, probably from Lionel's letter He read for the Church at Oxford, but he suddenly became a violent disciple of Tolston, said rude words to his family about the idle rich, gave away all his possessions (he hadn't many), and departed to Russia by uncomfortable routes " Personally I should love a week end

at the heart of nature," I said "But then I have lived in India, and I know what roughing it means Do you think you can stand a week end with Lionel as sole cook and housemaid?"

"How material you are," said Carol taking a second help of her chef's triumph "As if I cared what I eat or how rough

my life is"

Then I heard her claiming the largest car for the week end

"We can't go all the way in the car," she explained, "because Jones wouldn't understand our living in a cottage But we will motor to Birmingham and do the rest by train"

Jones is the head chauffeur. He has worked for dukes, and feels it a condescension to serve cotton brokers. He makes

them feel it. too

Under his magnificent ægis we journeved from Cheshire to Birmingham then we took third class tickets on a local line Third class was Carol s idea she said Lionel disapproved of spending money on luxuries

It was a very dirty third class, and there was a cheerfully intoxicated navvy in one corner of it He seemed attracted by Carol, and addressed a terrifying monologue in her direction.

I had to explain to her that communication cords do not grow in third class locals, and rebuked her growing nervous-

" He's back to the land just the same as Lionel," I reasoned "He digs it up anyhow, dear, simple creature that he is

The arrival of our station checked any retort, and, each grasping our suit case, we descended to the platform and gazed up and down for Lionel No one was in sight except a youthful porter, who was too busy shouting amenities to a travelling friend to pay the least attention to us When the vanishing tail van cut him off in the middle of a sentence, he deigned to gaze at our bags

Where d'yer want them took?" he

said "Is there no cab to meet us?" demanded Carol haughtily 'We expected

to be met

"Nobody's come except the green grocer young man, ' said the porter, picking up a suit case in either hand were light Carol had ruthlessly cast out my dressing gown, my sponge, and a few more articles of comfort as being unsuitable for the simple life

We crossed the line in silence and beyond the station gate descried Lionel. a pony and a governess cart mixed up

in a ditch

"There he is !" cried Carol

"That's the green grocer young man sure enough," said the porter grinning,

"Triend o' yours?"

" Rags doesn't like trains," said Lionel calmly as we came up "Lend a hand,

Bill We'll soon get him out"

The porter deposited our bags in the middle of the lane There was a certain amount of pulling, pushing, and thwacking, then a supreme effort, and Rags with his little governess cart stood placidly on level ground

Lionel looked at our neat leather cases

with an air of puzzled amaze

"I never thought of your bringing luggage," he said

"We had to bring a tooth-brush," I returned

"Of course I expected you to bring a paper parcel "-Carol shivered-" but not trunks with clothes for a month," he said severely "The question is how we are to get them up the two miles home"

"In the trap of course," said Carol readily walking forward to investigate

"Cart's full o' mellins," chuckled the porter, who was plainly enjoying himself

I repeated with my " Mellins!" thoughts busy over patent food, but a despairing cry from Carol put me right

'There's no room for anything," she "The traps full of melons" wailed

And it was The space between the seats brimmed with large yellow globes We looked at Lionel for explanation

"You see I live on my melons," he

"Is there such a thing as a melon-

arian?" asked Carol faintly "I don't eat them, they're much too

expensive I sell them from house to house," he explained with an air of suffering patience while the porter enjoyed himself more than ever

But he was a porter with a kind heart "Cheer up, Miss," he said, "He'll make short work of them few mellins 'em in no time, 'e will, and then you two can get in and ride" So saying he put a suit case on either seat and looked expectant

Carol gave him a coin I think she

faced the tragedy of her life

We trudged along that muddy lane while Lionel talked about Tolston and Rags, unshepherded, wandered vaguely from ditch to ditch

Presently we stopped at an imposing

entrance lodge

"One of you can hold the pony and the other can help me with the melons," said Lionel briskly "I've got an order for twelve here"

Carol hastened to Rags' nose, and I found myself clasping two large melons to my chest and hurrying up the drive in

Lionel's wake It was, fortunately, only on my third journey to the back door of the imposing mansion that I broke down

the imposing mansion that I broke down Casting my burden into the arms of a surprised kitchenmaid, I tottered down

the drive weeping tears of helpless laughter
"I am glad you're amused," said
Carol stiffly Rebuked, I wiped away

the tears and we plodded on

The porter proved right We soon sold
our melons though I could not persuade

our melons, though I could not persuade Carol to carry them up any drives

At last Lionel's cottage came in sight It was a delightful little thatched building

and Carol brightened perceptibly
Inside the tiny sitting-room a curious
meal was ready There were cold carrots
and a potato salad and cheese In the
middle of the table sat a proud melon

"The ideal is, of course, to eat only what you grow yourself," said Lionel "Lach unit should be entirely self supporting, but I find it impossible so far I have to buy bread, for example, and butter because I can't afford to buy a cow yet There would be eggs, but my hens get so unhealthy and die off so soon"

Carol toyed with her cold carrots She refused meion I think she had suffered too much on that meion infested walk

home

The meal over, Lionel rose to his feet He is a very brisk and masterful young

man

"Now we'll wash up," he said, and we followed him meekly outside to a pump in the back garden. He piled the plates he carried on to the lid of a water butt, and proceeded to agitate the pump handle with destructive vigour

"Twiddle the plates about under the pump," he commanded "It is so nice to have you to help me You've no idea, how difficult it is to pump and twiddle at

the same time"

"Haven't you got a basin," said Carol desperately, watching the destruction of her pale gray suede shoes, and twiddling as far away from the gushing stream as possible.

"The basin's up in your room," re turned Lionel, pumping harder "To wash in, you know I simplify my existence as much as possible Why should our lives be weighted down by our possessions?"

Carol had often said the same thing about the priceless objects of art that her father and brothers liked to buy after a successful telephone match about futures I smiled as I dried the imperfectly washed plates with one of Lionel's pocket hand kerchief which he declared was clean Carol was silent, and she looked nearer tears than smiles

Presently Lionel went to close his melon frames, and we climbed a ladder to our room which we had not yet

seen

It contained two beds covered each with a horse blanket There were no sheets, but over the blue and scarlet stripes that encased the pillows a pocket handkerchief was sketchily pinned

A sugar-box standing on end held the basin of which our host had spoken On the floor stood a tin jug with about a pint

of water in it

"It seems rather difficult to keep clean in the simple life," I said "I suppose you revilly ought to have a crystal stream to plunge into as well as to quaff But even if there were a crystal stream handy we've got no bathing dresses"

"Lionel would say that it was pure self consciousness to worry about bathing dresses,' said Carol pouring out all the water for herself" He says it is contrary to nature to be ashamed of our bodies"

"While I am chaperoning you, you will kindly go on being ashamed of yours," I returned with some asperity as I picked up the jug and prepared to go down and

pump more water for myself

When I returned she was trying to revive her maid's elaborate handwork of the morning But her hair was tound the looking-glass was cracked repaired across

"Are you going to change for dank

she asked as I came in

"My dear Carol," I returned, "if there is dinner, are you going to stand under the pump in the cold night air and twiddle the dishes over that white lace gown of

yours?" "If there is dinner?" repeated Carol in scared tones "Cassandra | Do you

really think there mayn't be dinner?" "I think we have had our evening meal," I replied "You don't have cold carrots for tea I don't suppose for one moment that there will be any dinner"

CHAPTER II

I was perfectly right There was no dinner Unless you could count a plate of hard green apples, torn from the tree before their time, and three bananas

We sat in the living room bolt upright on hard kitchen chairs Carol gazed at her apple between fretful nibbles, and I know she was thinking of the meal her despised family were enjoying in the Tudor mansion

Lionel was perfectly happy He sat down at the piano, which didn't seem to be at home in its surroundings, and he sang Russian songs In a normal state I should have been enchanted, as it was, I was merely depressed by their haunting With enormous fervour he attacked one of Tscharkowsky's ballads --

"Why are your eyes so blue. Fifi-

Carol's eyes are very blue, and sud denly she seemed to look less hungry She even bit a straightforward chunk out of her apple, which steadily refused

to grow smaller in spite of all her efforts Then the one badly trimmed lamp flickered and died

"I don't believe I put any oil in it," said Lionel cheerfully "But never mind, I can sing 'Fifinella in the dark" So he made his appeal to the blue eyed damsel all over again Hunger has strange effects It seemed to be making Carol quite sentimental Or perhaps she had been able to dispose of her apple in the dark Any-

how her voice was quite gentle as she lured him away from the piano

"Let's all sit on the floor," she proposed, "and Lionel shall tell us all about

Lionel once spent three months in Tolstor's house, but he has had lots of interests since then It is so very difficult to keep up with the reformers, their luckless friends pant breathlessly through a series of awful warnings You begin mildly enough with nut food and end with repudiating the tyranny of the Ten Commandments, and yet you keep on looking as thin and gentle as ever

But Lionel hadn't played fair. He began social reforming at the wrong end and had progressed through Nihilism to "The land" He wouldn't talk about anything Russian and interesting, but chanted an epic of carrots Now Carol had enough of carrots at the meal which ought to have been tea and was really dinner, so she checked him She would not even let him talk about the best soil for melons

"You are letting yourself run to waste."

she said sadly " I thought you would be quite relieved by my harmlessness," he said with an injured air "You never liked my revolutionary work"

"I should think not," returned Carol indignantly "You don't look a scrap blood thirsty Why should you trouble to use the most awful blugsome language and call Poles your brothers when they are not?"

"I don't now," said Lionel, "I grow

melons" Carol drooped

"Why can't you be just ordinary," she wailed "Why must you always be so uncomfortable and reforming?"

Lionel hadn't the least idea, so he sang another Russian song and then "Fifinella" over again And then he began about asparagus, so I said it was time to go to bed

" I hoped you'd stay up and watch the dawn with me," said Lionel.



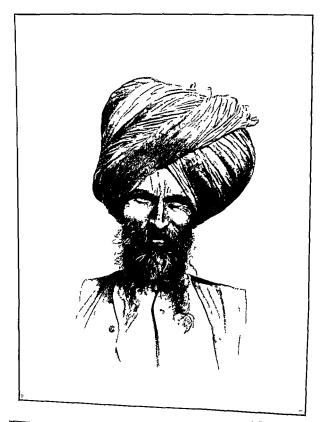
PREZI A KASHMIRL BOATMAN'S DAUGHTER BY MRS PERCY BROWN



Strictly according to the canons of Teutonic Culture, the Invaders search a fabulously wealthy Marwar in Harrison Road, but unfortunately his sole portable wealth consists of two pice and one tranticket. They then—



attend a lecture given by Major General May C. E., C. M. G , who explains to them how they ought to have captured Calcutta. On leaving the lecture difficulties occur. They are _____





Personally I never watch dawns except under compulsion, so I bore Carol away to our bedroom. By the light of one candle the horse-blankets looked dirty as well as scratchy.

"I hope he hasn't been defrauding Rags on our account," said Carol thoughtfully as she fingered her bedding. was really rather a dear pony," she went on as she stripped away the blanket.

" It's a pity you refused me my dressing-gown," I said in a nasty spirit. "You could have borrowed it to sleep in."

"I don't suppose I shall sleep a wink,"

returned Carol.

But she did. We both slept scratchily until a terrific bang heralded the unashamed entrance of Lionel next morning.

Carol disappeared under Rag's blanket. With the hardshood won by India, I gazed at Lionel with unshrinking eyes.

He rolled in a large wooden tub, still stencilled with the word "Margarine." Then he hauled a stable bucket full of water in which straws floated. Rags seemed to be a kind beast, he did not mind

sharing his things one bit.

"When one has finished, just call me, and I'll get the bath ready for the other.' said Lionel briskly. "You'd better get up first, Carol, as I'm sure that your hair takes longer to do than Cassandra's." He addressed the motionless brown mound. and for one awful moment I thought he was going to shake it into life.

When the banged door and clattering stairs proclaimed her safe Carol disentangled herself from the blanket.

"Well, really !" was all she said.

"You were very full of laving your body unashamed in a crystal spring last

night," I said crossly.

"This isn't very crystal," returned Carol chasing straws round the bucket. She had got out of bed, but the next moment Lionel's boots on the stairs sent her flying back to her brown seclusion.

"Tea," ' shouted Lionel as he pushed open the door. "I expect Carol is used to tea in the morning." The brown mound

quivered with gratitude or emotion or hunger or wrath, or perhaps with a choice blend of each.

I pointed sternly at the chair by my bedside.

"Put it down there and GO," I said in a tone that actually surprised him.

"Lock the door," entreated Carol, faintly from her wrappings. But there was neither bolt nor lock. We were very unselfish about the water, each pressing it on the other. In the end we poured it into the Margarine tub and went down unbathed.

Lionel eyed us sternly when we ap-

peared before him.

"He'll look for tide-marks in a moment." whispered Carol vulgarly. She had grown much less dreamy in these hours of the simple life. There were eggs for breakfast, and she positively snatched one out of the saucepan Lionel held out to her.

This is a very greedy reminiscence, but the whole of that long Sabbath was coloured by thoughts of food, or rather

the want of it.

While we twiddled the breakfast dishes under the pump, Lionel put Rags in the

governess cart,

"We will go out for the whole day," said he, "and I will try and make you understand why I have gone back to the heart of nature."

So he did, and we were quite hilarious until luncheon time, when he produced the three bananas we hadn't eaten last night. They and a crystal stream, which probably reeked of enteric, served as a wholesome and sufficient repast. Lionel seemed to think the bananas rather sinful excess as he hadn't grown them himself.

We waited for tea-time all the afternoon while Lionel talked about nature. Once or twice he sang "Fifinella," but Carol was too hungry to be impressed. It was not until seven o'clock that Rags brought us home.

Lionel strolled to a bookshelf to look up a quotation in Walt Whitman. Carol and I gazed at each other in gaunt horror.

"I don't believe there's going to be of the evening.

any tea," she hissed. "There shall be tea," I said majestically as I stalked away and got it myself, carrying a large hunk of bread about while

I set the cups and plates ready. Lionel seemed pleased when we called

"Do you know I'm really rather hungry," he said. "Fresh air is so good for one. I hope you're hungry too."

We gazed at each other without a word, and I must draw a veil over the rest

Next morning, sitting in our first-class carriage (we no longer worried about impressing Lionel), Carol gloated over our future lunch at Birmingham.

"A grilled steak," she said lovingly,
"and a suet pudding."

From the carriage window I saw Lionel, the governess cart, and Rags mixed up in the ditch. The next moment they were out of sight.

"And no melons," concluded Carol

faintly.

THE SWORD OF ENGLAND.

J. C.

Out of the souls of men, In the flame of their hopes and fears The English fashioned a sword On the anvil of the years.

Fire went not to its making It was forged in the flaming breath Of the living spirit of Freedom That knows not death.

Steel went not to its welding But the bodies and souls of men Who fought and died for a thousand years On English moor and fen,

Where the North Sea's charging battle In shattered fury roars On cliff and rock and island That guard our English shores.

Where the surge of the great Atlantic Thunders wave upon wave On the spouting reefs of the Westland That mark the Spaniards' grave.

Here in the womb of the Ocean Here in the home of the free It was forged and hammered and tempered The swift sharp sword of the Sea.

By the hands that signed the Charter, By the martyr's fire and stake, By Cromwell's iron troopers, And the ships that followed Drake,

By the guns that roared when Nelson Flung out his flag to the breeze, By the storm-tossed grim blockaders That held the narrow Seas,

It was forged and hammered and welded, Pommel and hilt and blade, The sword of a free-born people Of a Nation unafraid.

Kings have come out against it Princes and warriors proud But ever free are the English As the wind that blows from the cloud.

Again o'er the Sea's wide pathways The challenge rings as of old. Shall it rest in its sheath unhonoured? Is its fierce edge blunted with gold?

No, for the soul of freedom, For the homeland of our friend, Drawn is the sword of England And we sheath it not till the end.

THE VOLUNTEERS UNCHOSEN.

Embattled England: we, in countries far, Who hold your honour as no empty name, To whom your memory is a hidden flame, We bear no arms in this your utter war. To us the dawn beneath a paling star Brings from the dark no trumpet call as came To those our brothers, who at Belgium's shame Shouldered the rifle and went forth to war.

On us with bitter mouth the Fates bestow The rut-worn labours of familiar peace, Nor grant they that at end we gain release To jom the light heart regiments that go Grim smiling to the grey-beard Death who reaps His harvest where red War's flame poppies blow.

OUR INDIAN REGIMENTS.

"MYAUK."

If you were to go up to any man in the street to-day and ask him what he knew of the Indian Expeditionary Force, he would at once, without hesitation, recount to you the number of Divisions that it consisted of, and tell you the number of men. Were you to press him for details he would say: "You see, there are so many Brigades in a Division and each Brigade has so many Regiments."

Did you possess, in addition to extreme comeliness (which I am sture you do), the curiosity of Lot's wife (which I am sure you don't), and in satisfaction of this curiosity were you to press for still further details as to the constitution of a Regiment—more especially an Indian Regiment, do you think he could answer you? I venture to state that he could not. It is a deplorable fact, but none the less true, that though the entire land is bristling with military ardour, year in and year out, from the Khyber to Hong Kong, yet the manner in which we mercenaries live and have our being is a sealed book to hot politio.

This being the case I intend to cast the searchight where darkness has hitherto prevailed, and to lay before the reader the most intimate details of the constitution of an Indian Regiment. Having had a long and varied—occasionally lurid—experience of the army and its appendages (manœuvres, fatigues, night-marches, generals, etc.), I feel peculiarly fitted for the task.

Now, an Indian Regiment consists as a rule of a single Battalion. It is an independent unit, complete within itself. It relies on nobody, and finds its confidence well placed, and occasionally reciprocated.

Ha! you say, here is the ideal organisation; a complete engine of destruction, consisting of some 800 Dogs of War, ready to be launched to the ends and foundations of the world at five minutes' notice!

We shall see. The daily disposition of the complement can be read at a glance from an abstruse mathematical document known as a "Parade State." From this document, which is prepared daily, we learn that this morning there were but 127 of the aforementioned Dogs of War available for the launching process to the ends of the world, or for marking out the hockey ground, whichever appeared the more important Where were the rest-les autres. as I suppose one ought to say nowadays? Let's see, there were 317 on leave, and 15 more were employed from morning till dewy eve making unintelligible statements in Chaldean cuneiform on papyrus men are occasionally, in moments of enthusiasm or national rejoicing, referred to as "clerks" Ordinarily, they are referred

Continuing our investigation we see that 39 men were engaged in ceaseless drudge in a house of pain and mystery, called the "Quartermaster Store" Their duty in this dank and feetid cavern is to enumerate an endless tale of nails, hob, and laces, boot, varied with an occasional and welcome diversion in favour of bottles, water, felt covered, or sometimes tins, ration, aluminium, double with strap, ditto, rub ber, for the use of lunatics

The troops comprising the remainder of this self contained unit were disposed as follows -

Rand 20 Other noises 14 Tailors 2 Orderlies 15 Hockey team playing in Tourna ment somewhere else 13 Holding General s horse while he gets on 7 Cleaning C O's bike Mess and special employ, absent, sick and dead **I50**

Now for the composition of the Battalion A Battalion consists of 4 double companies, each under the nominal command of a British officer (of any rank) selected from those not on leave As the normal condition of an officer should always be that of "on leave," it follows that there are generally more vacancies than candidates for the post of Double Company Commander, or "DCC" as he is usually called "DCC" is not, as you might at

first suppose, a contraction of "Double Company Commander," it stands for

Don't Care a Cuss." or

"Down with Concentration Camps," these being two of the mottoes of officers of this high rank

Each Double Company is fondly supposed to be under-officered by an eccentric comedian known as a Double Company Officer-a D C O As with the D.C C, the three mystic letters DCO refer to something quite different to what appears on the surface

The motto of the DCO is-"It is better far to incur a slight reprimand than

to undertake an onerous duty"

This may be shortened down into "D the CO" Now you see why the gentleman is called

a DCO

A Double Company is split up into two Companies, each under the command of an Indian Officer The Company itself consists of 8 files and 10 N C O's Carrying out our sub division still further, we find that each of the 8 Companies is divided up into 4 sections of 2 files each, and each section into 2 squads of one file each

Now, at the head of this marvellous organisation, and controlling its destinies, is an important functionary called "the Colonel," or " the CO"

The C O is a person who must be approached with caution He explodes indiscriminately in any direction without warn-There are CO's and CO's, big ones, little ones, fat and thin ones, some with hair, others who have to keep their helmets on during manœuvres lest the cranial glint should disclose their position to the enemy, some CO's can discern from the distance of several miles, with the naked eye, a spot of rust in the interior of a rifle barrel, others open their coats on parade and flap them to keep their-waists-cool, and so But the first mentioned attribute is common to all CO's I mean the uncertainty of direction in which they explode

Therefore, as I said before, approach them warrly and ingratiatingly, and all may be well A series of disheartening experiences, however, has induced me to frame, for my own protection, an unvarying course of procedure on the approach of the CO It is very simple-I merely fail to remain an instant in that vicinity I recognise that the CO's effective range is a quarter of a mile, and I have, in my Double Company, a perfect system of secret service which never allows the CO to approach within half a mile of my com-The last time he saw me on mando Double Company Parade was in 1904, when I unfortunately fell asleep whilst meditating on the similarity of Napoleonic strategy and my own

All CO's have a most reprehensible and offensive habit of asking questions to which there is no answer-no answer as far as I am concerned, that is stance, of what possible interest can it be to anyone to know where the men s ghee is stored? I don't know, I don't eat ghee Then again, who wants to know the danger zone and culminating point of an idiotic bullet at 1,000 yard? I suppose there is an answer to these questions CO. once said to me apropos of nothing. " Tell me, how much can a S and T mule carry?" I said " If that's a riddle it's a jolly rotten one, I can give you a much better one, how much turmeric is allowed daily to a Lance Havildar in the Kuch Behar State troops?" The CO gave an unintelligible answer which appeared to include a reflection on my personal appear ance He must have misunderstood my question

I have already mentioned the D C C and the D C O, but a few more words may not be out of place The primary duty of these officials is to avoid the CO at all costs

It is to this end that the unceasing daily training of the Double Company 15 directed. In some crack regiments, such as the 193rd Burmese Nutcrackers, this training was brought to such a pitch of scientific precision that the CO was never

known to have seen a Double Company on parade during the whole period of his command As soon as he skated (he walked as though on snowshoes) out of his front door, the information was flashed to the expectant Double Companies a mile away A wave of the arm of the Indian Officer, and the Company was not—gone, as a puff of smoke The credit of this efficiency was entirely due to the zeal of the D C C s and D C O s

Another duty of these officers is the interpretation, to the men of their sub com mands, of the Hindustani phrases used by the CO on parade or at manœuvres As these phrases have as a rule, no precise meaning (no CO s are acquainted with any Hindustani which is intelligible to anyone else) it will be seen that it rests with the DCC to invest them with whatever meaning may suit him best Thus, when the CO thunders forth through his megaphone ' Hum tumko kitna maila tin sao --- fix bayonets hai, ' the DCC may move to the right in echelon of double squads by the centre, or he may, on the other hand pile arms and entrench him self facing north west For my part I should take up a strategic position to the rear-some two miles from the main body

I have not the space at my command to describe in detail the manifold other duties of the DCC, such as looking for man eaters in the charpoys, seeing boxes opened in the Quarter Master's Store returning evasive and ambiguous answers to the importunate inquisitions of superan nuated Brigadier Generals, who are, to outward appearances, enjoying their second period of sojourn on earth giving reasons in writing for chimerical delinquencies, keeping Staff Officers in their proper places avoiding all unnecessary ennul, and so forth and so on

We may, however, in conclusion cast a passing glance at the Regimental Medicine man, the I M S Officer in whose hands our health lies He keeps a book, a "daily sick report" in Army Form 2073×2/B—W O 3 000/1872 W & S

This book contains on the left hand page the name of each man who reports sick in the morning, and nothing more. except a series of lines running towards the right hand page. On reaching the right hand page these lines continue to the right hand edge, where the ailment is entered of the corresponding man on the left hand page As Army Books are not always printed with mathematical precision, these lines do not always meet each other in the centre of the book. As the diagram given below shows, this may result in the deaths of all those who attend hospital on any given day -

	Name of patient	1	Arlment Eye Ache
1	Diwan Singh		CHOLERA
2	Bahadur Singh	1	BROKEN LEG
3	Feroze Khan		SMALL POX
	Iream Din		

The above specimen form shows how it was that Diwan Singh, suffering from a bilious eye ache, was treated for cholera, Bahadur Singh, in the last stages of

cholera, had his leg put in splints, and so on Nothing appearing opposite the name of Imam Din, this unfortunate man was awarded to days' imprisonment for reporting sick without a cause, and died in the Kanji house of small pox

The most important part of the Doctor's duty is to keep watch over the Myrmidons of the Officers' mess kitchen His is the task of reproving the fat Madrasi cook whose custom it is, after a hot and dusty walk from the Bazar, to hang up his socks to air on the loaves of bread, or to include them in the oven in company with the Irish stew, for quicker drying

But enough-my space is ended I fear I have wandered far from my original subsect and have not set forth that amount of information I had intended I hope, however, that these few rambling lines will help to give to our Civilian friends at least some little insight into the interior economy of that abode of enlightenment. an Indian Regiment

THE MIDST OF LIFE."

PERCIVAL CHRISTOPHER WREN.

Author of "Snake and Sword," "Father Gregory," "Dew and Mildew," etc

"Very extraordinary conduct," remarked Mrs Willie Baltero to her husband as they entered the empty drawing room of Sudden Death Lodge, which is in Karabad, which, being west of Madras and east of Bengal, is in India

"'Strordn'ry" agreed Colonel Bal-

tero meekly

"Sure you haven't mistaken the day, or anything?" he added
"William!" ejaculated the outraged

lady "Do I ever make mistakes?"

"No, my love," hastily replied William "'Sunday next at 8-30,' was what she wrote to me, a week ago to-day 'Sunday next at 8-30' I believe to-day is?" "It is, my love"

"And the woman not in the house even! I was never so insulted in all my life. Shameful! Disgraceful! Scandalous!"

Mrs Baltero's long ear-rings trembled as her wrath and indignation waxed

So did her long husband He knew her temper and her manners and he feared a scene when the remiss and errant hostess did appear,

"Not like the Stroudwyckers at all,"

he observed

For Mr and Mrs Stroudwycker had invited a dozen guests to dinner and were not present to receive them. Not even in the house, according to the butler.

More guests arrived

At twenty minutes to nine a dozen people were present-hungrily awaiting an absent host and hostess

"I am absolutely certain we shall find that it is in no way their fault," said Mrs Kinloch, who was as charitable and

kindly as she was beautiful

"Comes of living in a haunted house," said Mr Nutt (known as the Notable Nut) of the R H A "Been spirited away I vote we make a beginning—and an end "

"It is not usual to sit down without one's host and hostess," said Mr Snagge oracularly and with truth, as he screwed

his moustache

" No-nor to sit down with 'em when they aren't there," replied Mr Nutt with equal truth

"Give them till nine," said Mrs Kinloch, "they are sure to be here by

then."

But they were not

Nor by nine the next evening

Nor ever again

A widely known and greatly respected member of Karabad Society, with his wife-equally known and respected-and his camel-even more widely known but less respected-had absolutely vanished into thin air and disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up

They had left the children in the nursery, the horses in the stables, the dog in the kennel, the cat on the rug, the canary in the cage, the needle in the unfinished needle-work, the unsigned papers and files on the office table, and departed-

never to be seen again

They owed no man a penny, had consciences of the clearest, possessed not an enemy in the world, were devoted to their babies, were sane, sound, wholesome, people

And they had vanished

evaporated, Had they disintegrated, spontaneously combusted?

No shipping office had news of them, no railway-station had seen them no wandering Pathan or shikari knew any thing of them or their camel

The Police were at fault, the pages (trackers) were at fault, the large rewards

were unavailing

The Stroudwyckers and their camel were simply gone They had not left by sea, by rail, nor by road, nor were they in Karabad, the environs of Karabad nor the vicinity of Karabad They had merely ceased to exist and no longer were

Carry and Pop Stroudwycker were married pals, birds of a feather who had flocked together with the happiest results Both were athletic, fond of all sports, lovers of animals, devoted to the chase in every form and to the open air in every kind of weather

Pop, who had been christened Poppæa for some reason, could "stretch" Curry, who had not been christened Carrots for some reason (though red as a fox), at tennis. golf, badminton, swimming, fencing, running, or sculling and could hold her own across country with anybody in the Karabad Hunt

With gun, rifle, and revolver, she required some beating and mirable diet i she could throw a stone or a ball as well as east a fly Withal Pop Stroudwicker remained a quiet and feminate person and

was beloved of many

Carry Stroudwycker felt a gentle sorrow for all other men, as he had never met the man whose wife could saddle, bridle, and groom a horse as well as ride it , take a safe and distinguished place with the "guns ' as well as feed them , sail a boat as well as row it, train a hank as well as fly it, and beat the average man at the lighter games as well as the average woman at the duties of the drawing and dining-Their favourite, if deplorable, way of spending the Sabbath was to sally forth before dawn upon Oxel alias Old Mr Tursey drop alias Harold Parker-Jena -with a gun and cartridge-belt area the tiffin basket, and a supply of and to return at night with

partridge, bustard, quail, snipe, duck, hare

or buck as Fate might will.

Oxel alias Old Mr. Turvevdrop alias Harold Parker-Jennings was Carry Stroudwycker's camel, trained and maintained for purposes of shikar. When the question of naming him had arisen. Pop had said that obviously he was Old Mr. Turvevdrop himself, in the flesh-camel flesh : but Carry, while admitting this, said that he, as an Oxford man, strongly objected to the name Camel and refused to call the monster anything but Oxel save by alias, and the alias he preferred was Harold Parker-Tennings.

Oxel alias Old Mr. Turveydrop alias H. Parker-Jennings, was unreliable and

in many ways objectionable.

But Oxel was a most useful beast. Oxel was a perfect pantechnicon. Whatever you fancied as a useful adjunct to an outing on Oxel you might take. to guns, ammunition, tent, food, water, camera, satchel, and other impedimenta, you chose to add an arm-chair, a bath, or a ward-robe, you had only to tie it on to Oxel somewhere. And as he would stand (or rather kneel) for hours when you went off on foot he made an admirable headquarters.

You could ride him to a place twenty miles distant and plant him in a chosen spot as house and home, sally forth on foot, and return "home" to him for food, rest, and shelter after shooting over

the adjacent parts of the map.

But you could not safely come within reach of his ugly sideways-biting mouth. Yes, after a week's hard work and much sedentary labour, it was glorious to get away into the desert on Oxel alias

Old Mr. Turveydrop alias Harold Parker-Jennings

"Where shall we go to-morrow, Carry? " asked Mrs. Pop Stroudwycker one Saturday night-the last night that she and her husband spent beneath the roof of Sudden Death Lodge-ere disappearing as suddenly and absolutely as did the late Mr. Ffoulkes-Smythe (and reviving that nine days' wonder).

"Let's ride Oxel to the sea-it's only twelve miles-and then prospect for curlew along the shore. I don't suppose a human being go there once in a century. We shall pick up a few sand-grouse on the way and I hear there's a bit of grass near the Maipur village that we might whack for quail. If there's any water at the oasis beyond, we may put up a duck and a wisp of snipe. Then for a curlew-I have never bagged one yet, though I have heard they are to be found along the shore. I want to stuff and mount a good one with about two feet of bill."

At 5 o'clock on the morrow Mr. and Mrs. Stroudwycker briefly clad in khaki putties, brown tobis and hob-nailed boots, emerged from Sudden Death Lodge and circumspectly approached Oxel alias Old Mr. Turveydrop alias Harold Parker-Jennings who, kneeling, chewed the cud

of bitter and resentful recollection.

All being in readiness, Mrs. Stroudwycker climbed into the rear seat and sat sideways with her feet on a board which was slung to the saddle, and her gun across her lap; then her husband, scrambling into the front seat, intimated to Old Mr. Turveydrop that the time had come for him to arise and go thence.

"Does the Presence require this slave?"

enquired Ali Suleiman,

The Presence did not, and the slave returned to his dreams while, silent as a spectre, the big camel padded out of the compound and disappeared down the track that led away to the mysterious limitless desert of sand and sea.

With gun in one hand and the noserope "reins" and stick in the other, Stroudwycker drove the supercilious and disgusted-looking animal along at some

eight miles an hour.

He congratulated himself that daylight would find them where game was to be expected, and that by about 9-30, the drinking-time of the sand-grouse, he and his wife would be ensconced and awaiting them, near the only fresh water-if water there still were-for miles.



A CALCUTTA LANE BY A. GIBB.

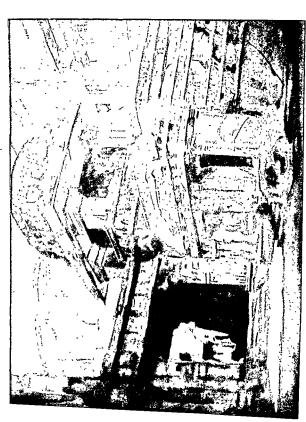


THE POW WOW

BY MAJOR CORBETT R G A



THE FIRST ROUND.



THE KYLAS MONOLITHIC TEMPLE AT ELLORA

" I do love swaying along in the darkness like this," said Mrs Stroudwycker, "There is nothing else quite like it, when you can't see the ground and seem to be

neither on earth nor water "

"We shall be quite sure we're on earth all right, if he trips over anything," replied the unpoetic (and shivering) male and conversation languished until a glow of delicate silvery grey, slowly turning to shell pink, defined the eastern horizon

The grey desert turned to gold as the sun crept higher, the horizon widened and in a few minutes the cold night had changed

to hot day

Suddenly Stroudwycker drew rein and brought Old Mr Turveydrop from a long swaying trot to a stately walk and then to a standstill Both riders sat motionless as, without turning his head, Stroudwycker whispered.

"Five grouse, fifty yards left front,

Pop, see them?"

"No Wait a bit No Yes! By the hillock "

"That's them Your go I'll put him down on the far side "

A circular detour soon brought the gentle Oxel and his riders to a point on the far side of the big mound of sand with its curious wind-wave markings

Here seductive whisperings and downward tugs of the reins induced the camel to drop on his knees and laboriously settle down in the kneeling position that enabled Mrs Stroudwycker to descend from his back

Slipping cartridges into her gun she started off in the direction of the sleeping birds, leaving her husband seated on Oxel but ready for a shot if the grouse flew over On approaching the mound, Mrs Stroudwycker tip-toed with raised gun, every faculty on the alert Nearer and nearer Should she climb the sandhill or go round it? Probably be unable to get to the top, it was such loose fine sand Slowly advancing, she reached the limit of cover, peeped round and beheld the grouse, undisturbed and unsuspecting, twenty yards distant.

Should she shout, throw a stone, or walk them up They were hers now, anyhow, so she might as well advance upon them and get a left and right when they were steady on their line at about thirty or forty yards

With gun well forward she slowly approached the birds A cluck a whirr of wings, and they were in flight with surprising celerity Mrs Stroudwycker did not act as so many lady shots would do in like circumstances and fire both barrels into the "brown" as the birds rose

Letting them rise and settle into steady flight, she chose the nearest and gave him the right barrel, bringing him down stonedead With the left she aimed at two. flying one behind the other, in a straight line with herself, fired, and saw one fall in a cloud of feathers and the other slant to the earth

A howl of joy from her husband brought

a flush of pleasure to her cheek

On reaching the third bird she was relieved to find it dead. A wounded and living bird or animal spoilt her day com pletely

Tying the three birds to a cord of the saddle frame, Stroudwycker requested his wife to hear him gloat conferred upon her the encomium of Stout Fella and observed that a hundred and fifty per cent of kills was tolerablish shootin'

The loudly protesting Oxel was soon under way once more his haughty nose being turned in the direction of the distant

Maipur pool

Shadows shortened gun barrels became uncomfortably hot to the touch, thoughts turned to shade and drinks, but the eves of the riders scanned the terruin for game and tracks of game rather than the horizon for the first glimpse of the palms of the oasis

"Look!" said Mrs Stroudwycker. pointing over her husband's shoulder

"What is he stalking? Pull up"

Oxel s driver tautened the nose rope and looked in the direction indicated by his wife's finger.

In a few moments he caught sight of a jackal creeping along behind the ridge of a sandhill and, from time to time, stopping to look cautiously over it. His behaviour made it evident that he, too, was hunting

At the end of the ridge he flattened himself to the ground and lay, a picture of concentration, expectation and watchfulness, perfectly motionless save for the tip of his bushy tail which moved rhyth-

mically to and fro.

"Wonder what he is after," whispered Stroudwycker," more grouse I expect"

"Yes Let's ride straight to him and see"

As the silent-footed camel approached, the unconscious jackal, after apparently making himself smaller and flatter for a minute, suddenly sprang forward, and, as he disappeared over the side of the ridge, two large grey birds slowly flapped into the air and rose heavily in widening circles. It was Stroudwycker's turn, and bustard are not easy to miss. A left and right brought the pair crashing to the ground, and sent the shocked and grieved jackal fleeing far to healther parts.

"Tuloor | What luck! Well shot, Carry!" cried Mrs Stroudwycker

"Well, I couldn't miss'em if I tried Not with my eyes shut, could I?" was the reply "It's a marvel to me how one of them survives a season, big and clumsy as they arre, with wolves, jackals, foxes, snakes, hawks and humans on their track"

"Let's go and collect a few duck, snipe, and grouse now, and make the

Karabad record bag"

"We will But how sadly our average is falling, Pop We're only a hundred and twenty-five per cent now, although we've missed nothing Rotten!"

"Look at those vile creatures with red legs," said he, pointing to a brace of brown birds "They are absolutely grouse until they stand up and then they are vulgar cockiolly-birds. They ought not to be allowed"

"No," agreed Pop, "many's the time I've walked them up and found my mistake when nearly dead with heat and fatigue"

"I'll shoot the next that get's in my way," was the truculent answer, "so

let 'em look out."

"There's Maipur," he added, as a clump of palms broke the level line of the far horizon

"Good!" said the lady. "We shall get there in time to clear up the duck and snipe, if such be, and to lie up for the grouse as they come to drink Give old

Ŏxel a prod"

Stroudwycker flourished his stick with a howl, and Oxel gave a bound forward, rolled his eye, emitted a bubbling growl and commenced to protrude a sample of one of his many stomachs from the corner of his mouth

"If he's going to hang some of his interior out to dry I shall give up," said the driver. "I am 'dellycate' before breakfast" "Oh good Mr Turveydrop, don't put

the matter before us," implored the pas-.

senger

But Old Mr Turveydrop was obdurate and, ere long, much that was inner became outer, and what had lain in darkness was brought to light Camels have no finer feelings, no thought for others, no genthity of soul and therefore no manners

Oxel, having been made to kneel, his driver descended and tied his long noserope to the stump of a thorn bush

"Come along then, Pop," said he,
"Bring the glasses" Poppæa hummed
an aur. ... "and don't make disgustin'
noises You're worse than Oxel We don't
want to find the duck gone—or dead"

"If they're gone we shan't find them," was the mild reply, "and if they are dead we shan't have to shoot them".......

Ten minutes tramping over hillocks of fine wind drifted sand brought the pair to a clump of stunted palms whence the pool could be swept with field glasses, its reed-and islet-broken surface searched, and its muddy buffalo-trodden marge examined

"Now for a skirmish through that alleged grass patch," said Stroudwycker

Seven quail were shot by the time the grass-patch had been quartered, and six recovered

"Now for some breakfast and then for the sea, Pop," suggested Stroudwycker "We'll top up with some curlew I hope you've brought sacks of grub I'm wearin'

awa' ''

In the shade of a clump of palms Mrs Stroudwycker spread a table-cloth, adorned it with cups, plates, cultery, sand-wiches, a cold chicken, eggs, bread, a cucumber, tomatoes, and tinned butter, tinned jam, tinned fish, tinned milk, tinned biscuits, and tinned fruit She then filled the kettle from a bottle of filtered water and set it to boil on the spirit stove within the sheltering walls of the open tiffinbasket

After breakfast Stroudwycker lit his pipe and smoked while his wife "washed up" with permanganated puddle-water

"I wish you'd take to a pipe, Pop," said her husband as he lazily watched her, "a pipe, after a shooting-breakfast is one of the great things of life. To have missed it is not to have lived, or to not have lived, or to have hived, or to have hived, or to have hived, or to have hived by our angry passions and make you a better and a—Confound that infernal, damnable, brute! look at him" he yelled, springing up and pointing to where, in the distance, the gentle Oxel was making good time on the homeward journey.

"There's ten miles of fine loose sand between here and home," he added as he started off, "and not a human being nearer I wish he d trip on his nose-rope

and break his blasted neck"

Have you, gentle reader, ever tried to run over red hot sand as fine as flour and yards deep, sinking ankle under at every stride, beneath a burning sun, immediately after a hearty meal? Poppæa Stroudwycker withheld a valedictory remark anent pipes and the soothing of angry passions, for the matter was no joke She certainly could not do ten miles, nor two, over that treacherous impalpable dust, if her husband could—which she doubted

Poor Old Carry I It was enough to give him apoplexy, sunstroke and all kinds

of collapse

Oh, thank Heaven! The wretched beast was turning aside to some thorn bushes If Carry had the sense of a guineapig now, he'd stalk him instead of chasing Good! Carry had dropped flat and was crawling between the sand heaps He must be simply choking......

"Shall I cut his cursed throat or shoot

him?" he panted on his return

"Better watt till we are safe at home,' was the reply, "and better still, the him securely I knew he wasn't to be trusted Have another pipe, old boy, it will er-soothe your angry passions and make you a better'"

He did

And when the tiffin-basket was repacked and with the saddle-bag attached to the unrepentant Mr Turveydrop, the journey was resumed

θαλατια "Thalatta I" cried Mrs Stroudwycker as the horizon shone white for a moment where the sun caught the long line of a breaking wave.......

The sand grew cleaner, harder and whiter and produced a sparse crop of round stemmed bents, the wind had a salt tang, a rust-marked log, once part of some ship, was passed, desert turned to dunes and the travellers reached low cliffs of sand strewn earth and rock that, with an expanse of wet and shining beach, separated land from sea

Ahead, as far as the glass-aided eye could see, stretched the same monotonous unbroken expanse Sand, sea, and sky—

sky, sea, and sand

For an hour the trio jogged along the low cliffs, a few yards above the shellstrewn beach, till, cutting across the neck of a promontory, a new vista of beach was revealed and, with it, a delightful sight

"Down quick, Carry," said Mrs Stroudwycker, and Old Mr Turveydrop was

brought somewhat hastily to earth

"It's like the 'aquatic birds enclosure' at the good old Zoo, isn't it?" said Stroudwycker as he placed a large stone on end of the nose rope "Come on "—and the two crept, crouching, to the cliff edge and gazed upon a remarkable assembly

A group of snowy-white pelicans preened their feathers, yawned with huge caverious pouched bills or waddled solemnly about Near them straddled or squatted a
company of beautiful rose-tinted red legged
flamingoes writhing snake-like necks into
marvellous attitudes and looking, with
their "high bridged noses" as Mrs Stroudwycker called them, like a gathering of
haughty old anistocrats

In marked contrast was a flock of big, squat, and vulgar sea-birds, goose-like in form and plebeian in behaviour

A band of solemn silly spoon bills looked down their quaint beaks and reminded the on-lookers of wise fools and quack plulosophers, while, here and there, stalked an exclusive, secretive, military looking adjutant-bird in black and white uniform. Here and there a great grey stork stalked majestic while delicate little cranes craned slender necks over pool and gully Seagulls of a dozen different species and colours basked in groups, each after its kind

"Well I m singularly juggered," observed Stroudwycker. "There must be fresh water here abouts, too What a conference! Not a game bird among them though"

"It would be a shame to disturb them,"

said Mrs Stroudwycker

"Yes But we might get a good snapshot. I'll get the camera." When a couple of photographs had been

taken, the pair returned to the camel.

"Well Harold Parker-Jennings, how
goes it?" said Mrs Stroudwycker, and
Harold replied with a vicious snarl which,
when urged to rise and proceed along the
firm wet sand, he supplemented with a
series of angry bubbling grunts—not unlike
the magnified gobblings of an irate turkeycock

"There wasn't a curlew in that lot," said Stroudwycker, after another mile had

been traversed

"No, and I don't see any signs of any here"

"We'll go across the next cape and have a good search with the glasses We might turn back from there if there's nothing to be seen"

"Cut across here," said Mrs Stroudwycker as they reached another long spit

of sand, jutting far out into the sea

"Hullo! here's a creek — and by Jove! that's a curlew. What a bill! Oh!he's off!.... It's alright — he's settling again! believe, on the far side of those sand hills beyond the creek."

"Yes, there he goes!" said his wife as Oxel jogged on across the hard shining wet sands of the creek "If we cross the creek and dismount on this side of those little cliffs, we can creep along and get a shot from behind them"

"That's it," said Stroudwycker, "and he has probably joined some other curlew"

And these were the last words of Poppæa and Carry Stroudwycker respectively. The camel gave a sudden lurch, his forelegs disappeared and in a second he had fallen forward into a quivering, quaking, bottomless quick sand. With a sideway rolling plunge he sank, his riders beneath him, into the silent sucking grave of sand and water.

And ere the fair and shining surface of the sand creamed and mantled into placid calm, a quiver ran over it—as a cruel smile flits over a cold and evil face.

"In the midst of life....."

TO BELGIUM

в

R C. BONNERJEE

Because you chose to stand for Right Because you held your honour dear Because you plunged into the fight With ne'er a thought of self or fear,

Your lands in smoking ruin lie Your cities house an alien foe Your soldiers in their thousands die Your women know the depths of woe Yet from the carnage and the blood From homes destroyed and shattered fane From each spot where your soldiers stood And for their country's sake were slain

Voices arise, which deadened yet By trampling hordes and cannons roar, When battle s bloody day has set Shall fill the heavens for ever more

And tell us of a land that braved War's anguishes and woes, content If Liberty and Truth were saved Whate'er from out its heart were spent

HOW DAMFOOL SMITH CAPTURED THE KAISER

DY

"THE SUBALTERN"

Some of my readers, no doubt, will remember previous exploits of my old friend Dalrymple Smith (fondly alluded to by his bearer as 'Damfool Esmith Sahil''), but the crowning exploit of his life, which really brought to an end the Great War, has never yet been fully chronicled in print Though the whole Universe rang with his name at the time, he has only recently allowed the details to be set forth

It will be remembered that he had long taken an interest in aeronautics, and that on one occasion, when taking a night's rest in a captive balloon, the balloon had parted from its moornigs and had landed him, in his pyjamas, in the grounds of the Bareilly Lunatic Asylum Since those davs he has turned his attention to Zeppelins and to auation generally

At the commencement of the War he had, of course, been one of the first in

the field, along with his private Zeppelin-"The Stormy Petrol" (so called on account of the extraordinary explosions in the engines which were his own invention)and when towards the close of the War, m spite of the Press Censor and the Editor of the "Times," authentic news leaked out that the Deutsch Bat Sprechen walas were at their wits' end for something to eat he felt that the time for his great coup had come! The supply of sausages in the War Lord's Imperial Camp had run out, which was not surprising, since, for a long time past, even the oldest horses had been requisitioned to pull what remained of the Imperial Artillery into positions of comparative safety, and the supply of pet dogs (suitable for the better class of German sausage) had ceased

Damfool Smith matured his plans, a number of dogs and cats belonging to himself and his friends cheerfully give up their lives for their country, ind the "Stormy Petrol," Zeppelin No 0000, soared into the air upon its friteful mission in the direction of the German Imperial

Head quarters Camp

The appearance of the camp, as des cribed to me by Damfool Smith, is worth remarking on In the middle of it was pitched the War Lord's private tent surmounted by the Imperial flag bearing the motto-"ICH BIN ES! (Anglice "I AM IT!) The tent was guarded by sentries of the celebrated " Death or Glory" Regiment, who, at the time, from want of rations. were looking more dead than glorious intervals round the cump were posted a dozen German bands playing hymn tunes in honour of the Kaiser one tune however. being absolutely barred from their repertorres This was the celebrated "Wacht am Rhein (Anglice-" Watching for the rhino') which had been banned by Impe rial edict, owing to the difficulty experienced in collecting war indemnities, or, in fact, coin of any description. So strict was the bar against this tune that one unfortunate bandsman, who had snored it in his sleep, had been taken outside the camp, and had there been gently (but firmly) dismembered

In a tank at the back of the camp floated the remounts of the Imperral Navy —two old scows and a punt—which, ignorant of their ultimate destination in Regent's Park, still proudly flaunted the Imperral Navy ensign of the "Skull and Cross

Bones"

Damfool Smith hovered over the camp for a considerable time, and was able to observe these things So far as he could see, the people below him appeared to be in an advanced stage of starvation, and he has told me that seeing the whole of the Head-quarters Staff scrapping over a hard boiled egg which he dropped overboard was one of the weirdest sights he had ever witnessed. Most of the members of the staff sat about looking miserable, occasionally relieving their feelings by get.

ting up and kicking one of the Mayors of explured towns, who were employed about the camp as sweepers Others of the Junters were engaged in working out new schemes for retreats, or new methods of destroying works of Art, and, when any one had been specially successful, he was sent for to the War Lord's tent-approach ing it by the famous goose step-and after bawling ' Hoch der Kaiser I " one hundred and one times, was decorated with the Imperial Order of the Purple Buzzard, 4th class Ill success, from the Prussian military point of view, was punished by a diet of carrots and turnips, and if any one complained of the treatment he was promptly

led out and shot through the turnips

The "Stormy Petrol" descended lower

over the camp about dusk—the time when the German soldier's brain becomes fogged with reminiscence of Vaterland and Sauer-I raul-and Damfool Smith cast forth his bait Long flexible steel wires—dozens of them-like huge antenne were dropped from the car below the Zeppelin, the last two feet or so at the end of each wire having been previously inserted through an enormous Sausage! It was then that Damfool Smith's scheme stood revealed in all its glory! The combined noise of the Zeppelin's engines and the scraping of the sausages along the ground as they were drugged under the very noses of the Headquarters Staff sounded (according to Damfool Smith) like the noise made by a mosquito trying to imitate the bark of a rabbit and the effect upon the starting Junkers was amazing ! Maddened by the smell of the sausages, Hochwohlgeborene Generals, Ratherlesswohlgeborene Herr-Majors-in short, the entire Imperial Head quarters

It was in vain that the War Lord rushed frantically from his tent, shouting to them to put their trust in Providence and Lèse-Majesté, and kicking them in the rear—one by one they were drawn up into

Staff flung themselves upon the succulent

bait, and fixing their teeth firmly in the

comestibles at the ends of the wires, refused

to let go!

the air at the ends of the wires, and after being temporarily asphyxiated in the car by another of Damfool Smith's inventions were dropped into a large sack which was slung beneath the car of the Zeppelin

But, Render, this was not the end I Damfool Smith had still another sausage up his sleeve! It had been specially reserved for an August palate—and had been kept since September To the making of it had gone the whole of Damfool Smith sold canine friend Fido and it was sufficiently HOCH even to attract an Emperor! One bound into the air by a hunger middened Potentate and the thing was done! Without even time to change his uniform, but mentally altering the Imperial motto to "In Fido Fides" the Disturber of the

Pence of Europe was rapidly swung aloft where (with true British courtesy towards a prisoner of war) he was deposited in a special and separate sack. Not for the first time had the War Lord (to use an English German pun) found himself Wurst ed! The Zeppelin headed for the lines of the Allies

Reader! there is no more to tell you As you will remember, Damfool Smith was recommended for a VC but even tually the K I H decoration was decided on as more appropriate

Where the War Lord went to we all know, since the Civilised World unanim ously agreed that what a Ruler of such large ideas really required was—

Elba room!

CALCUTTA FIFTY YEARS HENCE

By E D

Foreword.

It is easy to anticipate that the first reflection of the reader of this article will be unfavourable. There is nothing original in this he will say it

is merely H G Wells and water Perhaps it will soothe his discontent to state as early as possible that the imitation of H G Wells is deliberate The addition of water is unintended and denied

The imitation is deliberate and it arises from the necessary limitations of Mr Wells books. When an author invents a new civilisation and a new type of city he has to put it somewhere. Considerations of art compel him to place it in some country with which he is familiar considerations of bissuress tempt him to place it in the middle of his biggest reading public. As a result the speculations of Mr Wells which have stried the imagination of half the world have their locate either in London or in some large reading centre of the United States.

As a result when we of the less developed countries read his books we think to ourselves what remarkable places London and New York will be to live in But it never occurs to us that as those two great cities are to become so will Calcutta Bombay and a dozen other cities of Asia become—perhaps ten or twenty years later but certainly in the end

Bred on the books of the West we rarely foresee the parallel changes which will occur in the East It was over twenty years after the practicability of railways had been proved in England that the first

railway sleeper was laid in Bengal The mechanical inventions of the past ten years have won their way very slowly outside Europe And the curious fact remains that while we are gradually introducing those changes we still see Asia only in the terms of a future which is almost as unchanging as the past We still see India as jungle bustee and bail gharry as ryot and zemindar each as somnolent as the otler. We are obsessed by the vision of an almost immeasurable area covered with rice jute and jowar whose peasantry have been hypnotised by the unchanging sky line so that they can never develop their lands by modern methods nor give a foothold for the capitalistic expansion of agriculture We carry this vision of changeless monotony into all our plans and speculations about India And that is one of the reasons why we move so slowly and why there is reluctance in adapting the discoveries of the West to our Eastern needs and conditions

It is for this reason that we read the specula tions of Europe and America and are not influenced by them We need to have them rewritten and applied to our own conditions before we can see

them in focus

The following article then applies the mecha and probable development. If the reader objects that these developments are wildly improbable the writer may possibly be induced to agree with him!

Between the years 1904 and 1914 Calcutta largely rebuilt itself Clive Zachary Holwell and the author of the Junius letters would have felt moderately at home at the opening of the century Ten years later they would have felt rather uncomfortable By 1914 they would have wondered whether everybody had not gone mad

The only people who did not recognise the change were the people who lived in the city itself. They recognised vaguely that things had altered but with each change they believed the process had been comple ted. When an Improvement Scheme start ed with a proposed expenditure of twelve crores of rupees the citizens gasped at the amount but the only changes they foresaw were a few more wide roads patterned on the roads they knew and the clearance of several insanitary areas. Left to itself this is all that the Improvement Trust would have done. But it was not left to itself Very far from that

Less than two hundred miles away the Tata steel works had settled contentedly upon a hill of iron ore and the Bengal Iron and Steel Co had wakened to a new life Looking back it seems almost incredible but it is the plain truth that no single member of the general or technical public recognised the significance of this develop All they did was to congratulate one another on the fact that in another twenty years India would be able to make all the steel rails she wanted and possibly all the locomotives I know this statement will not be believed. But I invite any doubter to study the printed remains of that period He will find that I am strictly accurate

In the year 1914 there were a score of litten the city and the extreme height of the buildings was six storeys Everybody knew that it was impossible to build anything higher because of the insecurity of the mud on which the town was built Everybody knew that the High Court had buckled

and the Indian Museum had cracked That the tower of the Cathedral had collapsed during the earthquake of 1897 Nature had set a limit to height The city must spread since it could not rise So various marshes were druned and the early settlers on them endured malaria with Oriental fatalism until their successor arrived upon consolidated soil

As a matter of plain fact Nature had set no limit to height. The limit was set by the price of imported steel and by land values So soon as steel began to be manu factured locally the germs of change were in the air Presently the labours of the Tata works were supplemented by nalf a dozen others each settled beside its own hill of iron ore and all of them cutting prices Meanwhile, fiercely against one another the other factor that was to produce the change was silently but forcefully at work Land values were mounting steadily and irresistibly Nothing could have stopped them Not even if the land owners had vowed themselves to lives of poverty even if direct rentals had not forced the pace sub letting would have done so

In the year 1918 a prominent architect discovered that steel was cheap and land was dear and he remembered that Chicago had been building forty storey houses on Lake mud for the past quarter of a century He discussed his discovery with a firm of builders.

Plans were ready and contracts signed in the cold weather of 1910 and a modest twenty five storey building was erected on the north side of Hare Street between Bank shall Street and Dalhousie Square by the beginning of 1921 Nearly everybody laughed It would never pay besides Assam was due for another earthquake in a year or two Those who did not laugh were feverishly buying structural steel, and importing experts to direct the new method of building.

As a consequence of this Calcutta did not change slowly A twenty five storey building was not followed at a decent and leisurely interval by a twenty six storey





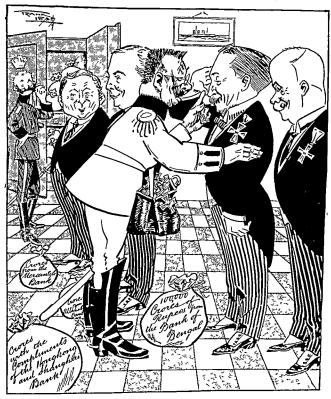
THE WORSHIP OF THE COW BY NANDALAL BASU

LIFE IS SHORT LIKE WATERDROPS ON A LOTUS LEAF

BY A N TAGORE



haled before a full Bench of the High Court discharged as Men of Culture Money.... It is a narrow escape, but they are summarily



again engages their attention. They levy an Indemnity on the Banks and are so astounded at their colossal Reserves that there is a profuse distribution of well earned Iron'Crosses. At Government House —



THE HOMELESS MOTHER BY
J P GANGULY

erection, to yield place in turn to one of twenty-seven There was no leisure at all It was a desperately energetic business The new Calcutta jerked up like a mushroom or a young bamboo By 1928 the centre of the city was a jagged irregular mass of buildings with a general level of twenty storeys from which rose a dozen square towers containing hives of flats rising one upon another for another fifteen storeys From the top most flats senti mental couples, newly married, would gaze northward and imagine they could just glimpse the Himalayas, lying very shadowy on the horizon Commonsense people did not worry about the Himalayas

In the year 1932 proud citizens began to speak hopefully of forty storey buildings with central towers, thirty storeys higher, which would bring a building up to the thousand foot level It would be the first thousand foot building in the whole of Asia, though New York and London had long

ago reached twelve hundred feet

But these hopes were doomed to disappointment Calcutta was never to see a thousand foot-building Long before she had risen to that height she had jumped off the earth altogether in order to keep cool

п

This great and unexpected change was accomplished in all its main essentials between the years 1955 and 1965 Prior to the earlier date there were indications of the change which everybody, as usual, These indications were the great termini of the passenger airship lines The stations were enormous floating platforms at Howrah and Sealdah, covering many acres in extent, and suspended twelve hundred feet in the air by vertical screws and cunningly devised floats with automatic They were attached to the stabilisers earth by thick rubber cables inlaid with discontinuous steel strands and they were anchored by solid half acre concrete blocks sunk fifty feet in the earth Colossally expensive to build and even more expensive to maintain they paid their way handsomely in the saving of time and running costs of the aeroplanes which would otherwise have had to make a dangerous landing from the navigation level Also without the high level stations they would have had to be heavily over engined to enable them to rise twelve hundred feet. With high level stations along their routes there was a saving of fifty per cent in construction and seventy-two per cent in cost of running

But though these stations had existed in that form since 1937 and although several rich men lived in stationary balloons during the hot weather, nobody thought of putting permanent houses on floating platforms until

seventeen years later

It might be supposed that the idea first came upon someone interested in air-work—an employé in the Calcutta Aero Construction Works of Barasat or the directors of the Light Lines Trust whose offices in Clive Street were permanently in the clouds during the monsoon This anticipation, however, would have been falsified by facts. The first air building was not planned by anybody interested in the air but by a big firm which was concerned only with the problems of mud They did it in order to keep cool

III

At the beginning of the year 1955 Messrs Smith and Westover were the biggest firm of earth contractors and mud transporters in Bengal They had won their position by hard work and a limitless enterprise. The business was one which required both those qualities together with the continuous exercise of shrewd and ultractuations business management.

In those days the Calcutta municipality stretched north and south from Naihat, to Diamond Harbour and east and west from Morellgunge to Amta The increase of population in this area from one and a half to eight millions had led to a very large

amount of building, but it was building of a different type to that prevailing half a century before Sanitary ideals had not merely expanded they had changed beyond recognition In the dark days fifty years ago the additional six and a half millions would have been provided for on ground level and for ten years they would have been scourged by malaria till the new land had settled In modern times this was not A law was passed that all suburallowed ban land must be ruised ten feet and carefully compacted before building Good class settlements were rused twenty feet The law was a practical one because by that time modern dredgers could deal with four times the amount of material at one-

seventh the cost possible in 1911 The first effect of this law was the birth of fifty five firms of petty earth contractors who scraped mud wherever they could find it and transported it by archaic road trains to the new suburbs which stretched along the Salt Lakes from Garia up to Barasat In consequence of this removal of earth so near the city an enormous series of new lakes developed which were greatly appreciated by the mosquitoes so in spite of the ten foot mounds malaria became worse than before The Bengal Government. now permanently stationed in Sikkim, saw the danger and took immediate action Areas were marked out in the Eastern Sunderbunds and in Orissa from which alone earth must be taken. The fifty five companies dwindled to four and they had settled down to a hard battle to see which one could drive out the other three

The competition was very keen Prices had to be kept low and the cost of wire transporters, way leaves and compacters were heavy The difference of one-twenty-fourth of an anna per cubic foot in a quotation might mean the difference between a profit of five lakhs of rupees or a loss of the same amount on a single contract.

On May 18th 1955 the temperature on the nuneteenth storey of the forty-storey Asia Building overlooking Dalhousic Square was ninety five and a half degrees and

Smith laid down the receiver of his dictaphone with a sigh

"If this weither I ceps up a week," he said to his partner weithly," it will knock our profits on this contract by a tenth of an anni per cubic foot. It isn't the work in the Sunderbunds that matters but it's the control up here that will be effected. We can't organise quick enough, we can't keep our attention steady enough in this weather."

"A tenth of an anna on this contract," replied Westover, "is three lakhs of rupees," "And three lakhs of rupees," continued Smith, "is interest on a crore and a quarter

rupees

They looked at one another and sighed Westover turned to the window Through it beyond the print mills of Howaih he saw a solitary white cloud floating. His eye brightened He turned to his partner and began talking ripidly.

IV

We have now brought our story very near to the time when Calcutta raised itself off the earth altogether in order to get eool. But even the business genius of Smith and Westover could not have worked the mixacle if it had not been for a misprint which occurred in a company prospectus printed in Madras in 1949 six years before. It is curious to reflect that if a Mafabrin compositor had not accidently added an extra nought to a certain figure there would have been no floating city of Calcutta at all.

It happened this way The aluminum industry of Southern India had in thirty years made tast strides—just as every thing in India had made them As it expanded it grew more and more into the hand, of Tregantle, the Cornishman Towards the end of the forties his efforts at monopoly were on the verge of success. He had fought, threatened and cyoled and had succeeded All he needed to clinch the bargains he had made was money and he knew that the

South India public believed in him. The prospectus of the Coimbatore Aluminium Industrials had been drafted and was with the printers when he was summoned hastily to England by the illness of his wife. He only wanted ten lakhs from the public. He had forty lakhs from his private supporters.

It was then that the disaster occurred. An intrusive nought crept into the rough proof of the prospectus and it remained there. Being an incurably careless man in small matters he never wrote out his totals in words in such documents. That was done by his solicitors at a later stage of the printing. And since he was very much of an autocrat nobody dared to alter his figures. They did not know why he wanted from the public twice the utmost watered value of all the properties. But they knew that if he wanted it he would see that he got it.

wanted it he would see that he got it.

His wife made a protracted recovery, so when Tregantle returned to Madras he found himself with ninety lakhs of rupees more than he could use and the whole Presidency was waiting to see what he would do with it. His prospectus had not been an omnibus one. It confined his activities to aluminium. He was far too proud a man to admit a mistake or return a portion of the capital. As well expect Nebuchadnezzar to

confess that he had ever eaten grass. gantle was a very unhappy man.

Three days later he received a visit from Johan Behr, a native of the Republic of Saxony: Behr was too profound a scientist to know why he had come to India or how he had lived while he was there. But he had an invention for spinning aluminium wire in counts as fine as Manchester cotton. To Tregantle his visit appeared as a secular miracle and a year later he wanted more capital to extend his aluminium weaving mills at Palghat. Ninety lakhs of rupees, he discovered, was an absurdly inadequate sum

It thus happened that when Smith and Westover made plans for the first aerial office building, Tregantle was able to supply them with the only building fabric that was light enough to be practicable. Stiffened with a framework of modern highly tensile aluminium alloy it proved the sole material possible for the purpose.

v

Let us pass over the ten years during which the new Calcutta was building. The period was full of excitement, rapid change and interest. But of that there is no space to write. Let us, instead, describe the city as it would appear to a visitor, say, from the year 1914, who wishes to see the city

as it is in 1964.

If our ancestor from 1914 were to come up the Hooghly to-day from the South in a steamer of that period he would see from Saugor Island far away to the North a glitter stretched along the horizon punctuated by points and flashes of brighter light where the sunshine is reflected off some sloping surface directly in his direction. As the revenant steams slowly up the riverhis speed some ten or twelve knots!-he would see Calcutta gradually climb up from the horizon like a great mountain off the flat marshes of Bengal. Nearer still he would see that this shining mass of buildings, which begins at Budge Budge, culminates in a series of central structures over the area which he had known in the old days as Dalhousie Square and Clive Street. Still nearer he would make a discovery, most disconcerting to himself: he would find that this great city on a hill was not on a hill at all. Just where he expected to see a steep cliff or a long slope stretching to the ground, there was nothing at all. Or, rather, there was only what looked like a forest growth of thick cables and tubes running upwards till they met the lower rim of the city.

Were I writing this article in 1914 instead of in 1964 I should find it extremely difficult to give the reader of that period any idea at all of the Calcutta which had replaced the township he had once known so well. There was nothing which man had made up to that period which remotely

resembled it. I should have to go to Nature and ask him to imagine he was looking at a tank covered with lotuses and water hyacinths and to imagine further that the water had been removed without affecting the position of the plants. What he would then see would be a thick layer of leaves and flowers all rising from a level plane which was once the surface of the water. Underneath would be a jungle of roots and stems supporting the upper fabric.

There you have it. That is the nearest

city fifty years after he had left it.

From the North the view would be slightly different. Let us place our ancestor with a long-range telescope on the ruined piers of Sara Bridge, long since fallen into decay, abandoned first by man that had made it and then by the river which it had once crossed.

Here, too, he will see the city rising in banks and slopes of houses to the central mass over Dalhousie Square a mountain itself eight hundred feet high lifted a further fifteen hundred feet above ground level. To the West he will see a long line of small raised platforms at distances of five or ten miles running up to Delhi and through Afghanistan to Europe-the aerial East Indian Railway with running expenses still only fifty per cent. of its receipts. Along this line there is a constant flash of airtrains-a succession of aeroplanes gripping their travelling wires. Over them and under them is the traffic of the faster free aeroplanes, either privately owned or the railway's own fast passenger craft. Five miles away to his right supported on enormous skeleton steel pillars the stranger will see the twenty wire-ways by which Calcutta receives tea from Darjeeling, copper from Sikkim and wool and gold from Tibet. If he is fortunate or waits fifteen minutes he will see a tea-train whiz by at a hundred miles an hour towards the tea-sheds of Cossipore.

To him this new method of traction will probably require a word or two of explanation. In 1914 nobody thought of an aeroplane travelling along a wire. The people

of those days knew the unattached flying machine, a decidedly unstable affair: and they had one or two examples of electric trains suspended from rails above them instead of below. They did not see that before air-transport could be adapted to heavy passenger or goods traffic these two ideas must be welded into one. When that discovery was made development proceeded rapidly. The aero-train of the present day is a long torpedo-shaped body with great lateral wings and equipped with automatic devices to keep it stable at one height. train has a traveller above, which runs along a copper wire carrying electricity to move its rear propeller. The advantage of this scheme is that while the wings practically reduce the weight to be borne by the wires to nothing at the same time the wires supply the power and render heavy engines and a self-contained fuel supply unnecessary.

Skimming along these wires at high velocity—the passenger trains reach a maximum of nearly two hundred miles an hourthere are singularly few accidents. Sometimes in the gorges of the Himalayas a whole train will leave the wires, but the planes it possesses have sufficient buoyancy to float it safely to ground level if there is a long valley ahead. But if it hits the other side of a ravine the result is different. In such case there is not enough wreckage or remains for any train gang or doctor to investigate. These disasters, however, are

fortunately not numerous.

On the ground level, winding like a huge black snake into the distance, the stranger from 1914 will see an enormous pipe line. It starts from a great factory at Konnagor and crosses the river by a syphon. From the East of the city there runs another similar piping. These two are the main distributaries which supply acid to the innumerable retting tanks scattered through the jute districts of Eastern Bengal. The old method of tedious water retting had given place years ago to the much more rapid device of chemical treatment and since the freight on raw jute is much heavier than on jute fibre it was found cheaper to

bring the acid to the fields rather than the jute to the chemical factory. Borrowing from the oil industry the pipe-line idea, already widely used fifty years before, the Chemical Trust in conjunction with the Amalgamated Jute-Growers' Samiti had now covered the country with a net-work of pipes. After the retting is finished the acid is pumped back to Calcutta and is converted into vegetable manure. The companies made fifty lakhs of rupees profit on the first year's working. After the third year they stopped publishing their balance sheets for fear of inflaming against themselves the Jute Samiti or the Ryots' Sanmilan-the latter a highly prosperous extremely Socialist organisation founded in 1028.

The almost universal use of aeroplanes for passengers and of compressed air tubes for the distribution of merchandise has abolished in the floating city those roads which were so well known to the people of The main exception is the broad boulevard which runs from Barrackpore to Tollygunge lined on each side by lofty buildings except for the stretch from Dhurrumtollah Corner to Lower Circular Road. Here the buildings are only on the eastern side of the road. On the western there is a great gulf down which, fifteen hundred feet below, lies the old Maidan which has been left uncovered—an unusual bit of sentimentality in a city not overburdened with that failing. Little trees, dwarfed by the enormous distance, occupy very much the position they were occupying in 1914. There is a ring of trees round the now abandoned Eden Gardens. The race course is still kept trim and neat by the Royal Calcutta Aero-Turf Club at the suggestion of the Archæological Department. There is still a Casuarina Avenue and, a couple of hundred yards beyond, the Victoria Memorial has reached one and a half storeys and has stuck there. Three builders' cranes of the 1907 pattern crown its labours as a token of the intention to complete the memorial ultimately. There is believed to be some admirable marble for it on the

banks of the Lob Nor in Eastern Turkistan. But this sensational announcement has not yet been confirmed

VI.

I can imagine my ancestor from 1914 seated beside me in an air gharry as we glide noiselessly through the streets of new Calcutta-streets which are bottomless gorges suspended in the sky. In the cool sunshine of a late May afternoon with a temperature of only sixty-eight degrees we can dive down beneath the last level of the city into the spaces, even cooler, beneath. Here are twilight lanes and avenues of pipes; tubes and thick, strained anchorropes. On the ground level again except where power houses, factories and the houses of superintending engineers run up a couple of hundred feet, there are the well modelled dwellings of the cheaper labour of the city. To them this is not a gloomy underworld. It is cool and shady: work in the lower town is eagerly sought for by labourers from all over India and the neighbouring countries.

We rise again to the cool sunny heights above and move along the broad canyon of Bow Bazar towards the open country. Three miles beyond the Salt Lakes the city begins to thin out. The floating houses become detached and separated at increasing distances from each other. Beyond are the plains which three months later will be covered by giant jute, obtained by careful seed selection, which yields its ten and

fifteen bales an acre.

We pass still further from this glittering city of the air which now encircles the whole half-horizon from Barrackpore to Canning Town. In the North the clouds are gathering thickly for the familiar storm of summer afternoons. From an isolated platform over Dum Dum comes a quarter-mile jet of flame followed by a deep roar which is echoed two minutes later by a second roar from Chandernagore. They are the batteries of

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This obvious elementary precaution dates only from 1961. On April 29th of that year an unbroken nor-wester of unusual strength got underneath the suburb

of Ghusery and dropped it down in the paddy fields of Tamluk. The loss of life was naturally quite large and on May 15th of the same year seven forty-inch storm guns, made at Dum Dum, had been erected in a semi-circle round northern Calcutta.

THE HOME BEAUTIFUL.

вч A. W. G.

I killed my Khansamah this morning: Surprised by a degchi he fell, I must add, all mendacity scorning, I've done in the Dhobe as well. The Bearer he raised up my dander. Though normally mild and serene I gave hum a sudden back-hander That busted his spleen.

In the cobwebs he left in the corner
The Mehtar lies shrouded and still:
My Khitmutgar looks like a gone-er—
He may live, but I doubt if he will.
Down the sixty-foot well in the garden
Impelled by the toe of my shoe
The Mali you'll find—and, beg paidon,
My Svee is there too.

The villain I hired for my punkah
Is now an inanimate corse,
han the Maley, that rascally younker,
I slew without any remorse;
With his mussack I belted the Bheesti
And left him a heap on the ground,
Now his pals have removed him—at least he
Is not to be found.

Should you ask me the cause of this slaughter, This holocaust deadly and grim, Whether madness the midsummer brought, or Just merely a fanciful whim, I should answer, the wife is departing From the hills at my sudden recall, So to brighten the home I'm just starting Spring-cleaning, that's all.

SERVICE MEMORIES OF SOUTH AFRICA.

B

AN IMPERIAL YEOMAN.

WHEN one starts to be a soldier in a hurry, it's not all fun. A sort of tabloid training has to take place. For instance, a newly joined recruit in the piping times of peace (copyright expression) is made fit and converted into a soldier by a gradual process lasting over many months, the result being that discipline and fitness are "branded" into the man. But it is far different with emergency troops in war time.

To begin with a man must be fit. If he is going to break down on his first march he might as well have not joined. When I enlisted for the South African War they used to keep us doubling about the barrack square at Aldershot for an hour at a time with infrequent and momentary rests. This process generally went on just after reveille on an empty stomach. Any man who fell out had a good chance of being sent back to London.

Our training which occupied six weeks, and was not long enough, was as follows: Reveille, five-thirty; doubling about the barrack square from six to seven; from seven to seven-thirty peel potatoes for dinner; eight o'clock breakfast (and didn't we eat it l); nine o'clock to twelve, riding school or drill in the barrack square; twelve-thirty dinner; one-thirty to four or five mounted drill in the Long Valley. Then stable and after that we could do what we liked with ourselves if we were not on guard. Dinner was at seven.

There was a big sprinkling of wasters. The non-commissioned officers were past praying for. Most of them were ex-Army men who had left the Army under compulsion. They made what they could out of their jobs while the job lasted, but the fierce fire of active service soon cleared out the dross. I remember the sentence

a court-martial passed on one of these men for being drunk when in charge of a convoy. It read: "Dismissed from the Army with disgrace, imprisoned with hard labour for one hundred and eighty-two days and be fined five pounds." I believe part of it was remitted. These sentences generally were revised fairly freely.

Our officers were not much better than the N. C. O.'s, though in this respect our lot was peculiar, other regiments having most excellent men. Very few of ours lasted; they were mostly sent back. The few that survived were magnificent. I remember one who commenced as a Lieutenant and finished up the war as Colonel in Command of a mobile column. One very gallant officer, who, I believe, was killed, had a peculiarity of always going to sleep when under fire. He could not keep awake. I remember on one occasion the Colonel using the somnolent figure of the second-incommand as a rifle rest. The Major slept on serenely while pom pom shells were screaming overhead.

As the original unsuitable officers were eliminated their numbers were replenished either from the ranks or from the regulars. One of our men promoted from the ranks had a peculiar misfortune. He tried to capture President Stein at a place called Reitz. He seized his papers and equipment but the worthy ex-President fled on horseback in his pyjamas. The officer tried to bring down the horse, but the oil had frozen in his revolver. That will give you some idea of the cold.

The temperature at night in the Orange Free State is fierce. A bottle of water freezes solid if left in the open. But the atmosphere is dry and snow is practically unknown.

The South African War was known as the Jam Campaign. I do not suppose so

much 1am was ever consumed before by soldiers I think we liked the South African nams best The Australian varieties were not bad English were not novelties, but

very welcome

One curious point was brought out very strongly, viz, that men who could get raw omons to eat never got enteric or dysentery In fact where raw onions could be bought the men were very healthy The moment these dainties were not available then disease began to be felt Numbers of men who got dysentery cured themselves by steeping wild geranium root in Cape brandy and drinking the decoction have since heard that this is effective with the South African variety of the disease but no good for tropical varieties

Cape brandy or "Cape Smoke' or "dop" is a product of the grapes grown so largely there Unless it is properly aged it is terrible stuff and many a soldier discovered this to his cost I remember on one occa sion the guard on Bloemfontein station, which consisted of eighty seven men, got hold of some dop and being unaccustomed to its strength they completely lost their heads The results were indescribable They arrested everybody-and it is ill to resist a drunken Tommy with a loaded rifle! They imprisoned the Railway Staff Officer in his own office They marched off the electric light staff to prison, and to cap everything else, when the Johannes burg mail came in, they arrested the engine driver, fireman and guard It took the best part of a regiment of soldiers to arrest them Fortunately there were no casualties But the punishment dealt out for their little spree must have made them hate the name of cape smoke for ever afterwards

The Dutch were great people at espion age I remember a curious case that was a puzzle to the authorities at Bloemfontein for a long time Nobody could conceive how the enemy, particularly Fouche, could get information about our columns and patrols And they never would have guessed but an accident gave the show away

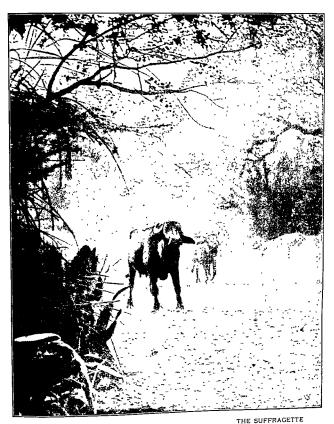
There was a little restaurant not far from the Railway station where exceedingly good food was served very cheaply and the place was much resorted to by soldiers of the garrison It was kept by some women who worked hard and did things But they maintained a regular in formation bureau with the enemy

It so happened that a patrol of Orange River Colony Police dined at this tavern a few hours before setting out They took their raw rations there and the women cooked them Their start was at night and they had to work their way as far as Smalldeel A few miles out of Bloemfontein they were met by a party of Boers and cut up But one escaped and from what he heard during the fight he was able to work up a case against the women who kept the tavern The result was they were removed to the Burgher Camp and could do no more harm

After all, from their point of view they were doing quite right I look upon espionage with a very indulgent eye If my country was invaded I should be a spy of spies And moreover I would ruthlessly shoot any spy of the enemy, however patriotic he might be A spy fully knows he carries his life in his hand, and should never mind paying the

penalty when caught

A scout is a curious creature South African War developed the scout ing instinct in many men, often as not in the most unlikely quarters One of the best I met was a pattern maker from Armstrong Whitworth's works at Newcastle This man was perfectly marvel-He located Prinsloo's Army and gave General Hunter information of such value that the Boer General did not realise he was checkmated until he was attacked The scout worked his way to the commando disguised as a Kaffir driving cattle He had picked up a few words of Zulu, but fortunately never needed to use them on that occasion The unit he belonged to was the Northumberland Hussars, a delightful crowd of scallywags, who



BY C. M. PEARCE.



THE MODERN OFFICER EQUIPPED FOR WAR

did tremendous damage to the enemy after they had got used to the country.

Mention of the Northumberland Hussars reminds me of the case of the Pienaar family. This affair began with a harmless lovable man, named Dryden, who was employed repairing telegraph wires. He was a non-combatant and one of those men who never knew what it was to have an enemy. He arrived at Doorn River in pursuit of his duty and asked for refreshment at the Pienaar's house. There was a stated charge for this and Dryden had his food and coffee, paying for it with a commandeering note cashable at the nearest treasury.

When he was leaving old Pienaar shot him on the back. He was buried in a shallow grave, and his clothes bearing the blood-stains were afterwards found on the persons of the Pienaar family. Nearly all of them were hanged, and a hangman had to be brought up from Bloemfontien

to Cape Town for the purpose.

The capture of the Pienaars was effected in a curious way. The Yeomanry were scouring the country without success to find them. One day a sergeant in charge of a small patrol told one of his men, an ex-public school-boy, "to see if all was clear around the other side of that there kopje." The youth went crawled up the kopie. He had just made up his mind there was no one there when he saw all five Pienaars boiling coffee. Before they could see him, he was between them, and their rifles covering them with a revolver. And he marched them down in front of him with their hands up. I do not know what reward the lad would have got for this very plucky deed; but he died almost immediately after of enteric fever.

One got dreadfully hungry trekking and could eat anything. An army biscuit was a priceless luxury. Bully beef was not so bad, provided one could cook it up with a few vegetables. Fires were easily improvised with dried cowdung which was to be found everywhere. Ant heaps made excellent ovens. They burned with a deep glow and would boil a mess tin or fry a chunk of trek ox admirably. Experience and old campaigners taught us these things.

We had a queer experience once. For sheer audacity I think it may be looked upon as hard to beat. A farmer came and asked our officer for a fatigue party to pack a piano on a waggon The officer sent twenty-five of us. It was the toughest job I ever tackled. That piano was really heavy. When we had finished, the farmer gave us a drop of Cape brandy and we went back to camp. On the way one of the men said to me "That dashed piano was about the heaviest thing I ever saw. I believe I'd like to have a look inside." So we got permission to go and stop the waggon and examine. Sure enough we found the piano crammed with refilled Martini cartridges intended for the enemy. But fancy the sublime impudence of getting British soldiers to load up for him! I think that farmer deserved all he got. Which, as a matter of fact, turned out to be a trip to Umballa.

There can be no doubt that a bit of active service does a man good, and if one is a philosopher and learns to take rough with the smooth it is quite good fun. One soon gets inured to hardships. Every day sees the body strengthen with the trials to which it is exposed, and when the war is over it is worth while to have gone through it all to raise a brimming beaker of honest English beer to your lips and drink to peace once more.

CHRISTMAS IN EXILE.

BY

A. W. G.

Christmas now in England! can't you see the holly, Little lamps amid the green decking hedge and Hall, Faces in the firelight, sound of mirth and folly, Fields that glimmer ghostly, the white moon over all?

Christmas now in England! can't you hear the kiddies' Little feet upon the stair, in and out the room Voices in whose prattle Heaven's music hid is World old music ever new, brightening the gloom?

Christmas now in England! can't you feel the glamoui.
Woven of the ages since one fair Star shone bright?
Joyous from how many homes the merry voices clamour.
Even now is rising? Remember them to night

Christmas now in England! Faintly from the distance
Borne across the sund ring seas though the leagues divide
Can't you hear the echoes? With a strange insistence
Keen they stir the heart-strings, and may not be denied

CROSSING.

DV

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

(Translated by the Author from his Bengali Poem)

The Boatman is out crossing the wild sea at night. The mast is aching with the agony of its full sails filled with stormy winds. Stung with the night's fangs the sky swoons upon the sea, poisoned with black fear. The waves dash their heads against the dark unseen and the Boatman is out crossing the wild sea.

The Boatman is out, I know not for what tryst, startling the night with the sudden white of his sails

I know not where, at last, he lands to reach the silent courtyard where the lamp is burning—to own her who sits in the dust and waits

What is the quest for which his boat recks not storm nor darkness? Its load must be rich with gems and pearls Ah, no, the Boatman brings with him no gems, no pearls But only a white rose in his hand and a song on his lips. It is for her who watches alone at night with her lamp burning.

She dwells in the wayside hut for whom the Boatman is out in the dark,

Her loose hair flies in the winds hiding her eyes.

The storm shrieks through her broken doors, the light flickers in her earthen lamp sweeping shadows on the walls.

Through the howl of the winds she hears him call her name, she whose name is unknown.

It is long since the Boatman had sailed.

It will be long before the day breaks and he knocks at the door.

The drums will not be beaten and none will know.

Only the light shall fill the house, blessed shall be the dust, and the heart glad. All doubts shall vanish in silence when the Boatman comes on shore.

THE GUIDING OF TROOPER SWORD.

BΥ

E. H. TIMMINS.

A LITTLE copse, where the shadows ran together among the trees to make a black island in the moonlight sheltered a small group of men and horses. The colouring of the animals and the khaki of the troopers melted into the darkness. Only the shimmer of a scabbard and the sheen of a bit caught a stray moonbeam filtering through the branches.

Lying full length, head and shoulders out of the darkness, a man was writing laboriously and slowly. On the road a hundred yards away a dim figure crouched behind a bank. A similar distance in the other direction another form blended into a tree-trunk. An officer's patrol was snatch. ing a few minutes' rest, while the lieutenant wrote the report of his day's journey. The men were for the most part stretched upon the ground; two had dropped off to sleep; another was nibbling at a "brickend" army biscuit; and the sergeant had put his empty pipe into his mouth and was sucking it. There is no smoking on patrol.

The officer tore two leaves out of his message book; closed it, methodically replaced the pencil and elastic band; rose and dusted his breeches with a characteristic movement. He stood a little while

looking down the road and up at the moon and then moved towards the horses.

"Sword," he said, "You were with me

all day."

A trooper stood to attention.

"Merriman, you came along with the left flanking patrol."

Another man rustled up out of the

"I want these messages taken back to the O.C. They are identical, but I shall send two as one of you might be stopped. You must both get through. Understand? Take the way you each know and pash along. Don't kill your borses, but the reports ought to be in by mornine. You'll find the O.C. near Charleroi. If you are stopped, destroy the message. Don't forget that! But remember you must not be caught. Now get on."

The men girthed up and swung into their saddles among all the paraphernalia a cavalry man harbours on his mount; a cavalry man harbours on his mount; a rolled cloak, a picketing peg, feed bag, shoe cases, to say nothing of rifle bucket and sword. Then they moved quietly off at the trot, the one taking to the road and the other a field path. As Sword passed the sentry by the tree, a voice came out of the shadow.

bered that, during the outward ride, the route had seemed like a road known in a He had not been surprised at strange features in the landscape, he had half expected to come across an old cottage with high courtyard doors round the next bend and, lo, it was there, the sight of the farm of Gemioncourt, pointed out by his officer as the Hougomont of Quatre Bras, had touched a chord somewhere in his being He could not call it to memory, for he had never been in Belgium before, but he knew that something in him, some instinct perhaps, was being awakened by the sight of these antique houses and country scenes With two such curious forms of sub-consciousness working in his brain, but not enough to take his mind off the dangerous task in hand, Sword trotted along steadily, almost marvelling at the progress he was making unmolested

Suddenly, without warning, a sound additional to that of his mare's hoofs came to his ears He was walking up an incline at the time and at the first new noise he halted There, ahead of him, was, unmistakably, the tapping of hoofs on a hard road To make him surer his mare's ears were pricked and her head held enquiringly

towards the sound

"Germans" was the thought that surged through his mind then he re membered his despatch. Ahead the road was clear as far as the crest of the rise Behind there was nothing He was half resolved to dash on and cut through them, but he was in ignorance of their strength So he swerved aside into a little clump of trees and rode deep into the undergrowth Here he waited and watched

Through the branches he could see the top of the hill dark against the sky There crept up a point of light that grew into a faint star gleaming upon the roadway Over the dark crest rose into view the magnified silhouette of a lancer He came down the road slowly and behind him two more mounted forms crept up to the ridge and slipped over.

" Ah'l Them'll be Uhlans," said Sword

to himself "Patrollin', they are I wonder if there's more "

And he settled himself in his saddle to watch If there were only three he would rush them If there were others

Down the hill the Germans came slowly nursing their horses Sword could feel his mare moving as if she knew of the neighbourhood of other beasts Suddenly he was seized with a fear that she might neigh proclaiming his presence Then there would be a chase and a fight for certain but what of the message and its deli

verv

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"Nem." came the answer clearly from

up the road

Satisfied that the neigh came from the wood the Uhlan spurred his horse nearer to its shadows Sword felt for his sword drew it softly, and came to the No I guard The German, his lance in rest, sat watching in the moonlight Sword saw his advantage He dashed in his spurs, the mare bounded forward, and before the German could recover from his surprise Sword had pointed at his shoulder and He felt his weapon encounter passed him resistance A yell burst from the Uhlan. an answering shout from the remainder of the patrol approaching at a gallop, and with a rattle and scramble of hoofs Sword's mare dashed out into the open and up the road Before he knew it Sword, weapon in air, was galloping at the oncoming Uhlans All he saw was two shining lance-points at his breast and two dark faces with clenched Behind him and all about him the quiet night seemed full of the hollow clatter of galloping horses

Hours with a menace of death, seemed to hang over him Then he woke to life and with a sudden sweep of the reins and "Where yer for, Jack?"

"Tipperary, old son," replied Sword

"It's a long, long way Cheer oh !--"

" S'long "

As he cantered down the soft side of the military road, Trooper John Sword blessed alike the easy going for the muffling of his mare's hoof-beats and the shadows under the trees for the concealment they gave For the great lazy moon which shone on a sleepy ripe country-side of rich waving crops, dotted with lonely farms and sleeping villages made it necessary for him to ride warify and slip from shade to shade Sword, as he glanced carefully about, told himself that" yer could a'most see to read a newspaper" and wondered what he would do when he came to the open country He fully realised the risks he was running, for he had a score of miles to cover, and in spite of a sturdy courage he could not escape a vision of a probable encounter with a German cavalry patrol and the likely result of being out-numbered He began to recollect the duties that lay before him He was sure of his route, a straight road until he came to deep woods upon the west, and he must destroy the message if he were in danger of being taken His hand went to his pocket to make sure of the precious paper. His responsibilities did not daunt him and he began to feel a strange content and confidence in himself For John Sword came of a fighting race and a soldier family He was not the first of his name on the roster of the Queen's Dragoons, for the Swords had gone into the old corps with unfailing regularity A John Sword had ridden in Marlborough's great charge at Blenheim and followed the ringletted Duke himself at Oudenarde, another Sword shared in the frozen horrors of the retreat to Corunna, joined in the wild gallop that destroyed Maucune's three divisions at Salamanca, and rode at D Erlon's corps with the Union Brigade at Waterloo, a John Sword had sabred Cossacks when Scarlett's Heavy Brigade wheeled up the hill into the Russian flank

among the vineyards at Balaclava, a Sergeant-Major Sword had trekked many a weary mile in South Africa, and now the youngest of the line was in Flanders on the ground over which two of his ances tors had patrolled and advanced and He was too occupied to think of charged these things except once, and that was when he saw again the huge conical mound crowned by a lion, that his lieutenant had told him only that morning marked the field of Waterloo And as the great bulk of the memorial rose dark against the velvet sky, shutting out shining constellations and casting a shadow almost to his feet, there came back to Sword's mind the story of the John Sword who had fought at Waterloo and of his escape from the French The tale was treasured by the Swords almost as is the death-legend of a great family, handed down reverently by the generations Many a time had Jack Sword heard his father tell how Waterloo Sword, caught in a tight corner while patrolling by the French, had been guided through a deep narrow lane and of a wood, to safety by a

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Waterloo Sword had always maintained that his guide was the Sword who charged at Oudenarde watching over his descen dant and using his knowledge of the country, coming back from the grave to help him in peril. And every Sword as he told the story, would stand up, salute and repeat the formulæ. "How it happened I don't know, but I know it's true. And hell do the same agin if there's a need, will old Oudenarde Sword."

The memory of the legend, heard and re heard until it was almost a part of his being flashed through Sword's mind as he trotted almost in the shadow of the Lion Mound and over the field of Waterloo By the same token another impression developed in his brain. He began to recognise that he knew the country, or, rather, that it was familiar to him.

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Hours with a menace of death, seemed to hang over him. Then he woke to life and with a sudden sweep of the reins and a jab with the spur swerved his mount to the near side of the road One lance point vanished the other followed his new He guarded, felt a hot sear cross his arm, and then found himself clear with the long hill empty of riders and his charger putting hoof to the ground as fast as she knew how He turned in his stirrups, shook his sword in the air, and shouted in triumph

As he did so drops fell upon his face and he saw for the first time that blood was running down his weapon He thought of the Uhlan by the edge of the wood and wondered if he would join in the pursuit

thundering behind him

By all he remembered Sword had a long ride to Charleroi and there might be other patrols to dodge But he was too elated over his first brush with the enemy to think of failure and he pushed his tired mare along at her top speed Down the reverse side of the slope he went with her stretched out to the utmost In the rear galloped the Germans, waving their lances, as he could see beneath his elbow as he bent forward in the saddle. He wondered why they didn't dismount and shoot .

perhaps because and then he remembered and pulled into the shadows

The pace was too hot to last Sword had the advantage of weight and when he found he was drawing away he eased Behind him the clatter grew fainter, and he began to ask himself why they had forsaken the pursuit so soon The real reason never crossed his mind until, dark against the sky, he saw a regular sheaf of lances and heard an ominous rumbling roar

Here, then, was a likely end of all things for him He could not charge and scatter a dozen Uhlans, he knew nothing of the country, and he would probably be caught like a rat in a trap if he took to the fields The enemy was still some distance off, but there would be connect-. And sure enough as the thought came into his head round the bend of the road trotted a lancer.

Sword, his mind working at high pressure remembered a by-lane he had passed on his right That was his only chance He swung about and as he did so the glint of his scabbard caught the eve of the Uhlan He shouted Ahead of the Englishman rang out an answering hail

'Copped," thought Sword, "but I'll

give 'em a run'

And down the road in his tracks he went in another reckless gallop, with foes thundering towards him ahead and in rear He set his teeth, put in his spurs,

and sat down to ride

Then an amazing thing happened From nowhere, as it seemed, a horseman leaped ahead of him There was so much noise from his own mare's hoofs that Sword could not hear those of the other horse's and concluded he must have passed him under the shadows form the rider wore was entirely strangea brass helmet that gleamed in the moon rays a plume, a tunic that looked to be red, but was stained and torn, dark overalls caked with mud (vet so far as Sword knew every road was as dry as a bone), a high cantled saddle with a shabby cloak strapped behind it sabretashe streamed out behind the rider His right arm had been wounded and bore a stained dirty bandage, and in his right hand was the fragment of a sword

The man in khaki gasped at the sud

den apparition

"French, must be," he decided Lummy, he aint 'arf been goin through it Eh! . Halt, you through it You ll get copped again Halt and let's fight 'em level Damn it, she's away with No, she am t 1 Course he can't understand me, but I'll back him Shove along, old girl I'm comin' "

The rider ahead gesticulated with his broken sword to the left and swerved round a corner Sword realised a chance

of escape

"Know the country, do yer?" he "Right-oh! Down here, you thought sweep "

And he pulled up on the haunches and scraped into the lane with the Germans barely fifty yards in his rear. The road was tortuous and rutted. Sword heard no sound in front of him, but he secured an occasional glimpse of a helmet and plume and rode hard, doing all he knew to keep his mare on her feet. Behind him rose shouts and hoof-beats and the sounds of accoutrements jingling. Also he could see three or four lancers rising and falling. Out of the lane they burst into a smooth open field in the full glare of the moon.

A great yell of triumph went up as the pursuers debouched from the defile and saw their quarry but narrowly ahead. Still the red-coated wounded man kept his place in front and so far as Sword could hear or see he neither spoke nor looked round. Suddenly he made another sweeping signal and Sword was galloping on his heels through a farm steading and a belt of trees out into more open country beyond. The cavalcade held on behind them and the fugitives were a bare hundred yards ahead when they reached the edge of a wood.

Sword could feel his mare weakening between his knees and her breath coming in great sobs. Her stride had shortened and she rolled on rough ground

like a ship.

"Say, matey," he yelled. "My mare's done in. What shall we do?"

No answer came back.

"Curse 'ml Why the 'ell didn't I learn a bit of French?" muttered Sword. "Here we are and me killing my mare because I can't make him Savvy. Hello, what's this?"

Round the corner of a little wood they swept; a wood out of which cultivation had bitten a slice. Fifty yards ahead another belt of forest rose soft and grey in the moonlight, but the leader swept sharply to his left on the edge of the plough and under cover of the trees; then into their midst. The deep shadows swallowed him up.

Sword following reached the shelter as the hunters appeared in full gallop from behind one arm of the wood, making for the next belt and over the plough with no sign of hesitation. Yes! There they all went—seven of them. He pursed up his lips into a whistle.

"Done 'em, by gad," he said,
"Damned smart wheeze, old son."

The rider had dismounted and was leading his charger down a steep descent among the woods and along a winding path. Sword slipped off and followed. So they went, the red-coated, silent warrior alread and the younger man in khaki following.....wondering. They came down to the bank of a river, forded it, and pushed on up another steep wooded slope.

Anxiety relieved as to the safety of his despatch Sword began to think again of its

delivery.

"Eh!" he began, "I want to get to Charleroi. Which is the best way? Char

leroi, Savvy?"

Still no answer, and Sword could only repeat the word "Charleron," and indulge in many comprehensive gestures. But he gained confidence from the sub-consciousness that told him that he was moving in the right direction for Charleron. But for the fiftieth time he burst into "Lumme, if only

I could polly-yous I"

Through the night and the tall silent woods they rode, their horses' feet making no noise on the moss grown leaf-strewn pathways; through quiet glades where the dewy branches laid cold fingers upon Sword's face and the spun cobwebs caught on his eye lashes; through clearings that held the starshine and were light enough to cause Sword to glance about for an enemy (here, incidentally, he caught a glimpse of the Great Bear and the Pole star behind him and knew that he was bearing correctly); through open stretches where the dark trunks made a noiseless company and all was silent as the grave. No sound of pursuit, no sign of an enemy came to Sword's ears. It seemed to him now that only he

was on the great silent earth; and he began to have an eerie feeling regarding his mysterious guide. He was entirely unable to account for the unquestioning assurance with which he had followed his lead from the start, and for the present surrender of his course to strange hands. Yet, search as he might, he would find no doubt in his mind, no fear of being led anywhere except to his destination. And still there was that odd feeling of knowledge of the way, of familiarity with the dark groves and open glades.

A little stir began in the tree-tops and the first breezes of morning whispered among the branches Deep in the heart of the sylvan solitudes darkness wrapped the riders close, but high above them the sky was grey with the dawn and the first flush of the morning touched the top-most boughs

They were descending gradually, and down a long open valley, whose folds still held the gloom crowned with mists, Sword saw the first rosy rays creep up into the sky He breathed the more freely as if the coming of day were a welcome from a night of

terrors and gigantic labours

In this dim uncertain light with its swirls of morning vapours and its ghostly wreaths of fog his guide seemed less easy to distinguish. Sword rode closer to keep him in view. A question was forming in his mind, he was searching for the clearest way to convey his needs. At last he burst out-

"Say, matey, I want Charleron Are we going straight to it? Charleron!

General's orders, Savvy ?"

Still silence, but the wounded bandaged arm that held the broken sword swung to the front and, straining his eyes, Sword saw, deep down below him, a cluster of roofs and a group of spires "That it, eh?" he said "Well I never thought I'd see it, s'elp me."

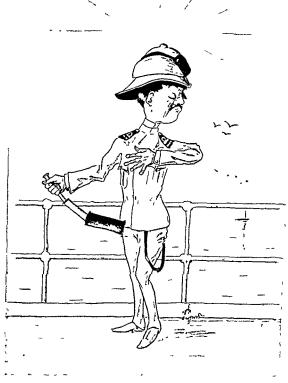
He swung to his right to pass a great tree, and as he did so he caught against the pearly grey sky the sight of a profile that was strangely familiar-a bushy whisker on the cheek, a straight nose, a stern mouth, a beetling brow under the low peak of the helmet, and round the neck a high black collar As he looked, the profile, the redcoated figure and the horse faded as if the mist had blotted them out; disappeared as if they had been a wisp of fog Sword cried out in amaze and stared about No sign, no sound, none else but himself. And in the deep wet grass was the path only of one horse, his own Then the memory of that profile, helmet, whisker and stock came back to him It was a facsimile of the silhouette of Waterloo Sword that hung in the "sitting room" in the little cottage in the shadow of Amberley Mount Sword thought of his Oudenarde ancestor guiding the Waterloo Sword to safety and then a sudden wave of comprehension seized "My great grandfather by gad Back from the grave to look after his ownhis country and his blood "

Grattude welled in his heart, joy at his duty done uplifted An impulse seized him He drew his sword, came to the "carry" and then—an unauthorised compliment for a trooper to pay—raised the hilt to the "recover" and swept down

his blade in the salute

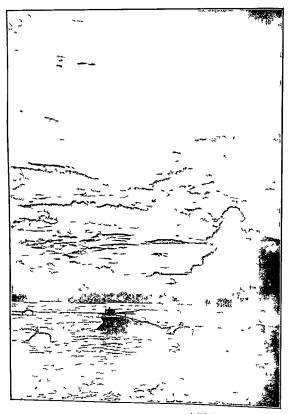
"We did 'em, Grandfather (he whispered), thanks to you Good-bye. Don't forget me next time"

Downhill he rode into Charleroi, to find a cheery word of commendation and a corporal's stripes awaiting him.



THE ROYAL INDIAN MARINE (Looking for the 'EMDEN')

(The artist put a certain well known vessel right on the sky line, Later, he added Cocos Island. But the picture looked crowded. So he took both out and put in the pressore of a submarine. The Censor objected to this indication of the position of Naval forces So



A MONSOON EVFNING BY C ANNINOS



GERMAN MILITARY TYPES

A GENERAL OFFICER
BY CAPTAIN PULLEY

ADVANCE FOR ACTION

BY MAJOR CORBETT R G A

SUPER-BRIDGE.

A Game which has a Future.

THE real reason why I invented Super-Bridge was because I cannot play ordinary Bridge properly. At some critical point of the game I forget what are trumps. Or having assented at the commencement of the game to my partner's enquiry whether I discarded from strength-a sentence to which I have never been able to attach any intelligent meaning-I straightway proceed to get rid of several small cards in

a very weak lot of Spades.

Among those people, however, who have never played cards with me, I advance quite a different explanation. First assuming an extremely bored and slightly superior expression I proceed to point out that Bridge has its limitations. There are, after all, only a score or so of conventions. only a couple of hundred rules and only a million or so types of hands with which an expert need familiarise himself. It must happen, therefore, that ultimately the really intellectual player exhausts the possibilities of the game. The charm of it thins out and disappears. "Tout lasse; tout casse; tout passe," I interject. Then, perceiving that my hearer does not know enough Hindustani to follow the quotation, I continue by adding that I had got fed up on mere Bridge and wanted something more exciting. That excitement I have found in Super-Bridge and so will .every bold adventurer that attempts it. Good luck to them all.

So far, so good. But it is a long stride from being bored with a particular game to the invention of another that will replace it. It would have been quite easy to devise a mixture, say, of Old Maid, Bezique, and Tiddledewinks. But after I had done it, who would play it? Nobody. Not even

me.

If a card game is to catch on it must not be invented haphazard. It must be a severely logical development from previous successful card games or it will fail. The

inventor must build slowly. He must first study the history of cards from the thin diamond-like paste-boards of the Chinese right up to the latest varieties which have slight notches on the back whereby the skilful dealer may know with absolute certainty where every card is placed. And when he has studied this he must analyse and dissect his knowledge: he must find out the laws which control the popularity of the different games: he must find out why Trac passed away and how it is that the Portland Club no longer plays Nap for ten-pound points. When he has discovered all this, he will be on the right line of advance. He will see there is an evolution at work and he will be able from that to forecast the next develop-

It must have been just the same in the old days with regard to horses. When the thoughtless Cave-Dweller found his fivetoed steeds were beginning to appear with only four toes he probably talked gloomily of the degenerate days that were now creeping upon the world. When the Lake-Dweller, at a later date, found his horse's toes were dwindling from three in number to a miserable two, he probably lost his temper and called the meek-eved unoffending creature a cow. But the wise Lake-Dweller did no such thing. From the past history of the horse he deduced the probability that the horse would soon appear with only one toe and an occasional splint. So he set to work, in spite of the icers of his unenlightened companions, and he laboriously invented the Horse-shoe, so as to have it quite ready in anticipation of the appearance of the one-toed animal.

Just as the wise Lake-Dweller invented the Horse-shoe so I have invented Super-Bridge. Nobody appreciated him. No-

body has appreciated me.

Now if we study the scientific evolution of cards in this spirit what do we find?

Along what line has the development proceeded? It has certainly not been in the direction of multiplying the number of cards. There were fifty-two in the time of King Henry of Navarre. There are fifty-two to-day. Only such desperately revolutionary games as Poker have dared to make any addition and even they have only added one card. The development also has not proceeded along the line of design. At one time I thought I was on the right track. I discovered that the expression of the Queen of Hearts was becoming increasingly truculent and the King of Hearts increasingly timorous. I still believe this is true. But such changes at the best do not affect the rules of the games played. I look upon them as being purely derivative, not intrinsic. The growth of Women's Suffrage, which has much to answer for, must also answer for this. I am sorry for the King of Hearts. But I can do nothing. I can only console him by reminding him that we are all slaves to the Zeitgeist. He is more unlucky than most of us. He has got the Zeitgeist in the neck.

Ultimately I found that the true course of evolution was directed to the trumps. In Old Maid, Cribbage, Snip-Snap, Lawn Tennis, and Halma there are no Trumps at all. With Whist Trumps make their first appearance. At this stage they are quite embryonic. The luck of the last card determines them without the volition of any of the players (unless, of course, the dealer be both skilful and unscrupulous). Calvin invented Whist with the help of John Knox. Trumps are determined by Predestination.

The next stage is Bridge. Here the Trumps win to a slight degree of freedom. The dealer has the right of selecting the one he wants. Or, after indicating his strong suit by stroking his left cheek, he can leave it to his partner.

The third stage is Auction Bridge. Trumps are given an even greater liberty. Each player has an opportunity to exercise his choice of the cards and the one who is

prepared to take the greatest risks has the right of selection.

Up to this point the game had developed on strictly logical lines. The inventors of these successive occupations could not have worked better even if they had worked consciously on the true theory of the game. As a matter of fact, they acted quite in the dark. They produced successive variants by fortuitous accident and they were absolutely and besottedly contented. It is quite clear that they were working blindly and without intelligence because the next game they produced was Royal Spades. They thought the next step was a multiplication of the number of possible Trumps and a shifting of the scoring. In this they were quite wrong. Royal Spades is not a natural growth, it is an excrescence. There ought to be a penalty for any miscreant who has the effrontery to play it.

Let us briefly resume our argument. The development has been: No Trumps; Fixed Trumps; Trumps selected by the Dealer: Trumps selected by all the Players in Competition. What is the next step? You will reply that there does not seem to be any next step and I will admit you are right. But how will it be if I restate the development as follows :-- No Trumps ; Invariable Trumps; Trumps varied by the Dealer before Play begins; Trumps varied by all the Players before the Game begins. Put thus, the next development stares us . in the face. It is Trumps varied by all the Players after the Game begins! Illumined by this great truth, I discovered Super-Bridge.

Now the rules of Super-Bridge are childishly simple. They are exactly like ordinary Auction Bridge with the exception Trumps. At the beginning Trumps are selected in competition among all the players as in Bridge. But after play begins anybody can change the Trumps to any other suit he desires by playing at any time the Queen of the suit he wants. Let us assume that the Third Player has got his way by calling three in Hearts. At the

third round Spades are led Number Two has three little Spades but he is desperately eager to have a turn at Diamonds as Trumps So he plays the Queen of Diamonds on the Spade, though he still has Spades in his hand It is not a revoke, it is a legitimate operation. He has at once trumped the Spades and converted Trumps from Hearts to Diamonds. There after the usual rules hold good until some body else wants to change Trumps and has the Queen of the suit he wants in his hand.

This then is the new game In ten years' time it will begin to creep into notice In fifteen years it will become fashionable In twenty years it will become a pestilence, and the Legislatures of the world will be passing laws forbidding people to play it more than thirty six hours continuously

For the next few years it cannot become popular. It is much too complicated. The preliminary declarations can only be made after the most intricate calculation of possibilities. Auction Bridge is a nursery game compared with it. Other amusements have easily won a cheap popularity in the past because they have been only just sufficiently intricate to satisfy the intelligence of the population upon whom they have

settled With Super-Bridge we have to train a Super-Race to play it and that takes time

I have only once induced three friends to play the game with me It happened two years ago By some horrible mischance I and my partner each received hands of miserably small cards seven high with the exceptions that I had two Queens and he had the other two Our opponents had all the other picture cards. They thought they were on to an easy thing They doubled us and doubled us again they drew a deep breath together and doubled us for a third time With four Queens, of course, we swept everything before us The shock to our opponents was naturally severe and they accused me of inventing on the spur of the moment a new game to fit into the hand I happened to be holding The accusation was strong but it was most unjust and it hurt me

When these two players read this article I hope they will confess that their suspicions were unfounded I trust they will see that my gains that evening were not the fruits of low cunning but were a legitimate profit resulting from a prolonged and scientific investigation of the game of

cards

THE FORTRESS OF MAUBEUGE.

A Ballad in Old Rhyme.

The "Times" Ostend correspondent learns from three distinct sources that an almost incredible number of German dead are lying outside Maubeuge The lowest estimate is eighty thousand—Daily paper, September 24th, 1914

The Summer breeze blowing over Maubeuge asks questions to which the Fortress makes reply $% \left\{ 1,2,...,n\right\}$

The Summer breeze speaks

Oh Fortress of Maubeuge— Health to all your kin— Here are eighty thousand gentlemen Waiting to come in

The I ortress replies

Oh pleasant wind of Summer time, Lying is a sin Where are these gentlemen Waiting to come in ?

The Summer breeze speaks

You did not hear them knocking Oh Fortress undismayed? Heard them tap upon the gate Songs their rifles played?

Yes, I heard the droning bees In among the clover, Heard the thiob of dragon-flies, Summer's gone and over

Did you watch them running up Grey among the vine Watch them falter fall and drop, Line on tumbled line?

Yes I saw these gentlemen, And I gave them duly Welcome they will not forget, Harsh, aflame, unruly

These be silent gentlemen, But their Lord will ask How each one and everyone Accomplished his task

Let their Lord come question me And he will get reply Such answer as these silent ones Have learnt—that they must die

TOMMY ATKINS, INSTRUCTOR.

Bi

ADAMSON WALLACE

WHERE Tommy Atkins has gone to is a system Perhaps, he has at last got his chance and is on active service. Or, may be, it is his duties in the Fort that preclude him from giving ourselves of the Calcutta Scottish the benefit of his excellent in struction and his rare and plential himmour any longer. To say that we are sorry to lose him is too obvious a statement. He was an entertainment in himself and he

made drilling a pleasure, because his instruction was clear and concise

I thought of this Tommy Atkins when I read of our soldiers singing as they marched through Boulogne "Who—who—who's your lady friend?" and "It's a long long way to Tipperary!" It was so hike him

Well, we have the memory of him at all events, and if he really has gone to the front we mustn't grudge his loss. It was a

sore point with him that they wouldn't let him go to South Africa He was talking quietly one evening after a parade at head-

quarters when he referred to it

"The difference between our rifle and the German—wot they calls the Mauser—is in the trajectory which is flatter nor what it is in this 'ere But ownn' to their ad vancin' like kids at a tea fight they make an easy target I don't 'ari wish we was 'avn' a cut at 'em, 'stead er lookin' arter a lot er bloated prisoners of war wot ain' got no fight in 'em Cruel 'ard I calls it There's one thing wot I 'as a quiet larf over—they ain't gettin' no lager beer"

Some one suggested that their guardians

were looking after it for them

"Oo " he said," Whistle! Not bloomin' likely No sich luxuries in the army as stolen beer We 'as ter buy our beer Wot riles me is bein' stuck in this benighted country an' not bein' given a charnst of puttin' our little bit in the gaff over the water. Did me in the eye over South Africa too, 'ad ter stop aht 'cre—like mindin' the babby I calls it "

There are still one or two examples of lus humour that may be recorded Asrandom selections they may seem a little bit scrappy, but that can't be helped

He looked down our ranks one morning

preparatory to calling the roll

Small attendance this mornin' there been any celebratin'? Answer yer names please 'Usky voice that don't 'ave to say ' sir'----its throwin' seed on des-sert graind I am't used to it You don't say "Sir" to no one only an Company! Don't like disofficer turbin' you, Sir, -- Number five I mean ---but by your leave we'll come to atten tion an number dahn As you were, stand at ease while our friend 'as another forty winks Company! ATTEN-SHUN! Num-BER! We'll 'ave it again please an' the gen'lemen on Number Seven's left is Company, Number! Re Form, Two Deep! Number Light FORM FOURS! Fours! Number TORM eight I want you to do it nah You're

in an' ah't as if you was meetin' me ter-night in dreamland FORM FOURS! Nah we are movin' LEFT! TURN!. Marvellous If a gen'leman in the rear rank 'adn't nearly laid 'is neighbour aht we'd a bin all right Try the slope arms-Number eleven, if your friend on the right is treadin' on yer there don't 'it 'im, move him off quietly to the right Don't crowd in on each other There's all this 'ere Maidan for yer No. body minds yer 'avin' yer twenty-seven inches Nah then, let's see yer slope smartly One, two, three !--- On the word three cut the 'and smartly away from the small of the butt to the side SLOPE !-Wait, wait This ain't a competition Wait for the execertive word of command SLOPE-HUP! two three! Not 'arf bad Where's the climber? Not 'ere eh? The brightest spark of all comes 'ere twice an' gits so excited at 'avin' a rifle that 'e 'as ter stop in bed ter git over it Try the present arms—three movements again, and every one to be 'eard PRE-SENT-HUP! Won t do, it won t do Ye carn't break these 'ere rifles with yer hands Beat it aht—one, two, three! SLOPE—HUP! Try it again PRE-SENT—HUP (Walking down the line) 'Ere, you ain't givin' this rifle away Put your chest drawit in a bit in, sir-this one dalin 'ere better, you ain't carryin' the big drum
... " Ere's a man wiy is rifle back ter front! 'Ow you done it, sir, I dunno Stop talkin' in the ranks please! Leave all the chin waggin' ter me You re wus'n women at a bargain sale COMPANY SLOPE—HUP! ORDER-Hup! -Stand at Ease!-Stand Easy! The rifle movements is improvin' They might be was nor wot they are Some of vea's still 'urrying---make a pause between each movement an' when you does move, move like a streak of lightnin' greased Company! Atten-Shun!-SLOPE-Hup! Move to the right in fours, FORM FOURS! RIGHT! By the left, quick Every section of fours march!

The I ortress replies

Oh pleasant wind of Summer tin Lying is a sin Where are these gentlemen Waiting to come in?

The Summer breeze speaks

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event front On the noo rifle the sights is diffrent I'll explain the difference presently (Passing down the ranks) Wot's this 'ere little feller? Slide an'this? Long distance sight This 'ere? Bolt An' this up 'ere? Pilin' swivel Now, 'Arlequin, wot's this? Trigger guard Marvellous Every egg a You put your rifle at full cock Close your safety catch can do it! Remove your bolt . pull it Right Now put it right out first

back Sight your rifle to five Lasv 'undred vards Correct Every shy a cokernut'

"There ain't no occasion ter be dahn 'earted I've seen wus nor you wot's bin at it longer You can't learn ow to be a soldier if you ain't willin' ter work, an' this ere company's as good as any of em I fink I eard the assemble COMPANY, SLOPE ARMS! TORM FOURS! RIGHT! Left wheel, by the left Quick - MARCH!

GHEE AND APOGEE.

A. J. C

(With Apologies to the Arthor of ' Dew and Milden)

Reginald Wotherspoon Woggle, MA. Ovon, came to India in the Education Department

His equipment was an adumbration of the Oxford Manner and a pair of

Todhpurs

He wore the former at all times, the latter when he went to the Club

Neither fitted him

However

Reginald had ideas He called him self a Moral Reformer People he met called him---

Well, never mind

To resume

Reginald loved to air his ideas He aired them at all times and in all places

East of Suez people don't want ideas They want to be amused Reginald did not succeed in amusing

The result was that everyone gave

hım a Wide Berth

Is that surprising?

Is it extraordinary? Nο

Is it improbable? No

However

Reginald felt the want of an audience badly Even Lady Katherine Cookham the Deputy Magistrate's wife, who adored Freaks shrugged her pretty shoulders eventually and declared Il est assom mant'

He therefore talked to his servants

In three months he had used up four bearers three khitmatgars and one masalchi He noted with some surprise the extraordinary mortality that prevailed in the families of his dependents. At last he got a man to stav

His name was Chatterjee Das an up country Mahommedan, warranted an orphan for many generations and wholly without encumbrances He knew a little English Reginald said when he saw him "Moab is my wash pot ' Das replied 'Your honour is doubtless respectfully

istudent of holischrip'

Reginald was now as happy as the evening was long He talked and he talked AND he talked! "Now, Chatty," he would say 'Wot I sez abaht this ere Hedukyshun Depawtment is that it hought to be called the Deadukyshun Depayt ment! You awst me for wy? Well, I'll tell you for wy! It's beloz it is deadshould be coverin' off nah dressed by the Left right, left right, left left left On the right, FORM COM left PANY! Form two deep first, odd numbers take up ver dressin' marking time smartly Mark time there! Who said FORWARD-by the at the 'alt' By the left I said HALT (Addressing the left hand marker confi dentially) you ain t got peas in yer boots 'ave ver? Wot s the meanin' of this ere wibbly wobbly walk? Aven't I told you to select a point ter march on an' stick to it? You puts me in mind of the Ole Kent Road of a Sat day night arter the pubs closes (Addressing the Company) This ere marchin s very bad you was all carry ing on like as if you was well 'oiled was partly the fault of Number One wot sinh prop ly ashamed of isself But it wouldn't er been so bad if you was all keeping yer distance. I might remark in parsin that you ain t supposed ter carry on a conversation in the ranks You ain t a mutual improvement serciety, if you want ter tell anyone wot yer thinks of im you kin arst im aht arterwards. I'm ere ter do all the necessary conversation

COMPANY! ATTEN SHUN! SLOPE—HUP By the left, Quick march! Left! Right! Left! Right! Left! Left! That s better! 'Old yer 'eads up, swing yer arms COMPANY—FORM FOURS! RIGHT! Oh, lumme! HALT! I said Right! 'Ere 'ave you bin workin like clock work fer three weeks an' 'arf of yer suddenly lefgits which is yer right 'and 'You only 'as two 'ands, an' if they ain't always in the same place—strike me pink you orter be at the Empire an' not 'ere'

"Nah, you re in wot's called company column—turn rahnd an' 'ave a dekko' I'm gon' ter form yer inter line as you was before When I give ver the command On the right form company Number one sec ton wot's leadin' will stand fast The remainin' sections on the word right incline will incline to the right I'ollowin' this you git the command quick march.

leadin' section will stand fast-they ain't 'ardly in this act-sections two; three and four will move off, inclining to the right an' when each section is clear of the section in front, the section commander will give the command left incline That'll bring yer marchin' to the front When you get in line with Number One section-wot's been 'avin' forty winks meantime-your section commander 'll give ver the word 'alt If 'e don't you'll be over them palm's in the Fort Don't fergit-arter I give the command on the right form company, section commanders will take charge Toller their orders (sotto voce 'Edison Bell Record!")

Nali pay attention On the Right FORM
--COMPANY! Nah, lets 'ear from yer
there Can t yer shout louder 'n that'

(looking at the final result) Um, not so bad The only fault was in the section commanders bein' afraid of bein' 'eard Don't be nervous Rip aht the words of command smartly like the old gramaphone ere Number two 'ere might 'ave bin saying 'is party piece to 'isself for all I know Nah, when you git the command ter do a movement at the 'alt and your rifles is at the order you do it at the short trail There s two gen'leman as was drag gin' their rifles If any of yer finds the rifle 'eavy you'd better arst the Adjutant's permission if you kin bring a bearer along with you (sotto voce "Bit er wot they calls sarcasm, that is ") STAND AT Ease !—Stand Easy!

"Nah, you orter know as much abalt the rifle as I do Wot's this 'ere? The cut off? Right, an' this no it am' i the slug, this 'ere's the slug Wot's that? Did'e—well anyone wot tells you that call

'mn a Oly Friar, arst 'mn for is 'Mushetry Regulations,' an' prove it It's all dahin in the diagrams None of our sergeants told you that—I know That's the striker that is wot's this? Foresight, right An' this? The arlequin! Not 'art it ain't Lor lumme, that's the first time I've 'eard it called that 'You mean the barley corn! Yes, the barley corn that's it On the noo rifle the sights is diffrent I'll explain the difference presently (Passing down the ranks) Wot's this 'ere little feller? Slide . an'this? Long distance sight This 'ere? Bolt An' this up 'ere? Pilin' swivel Now, 'Arlequin, wot's this? Trigger guard Marvellous Every egg a You, put your rifle at full cock Right Close your safety catch pull 1t can do it! Remove your bolt right out first Right Now put it

Sight your rifle to five Lasy 'undred vards Correct Every shy

a cokernut" "There am't no occasion ter be dahn 'earted I've seen wus nor you wot's bin at it longer You can't learn 'ow to be a soldier if you ain't willin' ter work, an' this ere company's as good as any of 'em I fink I'eard the assemble COMPANY, SLOPE ARMS! FORM FOURS! wheel, by the left Quick - MARCH!"

GHEE AND APOGEE.

A. J. C

(With Apologies to the Author of Dew and Milden)

Reginald Wotherspoon Woggle, MA, Oxon, came to India in the Education Department

His equipment was an adumbration of the Oxford Manner and a pair of Todhpurs

He wore the former at all times, the latter when he went to the Club

Neither fitted him

However

Reginald had ideas. He called himself a Moral Reformer People he met called lum---

Well, never mind

To resume

Reginald loved to air his ideas He aired them at all times and in all places East of Suez, people don't want ideas

They want to be amused Reginald did not succeed in amusing

The result was that everyone gave hım a Wide Berth

Is that surprising? No

Is it extraordinary?

Is it improbable?

Nο However

Reginald felt the want of an audience badly Even Lady Katherine Cookham. the Deputy Magistrate's wife, who adored Freaks, shrugged her pretty shoulders eventually and declared " Il est assommant "

He therefore talked to his servants

In three months he had used up four bearers, three khitmitgars and one masalchi He noted with some surprise the extraordinary mortality that prevailed in the families of his dependents. At last he got a man to stay

His name was Chatterice Das an up country Mahommedan warranted an orphan for many generations and wholly without encumbrances He knew a little English Reginald said when he saw him "Moab is my wash pot " Das replied "Your honour is doubtless respectfully

istudent of holischrip '

Reginald was now as happy as the evening was long He talked, and he talked, AND he talked! "Now, Chatty," he would say, "Wot I sez abaht this ere Hedukyshun Depawtment is that it hought to be called the Deadukyshun Depawtment! You awst me for wv? Well, I'll tell you for wy! It's bekoz it is deadit's as dead as the hegg you gyve me for chotahazri tody! Bote Krab sumja * ?' (Reginald had studied the vernaculars to some purpose) 'And wy is it dead? It's because the little Tin Gods wot shypes our hends is done. They we no hiders and no That s next aunt it? Now wot I hideals see is this '-

(171 pages omitted -Ed)

This went on for one hundred and three days

Das grew visibly thinner and there was sometimes a glint in his eye which---

He was making a bit over the "Niddle an thread ' in his monthly account, but on the other hand-

As he left his master's bungalow on the evening of the one hundred and third day he was heard to hiss between his clinched teeth the fateful words "Deo Salas ' t

That night as Reginald sat down to his dinner, he observed a strange green filmy vapour slowly distilling from the curry dish in which a quantity of petrified chicken-bones reposed

"Looks to me," he said to himself, "as if someone 'ad been doin' a bit of

'anky panky with the ghee!"

A frint rustle was heard behind the chupattis ‡

^ Arever ''

He plunged his spoon into the steaming mess-

"Lovaduck" he cried and thensilence I

Reginald Woggle had found his Apogee !

* 1 e the Egg was of high t ajec ory upon my wo l

tie tedesest tie singents of mich ed nithe rawing rooms of Anglo-Indian Society

A FIELD DAY WITH THE C. L. H.

B_V C

(How We Chased B Squadron)

AUTHOR'S NOTE -This spirited and admirable piece of verse was written at a hand gallop while chasing Squadron B through the jungle Slight irregularities of metre will be noted Each one marks my passage over a dyke bund or a sleeping pariah dog Where the rhyme slips up badly—as it does in places—the reader must picture the Troop of which I am a member, charging across a major obstacle such as a pineapple thicket a bustee or a golf green

Among the lanes of Garra-That day it was a worrier-Hot enough to curry a

Phoenix to a turn

Out and in round Arakpur Cossack posts at Barrackpur Sentry go at Jadabpur,

Hot but very stern

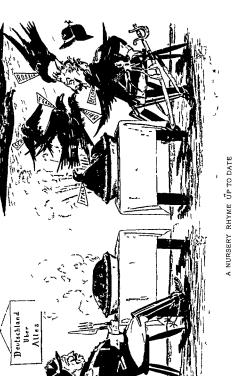
Softly down at Chanderdip. Giving us a pretty slip Back behind the huts of it Muddy in the rain

Up the road of Mollahat Here's a clue to follow out Nothing but a country cart So they 'scape again

SING A SONG OF MILLIONS THE PIGEONS OF EUPOPE 910 01 400 DN 100

OH WASN'Y THAY POAINYY DISA THE BIADS BEGAN TO SING WHEN THE PIE WAS ODENED SET BEFORE A BAKED IN A PIE

KING ...





the Invaders are lavishly entertained under His Excellency's personal supervision, and .-



Lord Carmichael adds lustre to his fame as a raconteur Finally ___

BY FRANK LEAH



GERMAN MILITARY TYPES

UNSER FRITZ BY CAPTAIN PULLEY,

SMILING BY C M PEARCE

Rush Narayantola: On to Porakhola. Splashing through the Nullah Our commandoes go.

Gone from Badi Raipur! What's there more to try for? Not at Ibrahimpur!

All an empty show.

Have they gone to Sonarpur? Gharifa? or Kalipur? Barsia? or Bhagwanpur, Out beyond the Lakes?

Mystery and Puzzledom! Have they gone to Kingdom Come. Drowned in tanks and khals among Crocodiles and snakes?

Sound the Last Post over them. Let the rushes cover them. Squadron B is scuppered. We'll go home to lunch.

(Editor's Note.—A Student of History sends the following remarks: "I have at your request made a very careful study of the records of the Calcutta Light Horse. I can find no field day described which bears the least resemblance to the one referred to in the rhyme you forward. My doubts as to its authenticity are confirmed by a critical analysis of the verse. This is an age of extended lines and great mobility. But even this age has its limits. The extreme points mentioned by the writer are Barrackpur and Porakhola, a distance of some twenty miles or so. It is improbable that one hundred men would conduct operations against another hundred men over a front of twenty miles. A tactical friend has plotted out the hunt for B Squadron as described by the author. He finds the distance traversed to be eighty miles. It is, again, improbable that even

so mobile a body as a Corps of Light Horse would cover eighty miles in three hours, especially since the affair is supposed to be a manœuvre and not a paperchase. Furthermore I find no record that the C.L.H. has ever attempted to cross Tolly's Nullah (see verse 5). The Nullah, as is well known, contains one foot of water and fortyfive vertical feet of soft mud. The poem is clearly inaccurate and should therefore not be published. I have evidence, not referred to above, which goes to show that the author is writing of a field day of com-paratively recent date in which Squadron A were unsuccessful in tracking down Squadron B and its convoy. On that occasion he was one of the main body which was stationed in a lane near Ballygunge during the whole morning. The only movement he executed in that period was to return to Ballygunge when the 'Cease Fire' sounded ")

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED.

A Tale for Press Censors.

IT must have happened near the South Pole. Anyway there was a continent with fourteen nations on it and one day they all declared war upon one another. The ones which did not do so engaged in vivid civil tumult.

Censorship rules of unimaginable strictness were introduced and half the army of each country encamped round the tele-

graph offices to prevent any information getting in or out. The other half of the army did the fighting.

The Editor of the Paper with the Biggest Circulation looked at the army round the telegraph office. Then he looked again at the Ordinance for the Regulation of News. Yes, it really did cover everything. Even to his own imprisonment for

forty-seven and a half years with hard labour. Afterwards he turned to the General Officer Commanding the Whole Situation.

"Fair does," said the Editor briskly.
"If you are going to run my paper for me you must let me run your army. Not that one," he added pointing to the regiments in the Square, "But the one which is in

the field.

To any other General the proposal would have appeared insane. But the Editor was in luck. The General Commanding the Entire Situation was a Born Tactician. Not only was he recognised as such by the General Staffs of the thirteen other states, but his own contemporaries in his own army believed in him. (This is not a true story, so it doesn't matter what I write.)

Now a Born Tactician is nothing if not logical. It is true that illogical leaders have occasionally won victories. Napoleon, Cromwell, Alexander, Attila, Julius Cæsar and Bill Adams have sometimes beaten their enemies illogically. But that does not affect the question. As Freiherr Treitsche von Bernhardi ap Nietsche has written: It is better to lose a battle logically than to win it by bad tactics.

The General was, as I have said, a Tactician Born not Made. Logic was in his blood. And logic had now caught him in an impasse. If he took over the work of the Editor then the Editor must take over his work as a Commander. He pondered. But there was no way out of the difficulty. His mental balance forbade him to dismiss or to ignore a statement so flawless and

irrefutable.

He sighed because he had been looking forward to the War for fifty-five years and now he was to miss it. But he had the courage of his decision. He asked the Editor where the blue pencil, the printer's devil and the Lady Typist were to be found and handed over his sword, his epaulettes and his fountain pen. Then he signified that the interview was at an

Now up to this point my story would be incredible if it were true. From this point onwards, being untrue, it becomes credible.

Do you tumble? If you do you are undoubtedly a Born Logician and therefore

presumably you are also a Born Tactician. You will anticipate that the Editor made an unholy mess of the whole operations and that the thirteen states combined to eat up the fourteenth which ran its war so badly. But if you guess thus you will guess wrong. It is no good writing an article if the reader always knows what is coming next. In this story it is impossible to know, because even the writer has not planned how it is going to end.

To the amazement of everybody, including the enemy, the Editor as Generalissimo proved a brilliant success. He won every skirmish, engagement, onset, assault and battle in which he engaged and he arranged it so that there was at least one of these important events every twentyfour hours. His success was not merely complete it was petrifying. Professional soldiers had no time to feel jealous: he kept them too busy. If he had been fighting only one enemy he would have finished the job in a week. As it was he reduced all his opponents in thirteen weeks If the reader will divide this period by the number of nations, less one, mentioned in the opening paragraph he will find it works out at an average of one each week. If it doesn't there is something wrong with my arithmetic and the reader is at liberty to alter the number of nations, the period or the fundamental laws of mathematics-whichever he pleases.

. How did he do this? I will give a few extracts from his autobiography written after the war was over which never sold because it was issued in three fat volumes at half a guinea a volume. People were too poverty-stricken to afford it.

Here are his reflections after, his first

day spent in settling down.

April 1st, 1956. I find the whole theory of war to be wrong. As a matter

of custom battles are commenced after breakfast—very enthusiastic commanders begin before chota hazri—they are fought through the day, finish at sunset and the armies then go to sleep. What is the result of this? Owing to the extent of the fighting even the General Staffs do not know the net result of the battle till rr.M. It is then too late to inform the troops. The soldiery go to bed at 9 P.M. in suspense and perturbed in mind. They do not get a good night's rest and wake jaded in the morning. Not fit to fight or do anything. This is obviously wrong. I must think out a remedy.

April 3rd.—Have got the remedy. I explained it to my General Staff but found them irresponsive and unenthusiastic. Anyway, they have got to obey orders. [I like military discipline. 'Do what you are told or be shot.' I would like to run a newspaper office like that. Mem. To try

it.) The whole time table of war must be

altered. In future the mornings and after-

noon will be devoted to reconnaissance and light skirmishes by a small day staff. The full army will come on duty at 8-30 P.M. and will fight continuously till 2 in the morning. This will give half an hour to write an Order to the troops describing the events of the day. The Order will go to press at 3-0; be in the hands of the army by 3-30 and they will all go to bed contentedly knowing quite

well what has happened. That quiet sleep will be worth an army corps to me. April 4th.—Won battle. Went to press 3-15 A.M.

- April 5th.—Won another battle. Formes locked up at 3-20 A.M.

April 6th.—Won a further battle. Began printing Order at 3-25 A.M. Mem. To tell my Generals things can't go on like this. Five minutes later every day. Scandalous.

April 7th.—Won a fourth victory. Went to press 3-7½ A.M. My warning was evidently effective. Must try to knock off that seven and a half minutes, though,

even if it means starting half an hour earlier every evening.....

The remainder of the diary makes extraordinarily monotonous reading. Success, as any tragedian will tell you, is incapable of sustained interest. It is well, therefore, to

summarise what happened.

At first the generals of the enemy's forces pardoned a night battle or two. They recognised that the Editor was quite new to the job and would therefore be guilty of excesses of enthusiasm until he had sobered down and learnt at last the weariness which comes of trying to be cleverer than one's neighbours. So they

merely laid in a fresh stock of carbons

for the search-lights and hoped at least

that the new Napoleon would show him-

self a strict Sabbatarian. Unhappily they had forgotten that daily newspapers come out on Monday. Therefore while journalists pay some slight respect to Saturday they have no respect at all for Sunday. On the evening of the first Saturday the Editor's victory was a very The enemy naturally conlittle one. cluded that his zeal was flagging and settled down for a quiet evening next day. A fatal mistake, They did not put themselves in the place of the Editor. If they had they would have discovered that he regarded himself as starting a new week and determined to start it with energy.

The Victory that evening was more complete than any which went before. The carnage was terrific and the order praising the troops was not in their hands till 3-45 A.M. But he pardoned the delay.

Some time about the middle of the second month of the war when five nations had already surrendered the enemy discovered that they were not dealing with an over-enthusiastic tyro who had a penchant for night surprises. Being men of great mental adaptability and having lost already forty-three pitched battles they altered their tactics and they also fought at night.

But this did not help them. For they were not suited to the work. Night labour

requires temperament and prolonged training. To them nine o'clock meant the afterdinner smoke; ten o'clock, billiards; eleven o'clock, a chat in the smoking room; and midnight, bed. They could not shake themselves free of an increasing mental torpor which stole upon them through the night.

So they always lost. With their opponent nine o'clock marked the beginning of the day's work; midnight, the editorial page finished, one o'clock, local news page; two o'clock, page six, two thirty telegrams to make up, two forty-seven, telegram page locked up; two fifty-three stop press news; two fifty seven, presses start. The Editor's mind was at its best and briskest between 2-15 A.M. and 2-45 This was the period of his main attack. Consequently he won-not occasionally but always.

People stopped betting on the result of his battles. It really was not worth

while.....

The Great General and the Great Editor met at the end of the fighting. They shook hands with emotion and the Editor began to talk of his exploits. He was moderately pleased with himself and he said so at very great length. The Great General looked bored.

"And what of the paper?" asked the

Editor at last.

The Great General brightened percep-

tibly.
"We've doubled your circulation," he
"We've doubled your circulation," he said enthusiastically. " Half the continent read our Croquet specials every morning and the other half leave their breakfasts untasted in order to solve the problems in our Noughts and Crosses column. I had to rearrange the staff a good deal. Your sporting specialist was wasted on race course tips. I put him on the fashion page. He's revolutionised the feminine modes of the world. His pearl encrusted snaffle bit for evening wear is just at present the Last Word. But he's got a lot more sensations in preparation. Your literary essayist is doing the metal market report. Does it quite well, in fact."

"I hope you've made a good show of my victories," said the Editor in a chastened voice.

" Your victories?" queried the General in bewilderment. "My dear fellow, we've

never heard of them."

" Never heard of them !" The Editor was undoubtedly very angry at last, Ninety-one victories in as many days and nobody had heard of them! What did it mean?

The General explained soothingly; but

he was a little hurt.

"When you pointed out that you ought to take over the Army, you explicitly stated that you meant the field army and not the censorship army. I admitted the justice of your claim and granted it. But the censor operations still remained in my hands. If I had permitted myself to publish a word about your successes I should have had to sentence myself to forty-seven and a half years' imprisonment with hard labour, which would have been both inconvenient and absurd."

The General would have gone on talking, but the Great Editor had fainted.

So that is how it is that you will

never read the true inner story of the war of the fourteen nations either in the contemporary newspapers or in the histories

which appeared later.

All you will read will be this: That one of the nations appointed a General in command of everything who had had no military training and was not a member of the Operative Generals' Trade Union; that the opposing Generals had complained to their Rulers; that their Rulers had protested to the Ruler of the enemy who had refused to cashier him; that in consequence all the Generals had struck work and their armies had supported them; and that in consequence the Blackleg Nation dictated terms of peace.

This represents so monstrous a perversion of the true facts that I feel it only appropriate to cap it with a version equally

JENKINS REDIVIVUS.

BY

"JOHN DOE,"

"I DON'T believe it, and I defy you to do it"

We had been talking about the Other Side, the Fourth Dimension Jenkins had said that I looked a splendid medium, that I was just the sort of person to tempt a forlion soul, that my constant absence of mind was due to wanderings of my spirit that while my spirit wandered any old ghost could come and take possession of my body and have a splendid time with it, that my general appearance of comfortable rotundity would be more than any disembodied person could resist as a temporary habitation "When I die" he said, "I shall make a point of living in you once a week" It was then that I defied

Hobson and Markham were the other two We always made up a foursome at the Kimbo Arms, Brorpie, for our August holiday, golf by day, bridge by night, and a motor Two days after I had defied Jenkins, our motor, suddenly discovering that it had a detachable wheel, pitched us all out, turned over two or three times and burnt itself into Nirvana—which is nothingness Jenkins was driving. The steering-wheel prevented him from flying clear

I was too much shaken to attend the funeral, but I managed to pull myself together to hear the Will Jenkms had told me that he had made me his executor Among his papers was a letter for me It explained his reason for leaving me

£15,000

"You have a way of getting what you want at hotels," he wrote," and you drive a really straight ball You are thoroughly selfish and yet popular I intend when I am dead to be comfortable I rely upon your affection for me to take my old room at the Kimbo Arms every year, and to use a Baby Bunting Ball Thank Heaven,

Sparkling Burgundy does not disagree with you"

The rest of the letter dealt with the subject of the Other Side, the Fourth Dimension and his intention to visit my nice body frequently

He had divided his fortune into three parts, leaving the three parts to the three bodies, in which he considered it likely that his soul would be most comfortable

Again I said "I don't believe it

I defy you to do it"

The next eleven months were un eventful Once only did I have a shock My Bridge is sound I know, and, as Bridges should be, safe In a moment of absence of mind I had declared a very risky Two No Trumps, and played the hand with such skill and courage that I got three Tricks and the Rubber A man looking over my shoulder said, "By Jove, but that was like dear old Jenkins back again Who would have thought that you would suddenly break out like that!"

Barring this episode I found seven hundred a year, a very useful addition to my income As the autumn holiday came nearer I found that Hobson and Markham were not keen upon the muster at Brorpie The old four was broken up I persuaded three others to join me, and late one evening early in August arrived with them at the Kimbo Arms I had ordered the old rooms, and half in jest half in sadness I turned to the others, as we went up to dress for dinner, and said

"You mustn't mind my having the best room. It is the one dear old Jenkins

was so fond of "

While brushing my hair my thoughts wandered and I remembered nothing more till, waking in the morning, I heard the maid saying, "Time to get up, Mr Jenkins."

I dressed and went down to breakfast. The others were at theirs already. gathered that my lateness and the wildness of my declarations last night were due to a quart and a pint of Sparkling Burgundy. I didn't say much, but I thought a good deal. How often was Jenkins coming back I

This is a secret record of that month at Brorpie, and I may put down in it thoughts that I would not breathe to any hving soul. If I could have got hold of Jenkins during those thirty days I would have told him what I thought of his proceedings. The least fit of absence of mind resulted in my finding in my match-book. "Foursome with Miss Watkins: don't forget." Ienkins knew before he died that I was uncomfortable with Clara Watkins, and only made up foursomes with her to please him. He, probably, knows now that she only played in those foursomes because I was in them

I have always considered it wise to drive a hundred and sixty yards straight rather than two hundred into the rough. I am much better looking than Jenkins, and two years younger. So, what with the foursomes Jenkins arranged when he was I. and the matches Miss Watkins arranged when I was me, I played with her four times a week. But the lowest part of Jenkins was that whenever he got hold of my body he kept it till he drove into a bunker and then let me come back into possession.

If I had known how low he could be I would never have taken his money, but it would be stupid to give it back now. I am not good at getting out of bunkers. I am so seldom in them. Indeed, I was never in any difficulty when I was myself. It was maddening, after each little bit of inattention to find myself three or four holes further on than I had thought, and to hear the tender voice of Clara Watkins saying, "Poor Mr. Jenkins was nearly always in that quarry."

My holiday I knew was spoilt. So too would every holiday be spoilt and all I had to live for was the eleven months of work, In business hours I am not absent-minded. It was when I was resting that Jenkins would see and take his chances.

On the 29th day, Jenkins proposed to Clara! He got hold of me as we were waiting to drive from the first tee, and gave me back in the train next day. in the memorandum book I read: "Am engaged to Clara. Have given her my photograph and my signet ring. If I do not marry her she will sue me for breach of promise." My signet ring was no longer on my finger. Is there any way of breaking the neck of a spirit? The thing was absurd. I would write and explain it all as soon as I reached London, Clara was a nice girl and a lady.

There came a letter from Clara before I had finished breakfast in my London flat. She had written it while I (or Jenkins) packed, and it began "My own Porkie. Jenkins was the only Brorpie man who

knew that I was called Porkie at School. I went to my office. There I was safe from him. As soon as I got back to the flat, I sat down to tell Miss Watkins she must do her worst. I could not marry her, but I could not think how to say so. began to dream of what love might have been and came back to myself at the sound of the gong which my servant beats when it is time to dress for dinner. There on my table was a letter to Clara and my memorandum book. The letter was a charming letter of love. In the memorandum book I read a new entry. "Shall not see C. till wedding-day. J. will write love-letters, and do honeymoon. C. has £10,000. J. will pitch my body off Westminster Bridge if I play the ass." Ineffable scoundrel.

So I (or Jenkins) married Clara. I did the first half of the ceremony myself. Jenkins took possession during the Bishop's homily.

During that month at Brorpie Jenkins had left my body in many bunkers. Not one of those desertions is to be compared with that done in the middle of his honeymoon with Clara Watkins.

Picture to yourself a man of five and forty who has always been considered thoroughly respectable, sitting in pyjamas in the corridor of a train de luxe, with no one about but a Conductor of fierce appearance who, every time he passed said something in a language which I knew to be French but did not understand. It was most unpleasantly cold. The sun was rising. The train was passing through country flat and fertile. From the letters P. L. M. upon the decorations of the carriage, I guessed that I was somewhere in the south of France. Gradually the whole hideous business dawned on me. I was in the middle of the honeymoon of Tenkins and Clara. In one of those cupboards which are called bed-saloons on trains of luxury was Clara, still asleep. Jenkins had left my body. Why? cause he and Clara had quarrelled. Obviously that must be so. And I was required to go back-in pyjamas-and make it up with Clara.-Never!

I cried aloud. "Jenkins. Come back, you inhuman monster, come back."

That much I remember. For the rest I am indebted to my good friend Sir Albert Deane.

Sir Albert is naturally an early riser. He too had come out in pyjamas. He desired only to taste the morning air. As he came out of his cupboard he heard me cry out. "You! inhuman monster, come back." He sat down quietly and watched. He' is a Baronet, because he is the best man in England on Aberration of the Intellect. He has been consulted in cases, in which even crowned heads have been suspected. So he sat and watched me. Presently the Conductor, the French speaker, came along with another Conductor, an English speaker. The English speaker said: "Monsieur must return to his coupe. It is not permitted to sit in the corridor." I got up and looked at the pair gravely, turned and walked away. As I passed Sir Albert, he heard me say-"And now, my spirit, let us find Jenkins and have it out with him."

Sir Albert and the two Conductors followed me down the corridor. I made frantic efforts to open the carriage door. They pulled me back when I tried to climb out through the window.

is Sir Albert coaxed me into his own cupboard. He did not know me then. It is in the last ten months that we have become friends. He set himself to find out from me who I was, and what was my trouble. For half-an-hour all I could be got to say was," Why didn't you let me have it out with Jenkins."

.He gave me something powdery in water and began to talk about spirits. Gradually he got from me my story, from the Conductor the number of my habitation, and from Clara my clothes. His valet shaved me. Five minutes before we arrived at Marseilles I was as nearly as possible myself again.

It appears that Sir Albert was favourably impressed with Clara. She had looked nice sitting up startled. She had behaved sensibly when told that her husband had some sort of shock, and that the man to whom she was speaking was a treater of Royal brains. My wife and my body were bound for Monte Carlo. Sir Albert was for Mentone. After Marseilles I was left in his coupe while he talked to Clara. He contrived to let her see that the bliss of the early days of married life had injured some small vessel in my brain. She must have been guilty of some words of displeasure which had given me a shock. In a few weeks I should recover. I should remember very little of the past week. With that exception I should be entirely myself again. But I must have absolute quiet till we reached our English home.

I cannot tell you why Clara and Jenkins puarrelled. She has always been most dear and sweet to me since that day.

To Jenkins when he was pretending to be me, I have reason to believe that she was most unkind. If it were not so, why did he leave my body during the honeymoon, and why has he not yet returned?

I expect what really happened was that Clara noticed as soon as the honeymoon began that it was not I with whom she was seeing Paris She, probably, missed my steadiness and quiet humour

She disliked Jenkins as a husband and let him see it And if Jenkins dates to come back she will let him see it again I have seen her let people see that she dislikes them. I think Jenkins has gone for good

THE ORDER OF THE WHITE FEATHER.

MICHAEL WEST.

Author of "Clair De Lune."

I say it isn't always the big man that does the big job as often as not it's the little man, though the big man often gets the credit, and it is not a little thing for the little fellow to do these things He takes no pleasure in it, as the strong man does, who loves nothing better than a scrap The little man does it for duty, or he does it for love-or he doesn't know why he does it Very often he doesn't think it anything very great that he has

It was when the war was on Warner and Charlie Maddox were sitting in the bar at the golf club Both of them are of the big type, perhaps, rather more muscle There was Bob Chalmers than brain there, too, a young fellow, very smart, splended shot, healthy, well looking chap —a little brains He'd got a passing fad for science. Not that he knew anything about it He took a pass degree in arts But he used to go about a bit with old Holley Holley was not old He was only about forty or so But he looked He had some money of his own hved alone He was a queer chap had an old house with up and down passages built right on the edge of the Market Street At the back there was a big shed that he had put up himself It was full of machinery and scientific stuff He spent his time experimenting and writing articles in learned magazines, and a book or two It was said that he was the

most distinguished scientist in the country -though he didn't look it-dried up, oldish looking, pale But some wellknown lecturer once came down to lecture in the Market Hall on modern science or something

He said "Where does the professor live? I must pay my respects to him" The person says "What professor? Do you mean Dr Carton He's only a general practitioner" "No, No, No The great Holley," and when he found him, he simply grovelled to him Old Holley sometimes came along to the club in the evening with Bob Chalmers He'd sit very quiet in the corner, just listening to the talk that was going on

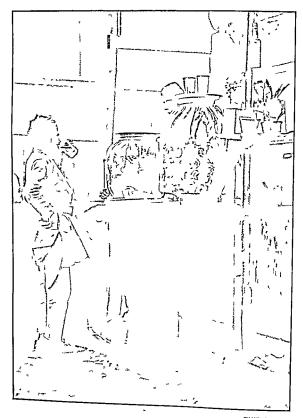
They'd been reading the newspaper Warner began "Why don't all of you volunteer, and serve your country?" He had an offensive Major-General-Commanding-a-Brigade way of saying home truths

Carton, the doctor, quite a sportsman in his way, and a devil for work, said "That's all right for you, Warner. We all know you're spoiling for a fight pleasure But it isn't quite the same for 115 "

"Every man who is a man ought to fight at a time like this" Warner was working up to one of his rhetorical efforts

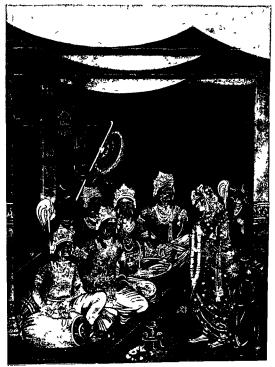
Bob Chalmers cut in "Surely, Warner, there are a lot of men who don't fight but they're useful all the same"

A F NORMAN



Land France

THIRST BY A GIBB



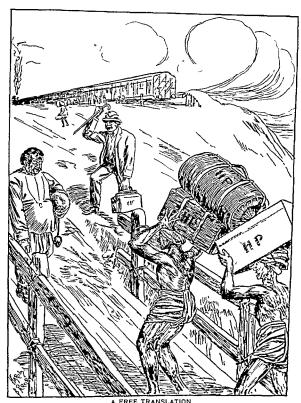
THE SWETAMBARA BY NANDALAL BASU

O YOU WOMEN!



AT CHURCH PARADE
Tired small brother 'Eileen, DON'T swank"

RY MRS (



IRATE PASSENGER Now then, where is that [purple patch] liggage What are those (temon coloured interludo) people doirg? (A liame-finited interfection and a pause of suppressed prussian blue wrath). Do they think they are a lot of (magnets and yellow green) caterpillars?

STATION MASTER (gently berger) Sabib bolts, jeldt karo.



THE TEMPLE OF KALI. BY G. N. TAGORE.

Warner was started now "There are many," he said, "who batten"—a good word—"in the piping times of peace"— 'piping 'again good—"but when war comes they go to the wall, and so does everyone who's not got something of the fighting blood in him It's a man's duty to fight"

Warner looked very imposing in his puttees with his back to the window. He affected puttees because of their military appearance. He had also a habit of carrying his mashie "at the slope." But poor old Holley was squirming in his corner. The remarks seemed to him a little bit pointed. He was a sensitive chap, and he

thought they were pointed at him

Now there was one woman, a Mrs Hepp, in the club who was a confounded nuisance. Not having any family of her own she considered it her duty to interfere with everybody else. Her interference took the form of an enthusiastic adoption of every latest craze—of a "philanthropic" nature. At the particular moment duchesses were being photographed with sewing machines, but the very latest was the "White Teather Brigade". This diversion consisted in distributing white feathers to any one who was not known to be serving his country.

Just at the critical moment Mrs. Hepp intruded into the bar, glowing with her new

discovery

"Who wants a white feather," she said, beaming at Warner with a side scintillation for Charlie Maddox

"Not for me, Mrs Hepp No orders yet, but I believe I'm off in a few weeks" "Not for me," says Charlie Maddox

So one went on to Bob Chalmers "Thanks, Mrs Hepp" he said, 'I also volunteered for the front some weeks ago Though I've not taken so much trouble to announce the fact'—this for Warner Warner felt it He turned round on old Holley "I think Mrs Hepp——"

She went She looked a bit shy Old Holley bowed with almost XVIII century politeness, "Thank you, Mrs Hepp," he said, "I may have need of it" He took out his pocket book and very carefully tucked the white feather in

I think I told you Bob Chalmers and Holley were rather thick, seemed rather fond of each other A little while after the white feather incident—less than a month—Bob went round to see old Holley He was going off in a few days under orders probably to the front—So he d come to say a good bye

He found old Holley in his workshop, the tin shed at the back. The place was covered with lots of brass and steel and springs and things. It looked as if he'd pulled a large lawn mower to pieces and he

was working away like mad "Good evening, Holley"

"Take that thing, will you "said Holley," turn it down as neatly as you possibly can It's got to fit in there Must be

absolutely exact "

Chalmers was a bit surprised but he'd done jobs of the sort before with Holley So he went at it When he'd finished there was another thing to do He finished that

"Done?" said Holley, "well wait a bit This needs a bit more adjusting, then we'll fit it together It won't take a minute

It s so simple "

So they set to work fitting it together Bob looked at it "What is it?" he asked "It's not like anything you've made before It does not look like a scientific thing at all'

"Not scientific!" said Holley Then "When are you going to the front?"

"I came to say good bye to you, Mr Holley That is why I called in on you so late, and why I'm not dressed" For he was in tweeds, and by now, after working at 'it' the time was getting on for eleven "I expect to start to morrow or the next day".

"To morrow!" said Holley, "Tomorrow!" It seemed to have knocked him sideways Funny thing—he'd known it all along But somehow it had not got into his mind—he had not realised it You know how I mean? He must have been very fond of that boy.

" I suppose you'll enjoy it," he said. " I in looking forward to it. Won't be pleasant. But it'll be life."

" Or death," said Holley. " It's fun to you. But it means rather a lot to me. Being a lonely man I don't know many people."

Bob Chalmers said " I shall miss---."

"No, you won't," said old Holley, "No, you won't. You've' never worked at things you know men are wanting-wanting badly, the cure of disease, the bringing of comfort, things that science can do, and been laughed at for your pains. You go and fight and come back a hero, or die a hero. I stay and work for things that may live after this war is done, long after -and the women will give me white feathers in the streets." He was fingering that white feather; he'd taken it out of his pocket-book. It seemed as if it was soiled with fingering. " But it's white feather if I go to the war. It's cowardice. Dying is just a stopping of the heart. But it's hell for a man like me to be laughed at. I fear that."

"Why don't you come?" said Chalmers. He didn't really know what to

Old Holley dropped the white feather on the floor. Then he stooped down slowly and he picked it up again. Then he opened the door of the shed into the back street behind. There was a glow in the window of the little public house opposite. The men were coming out into the street. It was just closing time. Two of them were talking loudly. There were some streeturchins who ought to have been in bed. They were playing at 'night attack' along the edge of the gutter. One of them looked up and saw old Holley. He was in the light of the doorway, and he had the feather still in his hand.

"Look at 'is white feather!" he shouted. "An' look at the young fellow come to

fetch 'im away to the war !"

The men across the road laughed.

Old Holley stood there for a moment. Then he turned back and shut the door. "Come here, Chalmers. Do you know the Colonel who's here? Ask him for fifty pound of ball cartridge and the use of the range at six to-morrow, will you?"

But-why?"

"You may think it odd of me. I had thought that I would not go to the front. I meant to do as my share-this. It's a gun. One I thought out some years ago. It's a simple bit of mechanics-don't know why it was not thought of before. But it's simpler and a great deal more effective than anything they've got-immensely more. We'll test it to-morrow to make certain it's all right."

"You've giving it?"

" I had thought. But no, now I mean to go with it. Four is a gun team.

" I wonder if it's too late to ask Maddox and Warner to join us."

"You mean you are going."
"Yes, boy, I'm going—I'll keep this white feather. I'm beginning to earn it. I'm going because-I'm afraid."

There was a dull black sky; mist; no stars; the steamy shadow of a moon. A yellow stretch of mud, once a road, bending round by a clump of trees, then seeming to stretch out straight into the darkness.

A mile or so back, was the main army. In front of it the supports, entrenched. Then the piquets with groups thrown out; sentries standing silent in the darkness. On the road, hidden in the clump of trees, was a machine gun. Two men fay flat on their backs by the fore-wheels; one was slightly in front of the other. They were large burly men. Both were fast asleep. A third younger man lay at the tail of the gun; he had one arm thrown over his eyes. A little way in front, a man stood watching, a pale oldish-looking man.

Curiously enough he was not thinking about the war at all. His eyes rested continuously on the line of darkness he had to watch; but he was listening to a nightbird whose cry came faint and intermittent.

He was calculating the possible number of different arrangements of that series of notes

Something caught the corner of his eye on the left There was some one moving there

But it was not the front he was to watch, Another sentry was watching there

There must be a fair number of men moving there He tried to reckon how many careful listening one could hear them cross a gravelly patch in the grass He had thought he heard the sound eleven times That would be roughly fifty men if they were moving, close formation-only a dozen if in file There was a grass grown country road somewhere over there might be moving along it in close forma tion The sentry on the right must have seen them anyhow

In the night there was a splash of fire An answering fusillade Then out of the

mist in front loomed shapes

The sentry reached back cautiously with his foot Private Warner ought to have been there, just behind him But he had rolled in his sleep further away. The sentry took a quick step backwards and touched him with his heel He started up

"Ssh " " What ?"

"Enemy in front Go back to the support Not along the road-go round They can't advance except along this road We ll hold it as long as we can"

Warner disappeared in the darkness

The other two woke up Bob Chalmers sat at the machine gun "Down Not yet We've got to hold them We'll wait till they're close "

Faint crunching growing Sounds of cautious movements that seemed absurd They did not know they were being watched

Corporal Holley was opening the ammu nition-box silently Private Chalmers drew back the bolt There was a faint click

"Get your sights, Bob It's set for rapid fire They'll learn what a gun is now Now-out with it Get down Charlie Oh, you fool! Oh, the fool! He's ht"

Corporal Holley cautiously lifted his head

and peered over the edge of the ground

It's all right," he said "They are keeping back in the centre But they are working round the left flank We've held them up long enough "

"Can we fall back now?"

"We may, if we can But if we stop firing they II rush Go on, give them another twenty on the flank there"

Corporal Holley crawled toward the jum ble, a slide of cartridges in his hand "Let me take your place" "No, I am all right"

But Corporal Holley took charge of the gun He fired more slowly, in little spurts. five or six cartridges at a time

"Then he stopped 'Bob,' he said they're round the flank Run for it You'll reach the trenches Keep well out to your left as vou run "

"And you?"

" I'll stay here and hamper them while you get off Then I'll smash the gun"

"I will stay".
"I tell you go"

Another rattle of firing.

"I am not going" " It's orders-Private Chalmers"

Rattle, Rattle, Rattle Three slips One left Then he jumbled in the tool box "Can't leave them the gun, can t leave any of it They'd find out how it works" He chuckled, 'I guess they want to know "

He filled in the last slip and pulled the trigger He started, and his right arm dropped to his side He left his place and crouched for a moment lighting something with a match Then stood by the gun Running figures appeared over the edge of the ground

"The Order of the White Feather

I've earned it now"

Then there was a blaze of flame He lay white faced, staring upwards amongst the ruins of his gun Running forms came between the trees

And the funny thing about it was that all the time he thought he'd shown the " white feather" for not having the courage to stay at home.

A WELSH FAUST.

S. G. DUNN.

It was Dan Christmas who first told me about h m A cheery soul was Dan, though of somewhat doubtful reputation With the face of an Archbishop and the imagination of a poet, he spent his days in varying degrees of intoxication according to the state of his purse. But he was the best fisherman in the valley, and it was a liberal education for an amateur like myself to visit the best pools on the river-and he knew them all-in his garrulous company His methods were not, it is true, always strictly legitimate but in that part of the country they believe in the principle of "live and let live," and though Dan lived by poaching he was never, as far as I know, before the magistrates except once and that was only for throwing his wife into the Bran in a time of flood Doubtless she had annoyed him, though Dan himself was heard to declare that the whole thing was just a scientific experiment, and as the postman fished her out-for which Dan knocked him down on the next market day-nobody was the worse for it, except perhaps the gallant rescuer Whatever failings he may have had, he was, at any rate, full of much curious information, and it was he, as I said, who told me about Roberts of Blaeny and his compact with the Devil We were down beside the big pool below the railway bridge where the gorse grows so thick that one can scarcely push through it, and I was weary of casting a varied assortment of flies with no result. There was thunder in the air and not a trout would rise to the surface

"It's a little drop of laudanium on a worm which would fetch them trouts, I'm thinking," said Dan, "but we'll just sit a while, and when the shadow comes down yonder wood we'll be trying them again" "By the way, Dan, I asked him, as I filled my pipe afresh, "why is that farm

over there so long to let? It looks a pretty spot and there's good pasture there and decent byies too"

"Is it Blaeny you mean?" said Dan "Ay, it looks well enough, and good enough land it is But there's queer things about it Did you never hear of Roberts of Blaeny and his goings on? Well, no It would be before you came about these parts, may be Ah' a queer fellow was Roberts, a man of deep eyes that read old books, and he got hold of one book—the Second Book of Agrippa it was called — which was full of spells and such like, and it was not long, indeed, before he could bring spirits round him like the little dogs round the cows heels."

"Is that so?" said I, with never a flicker of incredulity, for Dan was a firm believer in magical arts, and I was already not quite sure of my own faith in such matters "Tell me about it all," and I

took out my flask

That spell, at any rate, unsealed his lips "Yes!" he continued "There's many who have seen them, though we did not know anything was wrong for a long time Things went well with Roberts, we said, and he had next to nobody on his farm Then we knew them was helping him all the time! The way we knew at last was like this There was young David who took out the physics for old Dr Evans that was doctor for years and years in Garden Street He was going round with 'em one winter afternoon and he stopped at the Why Not up the hill there for a pint, and there he stayed talking as people will, specially when they are young and working for somebody else He got up and was going out into the dark with a "good night now!" and, just by chance, he put his hand to his coat pocket, and there was a bottle for Roberts which he'd quite

forgotten—very important it was too, he'd

heard the doctor say.

So off he set running to the farm As he got out of the plantation he nearly ran into the gate, so dark it was, and he just had to grope along the fence till he came to the turn by the cypress tree and the queer pigeon loft Then, as he comes round the corner, he finds himself all of a sudden in a blaze of light 1 Every mortal window in that old house was lighted up, yes, every window, and as he got nearer he could hear the devil of a noise inside. There was singing and dancing, and people clinking glasses same as if they were enjoying themselves hugely

Well. Davie was fair mazed I can tell you, for Roberts was known as a careful man, a very careful man and as sober a man as you'd meet anywhere in a street of chapels on a Sunday morning! Davie stands by the door and smacks his lips and says to himself "This is a bit of good luck, this is ! He'll be asking me to step in this cold night and have a drop, most like And it's not saying no I'll be either !"

So he gives a great knock, the same that they should hear him in all the uproar they was making within And then what would you think? Phizz! In a second all the lights was out, and the whole place dark and still not a sound, not a light, and Davie waiting by the door with the fear of it on him! He told me afterwards he came to himself to find Roberts standing, with the door open in one hand and the end of a candle in the other, peering out, and asking in that gruff voice of his who was there and what he wanted

"It's-it's me brought the physic from Dr Evans," says Davie in a tremble "Ah ! " says Roberts, quite in his usual

way. "'Tis a bit late, but I suppose you were losing your way on this dark night?"

"Yes," answers Davie as he would to any question But he feared to say a word about the lights and the noise, Roberts being a strict man and not at all affable like And it's sorry he was, not to have a drink after all l

"I'll send some one with you to take you through the fields and put you on the road Good night I" says Roberts, and in he goes without another word and shuts the door

Davie turned away, still all in a wonder and there he sees a tall man standing by him! He fairly jumped when he saw him, for he'd heard never a sound

"Oh," says poor Davie, "you'll be the one to show me the road?"

But the tail man says nothing, only leads the way out to the footpath And very dark it was, too

Now Davie was a talkative lad and he knew everyone here But for all the darkness he could swear he'd never seen the tall man at all before "You'll belong to this part of the country?" he says. wishful to be polite But the tall man just strode on, said nothing

"You'll-you'll be a stranger hereabouts?" says Davie, winting to please But not a word in answer did he get

And with that they came to the road and Davie could see it just glimmering before him

"Here we are on the road!" says he trying to talk cheery-like, as a man will

when mortal afrud

And as he said it, puff I there wasn't any tall man at all ! He just blew out, so to speak, like a candle Davie was just talking to the night, the chill wind, his own shivering self! Well, Sir! I reckon you and I would have done as Davie did and run down that road like a mad fellow He came in to the 'Black Ox' with the tale and the thirst of a collier, and I heard it all from his own white hips, I did

That was how we came to guess there

was something funny up at Blaeny. Not that Roberts was a selfish kind of He was not above lending man either

the spirits, when required like.

There was the big match, now, with Trecastle Once a year the whole village came over and we played them at the football all day on the green. At nine o'clock in the morning the game began, it went on all day Everyone joined in and

That the least touch sets off: sometimes advanta With furious speed across the wide maidan, Or crawling with astonished frogs for witness Upon a 'waist' unfitted for such antics: Or leading in martial ardour some swift raid Into a neighbouring bar. And then the Strategist, full of strange thoughts of Wir And dark strategic plans to mystify His friends and enemies: at times discussing The mysteries of 'Front form' and 'By the right' And 'fire-control;' then pointing out the errors Of those commanding him: or breathing deep recent For mating Kluck and disappointing Bill That Joffre never dreamed of : or may be pinning Small flags upon a map where some place should be But somehow isn't marked: pronouncing Przemyzl and Llwouff and Ostvagbodd With airy unconcern: transporting Russians In millions through the ice across old Ocean To drive dear Bill and Kluck to Ahmednagar Or somewhere hotter still! The last scene stills Into the lean and sun-burned man-at-arms Hawk-eyed, keen-handed, keener-hearted still Who fills his rifle as he fills his pipe, Who's in his place before the shouted word Is fairly ended, who can move and turn A thousand as one man, whose shaking treat With some odd million others Bill now hears Roll near and nearer from the ends of the earth In common purpose threatening War and Death

THE BLUE-BIRD AND THE ARC

ur

CORNELIA SORABJE.

I.

Place Bharat (India). Time (circ) 800 B.C.

Now one day Drona, the Master-Archer, made a great Play-competition to test the skill of the Princes of India who were his pupils. He had them all out before him And what happened in the end? Oh, he just died The people that was waiting in the lane to see the Devil jump out of the window with his body was very disappointed naturally to see just nothing at all But to my mind it was their own fault Roberts was a very particular man, and if he did make a bargain with the powers of darkness, you may be sure he laid it down that there should be no scandal about it

Ah! he was a smart man, was Roberts of Blaeny

Dan handed me back the flask and gazed in meditation on the still pool 'Anyhow,' said I, 'I don't see why the place should be empty now all the same' Dan roused himself and the suspicion of a smile passed over his wrinkled face.

"I should let them go on talking," said he, "may be it'll lower the rent!"

EVENTIDE.

TOV

D. H. and K. C.

A soft breeze whispers to the sea In the sapphire spray, Then on to cool the last warm blush Of departing day The sea gives answer lazily To its Love's request, Then onward rolls in the evening hush
To the golden West
The night enfolds the wind and sea
In her mantle grey,
Descends and hides the weary world
From departing day,

THE RECRUIT'S PROGRESS.

By ANON.

Now all the World's a Camp and all men soldiers. And every girl a nurse eager to bandage Practising on a chokra with a duster I And each man in three months plays many parts At first the Broker, stout and prosperous, Driving like Jehu up and down the streets With shouts of "Rok-ke!" Smoking a large cheroot and even sometimes Indulging in a matutinal beer, That now, alas, Ares denies to us (What's happened to the beer, where will it go to, Now the prodigious swallow of Hindostan Is closed to it? But that's another story) Next the Recruit, full of strange oaths, endeavouring To 'Shoulder arms' and turn with swift precision At the command now left, now right, now - wrong ! And oftenest wrong in effort to remember Right hand from Left while he manipulates An unaccustomed kilt and murderous rifle

took the ball when he could and the goals was at each end of the green. When anyone felt tired he just dropped out, and over the hedge there was a barrel or two of beer. You just lay under that till you'd had enough, and ran back to the playing again; so the game went on all the time.

Trecastle was a tough lot that year, and by two o'clock we were feeling very heartdown. Jones of the Crown was standing dinner to the players, and in came Roberts of Blaeny. He was a careful man and never missed a chance of a free meal.

"Well, boys," he asks, "how's things going?" Nobody said much but he soon saw how it was, and after a while he went out and said as he was going to pull things

up for us in the afternoon.

When we started playing again, there was a big fellow kept getting the ball and running through the Trecastle claps every time and touching down again and again before anyone could get near him. Try how they would the Trecastle lads could not catch him.

After the game was over and we'd won, they came round shouting to know who the Cardiff or Llanelly man was that we'd hired up for the day I I wanted to give him a drink, but nobody could find him.

"You'd better ask Koberts of Blaeny!" we said to the Trecastle men, and they went home very angry about it. Of course we were glad to be winning, but none of us felt quite comfortable about it, and nobody ever mentioned a word of it to

. There was a lot of talk, as you may suppose, when he took his last illness, Of course they didn't know then that it was the last, but was only hoping it might be! It was not but what Roberts was popular enough, but everyone was eager to see what would happen. People said he'd made a bargain with the devil, and they wanted to see if he could wriggle out of it as he was very cute at the law, was Roberts. I'm not what you'd call a religious man myself most times, but I'll

confess I was interested to hear what the religious folk thought about it. There was Davies of Bethesda—that is the chapel with the iron railing painted red and the fountain in front of it-he said that Roberts would, may be, disappear in a column of blue smoke. I don't rightly know why he said 'blue' exactly, but indeed it is the Conservative colour in the country, and so I suppose Davies was thinking of it that way as kind of suitable for the devil! Anyhow blue he said. On the other hand, Williams of Babel, he was sure the Old Man would come for Roberts himself, and take him off clawing and screeching and crying out how sorry he was that he hadn't subscribed to the new building fund of Babel Chapel!

People mainly believed Williams-he being a powerful preacher on hell-though they didn't count much on the crying out about the subscription part : they thought that was just put in professional like!

When people asked the Vicar he just shook his head and said nothing, Roberts being a Churchman, you see. He'd joined the Church, I'm told, after the Vicar had sold him a horse. "The man that can do me," said Roberts, "can may be get round the Lord, too, somehow!" He was a very religious man was Roberts, and mighty keen on going to heaven.

One afternoon he was very weak and his voice very husky. They could see he was saying something, so the Vicar bent down over the bed where Roberts lay groaning.

"Oh I I wish I was a dog! I wish I was a dog!" he was saying over and over.

"Now, don't you be foolish, John Roberts!" says the Vicar thinking he was wandering in his mind. "You just think about your poor immortal soul!"

"That's just what I be doing, indeed!" says Robert very sorrowful-like. And then the Vicar knew what he meant, for if Roberts had been a dog he couldn't have bargained his soul away to the devil. At any rate, that's how everybody took it.

And what happened in the end? Oh, he just died. The people that was waiting in the lane to see the Devil jump out of the window with his body was very disappointed naturally to see just nothing at all. But to my mind it was their own fault. Roberts was a very particular man, and if he did make a bargain with the powers of darkness, you may be sure he laid it down that there should be no scandal about it.

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By ANON.

Now all the World's a Camp and all men soldiers, And every girl a nurse eager to bandage Practising on a chokra with a duster! And each man in three months plays many parts. At first the Broker, stout and prosperous, Driving like Jehu up and down the streets With shouts of "Rok-ke!" Smoking a large cheroot and even sometimes Indulging in a matutinal beer, That now, alas, Ares denies to us. (What's happened to the beer, where will it go to, Now the prodigious swallow of Hindostan Is closed to it? But that's another story.) Next the Recruit, full of strange oaths, endeavouring To 'Shoulder arms' and turn with swift precision At the command now left, now right, now ---- wrong I And oftenest wrong in effort to remember Right hand from Left while he manipulates An unaccustomed kilt and murderous rifle

That the least touch sets off sometimes advancing With furious speed across the wide maidan, Or crawling with astonished frogs for witness Upon a 'waist' unfitted for such antics Or leading in martial ardour some swift raid Into a neighbouring bar And then the Strategist full of strange thoughts of War And dark strategic plans to mystify His friends and enemies at times discussing The mysteries of 'Front form' and 'By the right' And 'fire control, then pointing out the errors Of those commanding him or breathing deep suggestions For mating Kluck and disappointing Bill That Joffre never dreamed of or may be pinning Small flags upon a map where some place should be But somehow isn't marked pronouncing Przemyzl and Llwouff and Ostvagbodd With airy unconcern transporting Russians In millions through the ice across old Ocean To drive dear Bill and Kluck to Ahmednagar Or somewhere hotter still! The last scene shifts Into the lean and sun burned man at arms Hawk eyed keen handed keener hearted still Who fills his rifle as he fills his pipe Who s in his place before the shouted word Is fairly ended who can move and turn A thousand as one man whose shaking tread With some odd million others Bill now hears Roll near and nearer from the ends of the earth In common purpose threatening War and Death

THE BLUE-BIRD AND THE ARCHER.

CORNELIA SORABJE.

I

Place Bharat (India) Time (circ) 800 B C

Now one day Drona the Muster Archer, made a great Play-competition to test the skill of the Princes of India who were his pupils. He had them all out before him together.

"Take your bows and arrows "said he and be ready to shoot when I tell you"

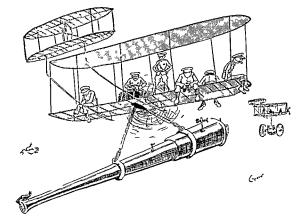
His mark was a blue-bird in a tree Prince Yudhisthira being the eldest was called first

"Be ready to shoot" said Drona
"But tell me first what you see Do you
see the bird?"

Yes said Yudhisthira
'What else do you see? Myself, your
Brothers or the tree?'

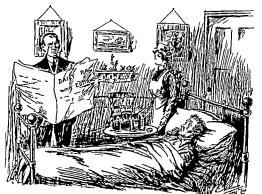
"I see yourself, my Brothers, the tree

BUSINESS IS DULL BY A W SLATER



EN ROUTE FOR BERLIN

BY CROW



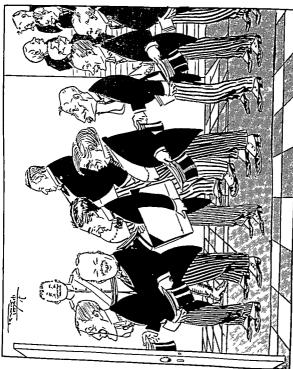
A MISUNDERSTANDING
Doctor The only thing to do now is to cut off the left wing

BY C H KING



THE PRIME MINISTER BY A N TAGORE

5



They summon the European Press of Calcutta, who The editor of our leading commercial weekly occupies a position in the strategic rear in fear lest the Germans will misunderstand the title of his paper and attempt to realise the whole of the fear the worst and place members of the "Indian Ink" staff well forward in the firing line, The Germans commit their One Good Deed. Calcutta War Indemnity from him.

BY FRANK LEAH Having collected the miscreants (they are not all in the picture) the Germans incontinently -

Ħ

IF THE EMDEN HAD CAUGHT CALCUTTA,

clap them into Jail.

BY FRANK LEAH



BY F C SCALLAN

Three times Drona asked this question, and three times was he thus answered. Then very sorrowfully he turned from Yudhisthira. Not by him was the bird to be shot.

Prince after Prince he questioned in this wise, and all alike made answer, "I see you, my Brothers, the tree and the bird."

And now there was but one Prince left, Arjun, the Master's favourite pupil.

"Tell me Arjun, with bow bent, what

do you see?"
"I see a bird."

"Do you not see myself, your Brothers, the tree?"

"I see the bird alone," said Arjun," nor you, nor the tree, nor my Brothers."

"Of what colour is the bird?"

"I see only a bird's head."

"Then shoot," said Drona joyfully. And even as he expected, the bird was headless as soon as the arrow sped from the bow.

II.

Place Mid-Europe. Time 1914 A.D.

And the wheel of time was turned and turned and turned, by the God of Battles. And once more the Master-Archer was testing the Princes of India for a battlefield as great as the age-old battle-field of Kurukshetra.

But this time the soil was not Indian; and whereas the Princes were flesh and blood and stood in all their earth-time valour of battle armament, Drona the Master-Archer was Spirit-true, clothed upon for but the purpose of that markman's test.

And it was night, and across the trenches

slept the Prussian legions.

And Drona came stepping lightly as is the way of spirits, treading on the eastcold wind. And he found his men, Rajput and Sikh and Pathan, Gurkha and Marhatta, sleepless to sentinel the honour of the King they loved, and served as Brothers for the first time in that service.

And the God of Battles opened the spiriteyes of the Indian soldier-men, so that they
knew Drona for the beloved Master-Archer
of the Tales of Heroes, learnt in the land of
their birth; and they knew too that all
that Brotherhood of men who fought for
the King might claim Drona for their
own, in the great cause which had made
all one in that same land across the seas

And once more as in the ancient story—
"Take your bows and arrows," said
Dropa the Archer, "and be ready to shoot

Drona the Archer, "and be ready to shoot when I give the word. The blue-clad Prussian in his line of battle is the mark. Do you see him?"

And "I do" said Oody Singh of Mewar

doughty warrior.

"What do you see?" asked Drona
"The Prussian, myself, your Brothers of
the East and West?"

"I see," said Oody Singh, "I see the

Prussian."

"But what see you," said Drona again, "the colour of his uniform, his man-made tools of war, the legions upon legions behind his back lusting for your lives, your country, your allegance? Tell me quickly what is it you see?"

And "I see," again said Oody Singh doughty veteran, sure of his mark, "I see

the Prussian, Enemy of Peace."

Likewise also said all the Princes.

"Then shoot," joyfully said Drona the Master-Archer, proud of the sons of India: for well knew he that by such men as these would the great King's battles be won, to the glory of God, and the Empire of that King of England, who once upon a time had come across the waters to receive the homage of his people in the Ancient Town of Delhi, near the field of Kurukshetra of warriors' memory.

EUROPE TWELVE MONTHS AGO.

BY

W. C. HOSSACK, M.D.

PERCHANCE it may have happened to the reader that he has enjoyed a blow in a launch on the wide waters of the Hooghly when suddenly he has noticed against the brilliant sunshine a cloud. A distant cloud with nothing marked or portentous about it, only the significant detail that its upper margin is hard and sharp as if cut out of grey paper. Then the cloud spreads out till it fills both wings of the horizon and



as it swells it rises and darkens. A breeze springs up to meet it and the lights and shadows disappear under an advancing pall of darkness. A peal of thunder comes down against the breeze and last of all, some twenty minutes from the hard rimmed warning, a grey wall blots out the banks, bending the palm trees double before it and a Nor wester strikes the launch with a crash that drowns the rumble of the anchor chain, while out of the roaring darkness come the thousand whips of the storm-driven rain.

Twelve months ago Fate and the higher powers of Simla decreed that I should be in the middle of an official tour of the ports of Europe and it is interesting to look back on it. What I shall try to do is to recall the first beginning of the warning rim to the war cloud that has enveloped the centre of our old civilization. Not that I appreciated for a moment the first faint beginnings of the storm for my holiday began

in glorious sunshine. Venice for the first time, Venice in spring for a man back from five years in Calcutta, Venice for a man with leanings to art with a knowledgeable favourite cousin for cicerone. Small wonder then that it came only as fillip of pleasurable excitement to see our first ĥydroplane settling down like a swan upon the water in front of S. Giorgio Maggiore and to hear the hum of our first dirigible from the square of St. Mark's on the Saint's festal day. By the time we got to Florence by way of the old time herbarium and gardens of Padua, the political weather had rather altered and not even the joys of the Feast of Crickets when the pious buy the insects in cages and, for every one set loose, release a soul from purgatory, could keep one from a vague wonder as to the outcome of the Balkan war. Could Italy maintain her place as active partner in the Triple Alliance in view of her needs, sympathies, and her tendencies? At Genoa these thoughts recurred as in the golden



light of the morning from the green waters of the harbour I blocked in against the towering terraced houses the cobalt gray silhouette of a Dreadnought fitting out under the shears. On the way from Lausanne we travelled with a naval officer returning from the flagship that guarded Balkan affairs in the Adriatic. To him

we expressed our doubts and wonderings but, unlike the majority of officers in his service, his attitude did not invite conversation. His emptiness was equalled only by his superiority as he indicated our hopeless ignorance of the latest thing in well-informed circles, namely, the coming rapprochement with Germany. My cousin's comment was that he struck her as having been deceived according to his merits.



Paris was merely an interlude; a young brother studying architecture in the Quartier Latin saw to that. But he did enjoy a week in Rouen with a tame artist to teach him the elements of water colours.

My first real awakening came at Havre for it happened that my visit coincided with the great International Yacht Regatta. But the expected array of great German yachts was missing except for one that was first in the International long distance race—from Heligoland if I remember aright—and a 25 metre that did excellently in her class.



my French colleagues the fact was elicited that the "Meteor" was absent as her august owner the Emperor had been informed that the presence of his sailors on the quays of Havre was only too likely to lead

In conversation with

to undesirable political incidents. One thing led to another and presently I had added to my store of knowledge, that in the period immediately prior to the outbreak of the France-German war there had been a very strong movement on the German side for a rapprochement with France. This recalled memories of my naval friend, on the way from Lausanne. Later, at Hamburg, I was to hear the same warning. In the idom of our allies it eave me furnously to think.

Next I had a gorgeous interlude in the North of that distressful country, Ireland filled with nephews and nieces, motor cars, bathing pools, row boats, sail boats and lobster pots till the war cloud was lost in the hot summer haze, and obliterated by—let me call them the mists—of Home Rule.

One thing I recall that made no impression at the time but now seems of deep significance. There was not a riding horse to be obtained for love or money as the Austrians and the Germans were buying them wholesale, at prices no ordinary man could look at, particularly when it came to the trash!

At Antwerp two things struck me strongly, the universal impulse to athle-



ticism as shewn particularly in football and rowing, and the question that was raised not once but several times by the graver members of the community. "Why do you English, you a Saxon race, have an entente with a Latin country like France; your blood, your ideas, your modes of thought are the same; why don't you have your entente with Germany?"

I remember particularly a white haired courteous old gentleman with whom I travelled back from the Exhibition at

AMARANDA'S JACK.

By E. G. C.

I MET Amaranda quite unexpectedly on the Calcutta Maidan one evening It was nearing dinner-time and a dying moon, which hung low on the horizon, seemed more than ordinarily melancholy by reason of Chowringhee's brilliant array

of lights Amaranda was sitting on a seat beneath some trees, and she greeted me with a small scream However her fox-terrier knew better, and acknowledged me as someone quite harmless and welcome. The fox-terrier is inseparable from Amaranda, and her name is Ginny Gout She has had three disreputable families, and is fast losing her teeth and her temper through old age Nevertheless, at the moment that I approached the seat beneath the trees, Amaranda was hugging the beast, and apparently crying over it, and the dog was whining sympathy

"Why Amaranda!" I said reproachfully "What on earth are you doing here all alone at this time of night?" "I'm not alone," said Amaranda

"I've got Ginny Gout and ... now you've come, haven't you?"

"What's the matter?" I replied, looking closely at the girl Amaranda is either irresponsibly cheerful, and smiley, and curley, or she is a wan, white creature with reproachful eyes and a temperament There are never happy mediums in Amaranda so far as I have discovered Judging by signs I thought I was right in repeating "What's the matter, Amaranda?" "I've been crying because... the Moon is so far away,' said Amaranda

"Ah, yes, it's a way Moons have," I sympathised "Can't we possibly get a string and harpoon it, or something?"

Amaranda gave a little throat sob which is one of her vexatious weapons of offence I knew it of old, and steeled my heart to go on contemplating the Moon.

"Yes, get a string and a hook, and harpoon it, and then tie the string about its middle and hitch it to the Ochterlony Monument," I suggested "It would serve the Moon jolly well right I think!" Amaranda did not respond So I tried other measures

"We know the Moon's a dead old place. Amaranda, with no motor cars, or choco lates, or ball slippers in it What do you

want it for?"

"I want it .want it horribly," said Amaranda "I want it . in my heart and in my bones .I want it But, what's the use of talking to you . . . stupid!"

Incidentally Amaranda apologised for her last word with another semi strangled sob, and this time I succumbed I took her hand and found that it held a very wet and unpleasant handkerchief So I pulled her head on to my shoulder, wiped her face with one of my own best linen kerchiefs, and stuffed Ginny Gout and the sloppy handkerchief under the seat When we were all comfortably settled I said

" Now tell me all about it from the very

beginning, Amaranda"
"The Moon!" said Amaranda want the Moon!"

"I've wanted Moons myself, often Who's the Moon this time? "

" A Man," said Amaranda

"Which one?" I asked, for Amaranda is by way of having various satellites of various accomplishments, revenues and virtues

"There's only one the world," said Amaranda, decisively And then she sob-

bed a little

" Well, tell me," I said

" Jack Holroyd," gasped Amaranda.

"Ah!" I breathed

Amaranda stopped sobbing on the instant.

Amaranda jumped to her feet. She was a woman again.all flashing eyes, and deeply breathing body, and scornful tonerus.

"You are speaking of the man I love," she said "How dare . . . oh, how dare

you ? "

"Sit down, Amaranda," I said "Don't get exected! We're in for enough excitement to-morrow, so for goodness sake don't take it out of yourself like this now. I repeat that your Jack has no principle, and that he is an intriguing young scoundrel and that I am to give you away at the Baptist Church at Mogulginge to-morrow morning at eleven of the clock when you are to swear to love, honour and obey each other, and . may the Lord have mercy on your souls!"

"What!" said Amaranda! "Oh! I can't! I can't! What will Mamma say? And besides, I have no clothes!"

"Amaranda," I said "You and John Hartington Holroyd are a pair of idiots, but I've given my word I'll get you married to him at eleven of the clock to morrow, and married you'll have to be, clothes or no clothes And look here, we might be short of witnesses, so bring Ginny Gout along!"

Amaranda's a perfect goose and is certainly not fit to be a soldier's wife Instead of laughing at the idea of bringing Ginny Gout to the wedding she grabbed that poor animal off her satin cushion and howled over her "I will, yes, I will," she said "She'll be the only member

of the family who'll wish me joy!"
There wasn't much time to make arrangements, but we did manage to get Amaranda's Mother to the Baptist Church in time for the wedding, as well as the faithful fox-terrier Amaranda's Father

was not well enough to be shocked by being told the truth, we heard Privately I was glad I found Amaranda's Mother quite sufficiently honest in her summing-up of my reprehensible share in the whole affair, I didn't want the opinion of the head of the family in addition

The marriage ceremony didn't take long, although it seemed long The foxterrier barked at the clergyman and Amaranda's Mother cried at him, and we were all relieved when the thing was over. and when Amaranda, after she had signed her maiden name for the last time, put her arms round the bridegroom's neck and kissed him with enthusiasm and no vestige of shame. She afterwards kissed me, and then she kissed her Mother and Ginny Gout conjointly Jack Holroyd has gone to the Front, and I know, as well as well can be that if a hair of his head is injured Amarandra will blame me In the meanwhile she sits trembling waiting for the casual dak wallah to bring her the news her heart hungers for Whenever I go to see her she is gazing down the Hooghly towards Kidderpore, and I tell her that she really believes that France, and Jack, are just down the river out of sight

"I know they aren't but I feel they are I have to feel they are " Amaranda replies—just as Amaranda would reply

She listens to my happy prophecies, and my optimistic stories with a heavenly patience which worries me. In fact I am so worried that I have gone back to the faith of my childish years and, every night, after I have had a peg, have hunted the mosquitoes from out of the mosquito-net, and have hunched my pillow into the shape that best suits my head, I petition aloud "God do please send Jack back to Amiranda! Please do!"

WAR NEWS-WITH INTERRUPTIONS.

W. CRAWFORD SNOWDEN.

"How late you are!" said Margery, frowning as she welcomed me at the door No matter what time I arrive on a visit

to Margery, she complains that I am late This goes to show that Margery pines for my coming therefore I am high on Margery's list (Enemies rivals, blackmailers, evil thinkers, etcetera please note)

"Well you see - er - it's like this," I said slowly, to give myself time to think "I should have come earlier, but when I got to the gate I discovered that I had brought Bill's walking stick away with me instead of my own I rushed back upstairs, fell on the landing over Misery - that's George's dog you know - er - hurt my "Well?" said Margery
"Well!" You say 'Well' and there

I am lying prostrate on the crazy china, bleeding to death Listen, I am explaining why I am late Naturally I had to rush into my room, seize a key, drop it down my neck, he on my back, and - er - warm the key"

"And did it act?"

"Certainly, after a bit — and it's been acting ever since" I whispered in Margery's ear "And I can't find it anywhere now!"

Margery didn't know whether to sympathise or be amused, so she said

"Come along inside, I think Mother's

going to be angry with you" Knowing the fierceness of Mother's anger I said "Cheer Oh!" and entered

Mother was trying to look angry, she seized me by the arm, pulled me to a seat and was about to pitch into me when Father said

"Well, any news?"
Yes," I said quickly "There's been terrific fighting between Thingumbob and Whatsitsname (I've forgotten these names

now), and after four hours of attacks and counter-attacks the Germans have been

pushed back "

"Splendid! they've been very stub born there, and that's said to be their strongest line This battle will have an important bearing on the situation wonder what they'll do next Margery bring me that map"

"Listen," said Mother to me, "I've a bone to pick with you How dare you break one of my best saucers and hide it under the sofa?"

"Did I do that?" I said

"Of course you did - and don't pretend to be surprised"

"But it wasn't really one of the best, was it?"

"That doesn't matter You hid it instead of owning up like a man" "Coward!" I said

" I should think so --- and don't you dare to ogle me, you, bad boy, I'm very cross "

"Yes" said Father browsing over the map, "that's a most important victory You said the Germans had been pushed back, didn't you? Well, of course, they may come on again, but I shouldn't think we d let 'em'

"I expect it was you who broke that water-jug," said Mother then
"No, 'pon my honour, I didn't." I protested "I don't know a water-jug from a water lily No, honour bright, it wasn't I"

"You see," said Tather, "this German right wing is in very great danger of being cut off from the main army That would be a disastrous business if you like see what they could do if we did cut 'em off Would they surrender do you think? By Jove, they must be fighting desperately to keep the line ____ "

Sybil entered and shook hands. "Well, dear old thing ! " said she.

Sybil has a way of calling me 'dear old thing.' I don't know . whether it's sarcasm or affection. Sybil is very deep. She looked at me for a moment with her inscrutable smile.

"What a horrid tie!" she said finally.

"Sybil!" exclaimed Margery, "you are unkind. I think it's very nice. Don't you take any notice," she added, addressing

"Oh that's all right," I said, "I hate

Svbil."

"Don't you think it's time the Press Bureau issued another summary of the situation——" Father began.

"Who cares?" said Sybil to me. "What's that?" said Father. "He says he hates me, Father."

"Oh," said Father and continued, "it's so difficult to connect these little scraps of information they give us and to form an idea of the actual disposition of the armies. Do you think they'll be issuing some sort of a statement as a guide?"

"Very likely," I said. "It certainly is time they issued one. It's about three days since the last appeared."

"I told Mother about the saucer,"

said Sybil.

"Cat!" I said. "All right!" said Margery to Sybil, "You wait I" - meaning that there was a hot time in store for Sybil.

"Margery," I said, "you're a dear. I shall strike Sybil off my list this very

night." "I don't think you will really," said Sybil archly. And I decided there and then that I wouldn't. Sybil's very dangerous --- and so like Margery that I forgive her several times in a week when she really ought to come off the list.

"I'm really very sorry about that saucer," I said to Mother, "but someone" - Sybil tried to look as if she weren't the someone - " pushed my elbow, and the saucer was a bit slippery." -

Mother smiled, so that was all right.

"What do you think about this Expeditionary Force; have they all gone into action, or are they using them as reserves or reinforcements or something?" said Father.

"Oh, I don't think they're all in it

yet," I said.

"No, perhaps not," said Father. "You know if those Gurkhas get at close quarters with their Kukris they'll prove very ugly customers."

"The Germans are ugly too," said

"Don't be silly, Sybil," said Mother. Then turning to me she asked acidly: "Did you come here to talk about the War to Father?"

"Well," I said, "it's Father's fault.

He always ---."

"Nothing more about --- oh, I beg pardon," said Father. It was Mother's eye that arrested Father!

"Oh, it's all right," I said to Father, "only they don't want me to talk to you."

"Oh, I see," said Father.

" Now, get Sarah quickly," said Mother. "I want you to try this new music."

Sarah, I should explain, is my violin. So we got Sarah, and Father studied the evening paper.

"Oh," said Margery who was at the piano, "did I tell you. Doris can nearly

swim i "

"What on earth has suimming to do with this music?" asked Mother.

" Mother, I must tell him," said Mar-

gery, and proceeded to do so.
"I say S —, did you hear W — 's theory about the North Sea situation?" asked Father.

" Father ! " (Mother's eye again !) "All right my dear. I'll tell him

afterwards.

Boadicea arrived just as we were about

"Hello I" she said grasping my hand as if she meant to wrench it off. " How d'you do. I saw you this morning poor little man! Is your rifle very heavy? I'm coming to carry it for you to-morrow?"

I gave Boadicea a terrible look and ' Margery, who is about half the size of Boadicea, said: "Run away little girl!"

"I wish Sarah was dead," said Boa-

dicea in revenge.

"He's going to murder her now," said Sybil.

"Sybil," said Father as soon as the music was finished, "Did you tell Sabout your plan of smashing up the German

"No, Father," said Sybil, "you tell him. I refuse to talk to a monster." "Oh dear, here we go again," said

Mother, " It's war, war, war, all day, and when it isn't war it's First Aid!"

"Mother!" said Sybil warningly.

On the few occasions when we're on speaking terms Sybil, with a view to nursing the wounded, practises first aid on me, taking great pleasure in pretending that I have a broken jaw. For when she has me tightly fixed, thereby gagging my repartee, she can safely speak her mind.

"Sybil's idea is," said Father, "to pukerao a tremendous iceberg, fix loaded guns all over it, and let a submarine tow it into the middle of the German Fleet in the mouth of the Elbe. The guns would be fired by an electric current generated from the submarine --- and away goes the German Fleet to Davy Jones' locker!"

" And the submarine could count the ships as they passed," said Sybil.

"I thought you weren't talking to the Monster," said Boadicea.

" - Father !"added Sybil quickly. "And torpedo them - for luck !"

said Margery. "Don't you think it's a smart idea?"

asked Father.

"Ye-s," I said, "it's brilliant, simply brilliant-" Sybil smiled proudly round on us. " - But I shouldn't talk about it. Send it to the Admiralty at once. You see if the "Emden" got to know of it they might send an iceberg up the Hooghly, and besides untidying Calcutta bring the

It's astonishing what two girls can do to you in five minutes. Of course Sybil and Boadicea are experienced. However, Margery put my hair straight and tied my tie again, afterwards --- and it's rather nice to have Margery do these things!

But have you ever had an iceberg down your neck?





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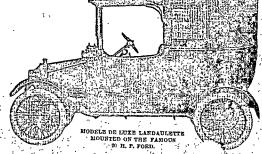
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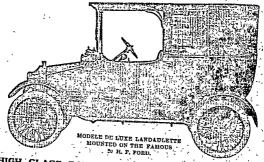
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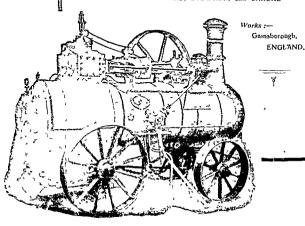
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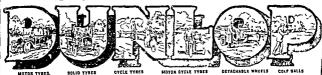
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UP THE RILL! FROM SERAIL BY H E LADY CARMICHAEL

FOREWORD.

THE reception accorded by the public to the first issue of "Indian Ink," and the contribution which was thereby available to the War Fund, has justified the issue of a second number this year.

Acknowledgment is due to the contributors whose names are given below for the work they have ungrudgingly given towards making the present issue a success. The interest which H. E. Lady Carmichael has taken in the "Indian Ink" since its inception takes the practical form of two charming pictures from Darjeeling. Our thanks are also due to many contributors whose gifts of articles and pictures find no place in the current number owing to the early date at which it was necessary to go to press to ensure the appearance of the magazine in due time before Christmas.

The firms and gentlemen who aided in the production and distribution of last year's issue were equally ready with their assistance this year, and our thanks are due to Messrs. Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta Phototype Co., Titaghar Paper Mills, Messrs. John Dickinson & Co., Messrs. U. Ray & Sons, Mr. O. C. Gangooly, Messrs. A. H. Wheeler & Co., Messrs. Thacker & Co., Messrs. Higginbotham & Co., the Lyceum Club, London, the Press of India, and the theatres and bioscopes of the chief towns.

The following is a list of our contributors:-

H. E. Lady Carmichael, H. H. Dowager Maharani of Cooch Behar, M. D. A., Capt. Alves, Mrs. Percy Brown, Percy Brown, "A. J. C.," C. C.," May Carter, George Cathcart, Mrs. H. M. Chitty, Major E. F. Corbett, Dhani Ram, E. C. Esson, A. B. Gardiner, A. Gibb, Major Gunter, "G. H.," Shirley Hodgkinson, Ethel Hopkyns, A. E. Jacomb, L. Johnson, "Jo Hookm," J. A. Jones, T. Martin Jones, Coulson Kernahan, "M. N. L.," Maud Landale, B. C. Law, Frank Leah, R. C. Lehmann, "F. F. M.," A. E. Mackenzie, Mrs. McLean, "Myauk," C. M. Pearce, Margaret Peterson, Charn Chandra Roy, Ridgewell, "C. S.," G. D. Sarkar, F. R. C. Scallan, G. P. Symes Scutt, "Septimus," G. L. Stampa, Mrs. Theodore Stephenson, R. J. Swinhoe, J. M. Symns, Abanındranath Tagore, G. N. Tagore, Sir Rabindranath Tagore, E. Thornton, Dolf Wyllarde, W. L. Wyllie, R.A., and "X. Y. Z."

TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF SLOW MUSIC

BV

DOLE WYLLARDS

EVERYONE who studies Anglo-Indian life knows that Providence is overrated and that it is the War Office, which is the controller of destinies. Regiments come and go, and carry their half-finished tragedies and comedies with them, and those who are crushed under the wheels of the car of destiny regard the Secretary for War as something less merciful than Juggernaut.

It pleased those in authority to move the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Wessex from the Cape, where they were peacefully eating mealies and ruining their digestions. to Bombay, where they began to play polo and to hunt with the Bombay Hounds at a ruinous figure. Polo is no longer cheap in India, or hunting either, and the Wessex are not a Regiment whose parentage smells of trade. Incidentally they played cricket also at the Bi-Color, attended the Turf on Saturdays, and were in evidence at every dance at the Yacht Club, for they were both popular and expansive. The season was very gay that year, for Government House was a social force and not only an official expression of state, and by the time the rains pulled down the curtain there was some retrenchment advisable during the south-west monsoon, and leave depended on the money-lenders.

A few other things had happened too. There was that affair, for instance, between Harding, the Senior Sub., and Molly Carstairs, that had gone with such marked devotion at the height of its season and

tailed off indefinitely at the close. Everyone had predicted the engagement, and opinion was divided as to whether she might have done better, or if her cousin Mr. Lefroy, would not be lucky to get her off in her first year-for Molly had come out with Colonel and Mrs. Lefroy in December, and had had barely time to dance all her English shoes into holes. However the affair was never announced, and Harding applied for the Guides and went up to the North-West Frontier, and Molly played quite as good a game of tennis and did not look like the lovelorn marden at all So half of us said that he had behaved badly, and the other balf that she had refused him.

But it is impossible to fathom the workings of a girl's mind, and her point of view would be intensely interesting-if one only knew it. Mrs. Lefrov was taking Molly to the hills in May, and the week before they left there was a last little flutter of festivity and several people gave farewell dinners at the Yacht Club. You know those Monday night dinners when the band plays, and the scene is the prettiest and most artificial in the British Empire. After dinner you always sit outside for coffee and cigarettes, and from the Club-house buildings comes the sound of the waltz you have danced to all the season, and which is not so much a waltz as a memory of whispered words.....and the lawn is silver wet with the dew, and the only green spot in Bombay. The Lefroy's party had

got a table down by the sea-wall, and Molly was sitting next the wall itself, with her profile thrown up by the sea She was wearing pink, and a fair girl should not wear pink unless she is sure of her colour Perhaps it was the ruthless gown that made her look a little transparent under the eyes, and sharpened the line of her face The view from the sea from the Yacht Club is, of course, perfect, especially at night Across the bay are the countless lights of ships studding the sea, and overhead the countless lights of stars studding the sky The night was windless and warm to the touch, and the masts of the jolly boats below the stone-wall were a skeleton forest, only rocking a little on the tide

"So you are off next week, Mrs Lefrov," said one of the men-Maunders of the Political Department-" and going to leave us to the rains and the mud parties"

"I wish you joy of them! said Mrs. froy laughing "Last year I stayed Lefroy laughing down till the middle of May, and used to dry Frank's clothes daily on the charcoal stove I know exactly how Mrs Noah felt when Noah came in from 'stables!'"

" And reported trouble with the Camel Corps !" added Mrs Somers newly arrived

from Aden

There was a laugh in which Molly forgot to join—she had been very careful to join in a laugh lately But behind her another party had sit down at the next table and began to talk, and scraps of their conversation were audible to her through the band which had just struck up the Cavalleria Rusticana Some one said "Jellalabad," and she strained her cars by instinct to follow the conversation not meant for them, on the chance of a name she knew There were ladies in the purty, and the sound of their voices exclaiming and questioning suggested that the man with them was detailing news from the North-West Frontier. all the while her own friends talked and laughed in desultory fashion, and the band began to play the Intermezzo very slowly and perfectly, and she listened with a

composed face, even throwing in a word to Mrs Lefroy's conversation here and there Certainly the mind of a girl is a wonderful thing and impossible to fathom.

"-one of his own men" came the fragments of conversation behind her "Not the Guides-a tribesman"-and then the definite name, " Poor Harding !"

"Did you go to the last Purdah party?" said Mrs Lefroy to Mrs Maunders was so hot! Molly and I speculated as to whether the Parsee ladies wore anything under their sarees, and wished we were Parsee also! Didn't we, Molly?"

"The sarces were perfectly beautiful, anyhow!" said Molly mechanically

"-deliberate murder?" said the rising inflection of a woman's voice behind her " How dreadful!"-Then the man's voice "You can never trust those Tribes-they are sarages "

Still the grieving chord of the Intermezzo and the sustained high note, while Mrs Lefroy talked of next season, and the world that held no next season for Molly seemed to stand still She turned her face to the dark sea and the jollyboats and the stars for one brief merciful moment, and no one saw her eyes

"What a pity he applied for the Frontier !" said the woman's voice behind her "What made him go?"

"Some girl," said the man "He was too heavily dipped-couldn't ask her-ran away from it "

"Well, I suppose we shall do all the same things next cold weather," said Mrs Maunders "Bombay is always the same -it's just the faces that are new We shall make new friends-and lose them"

"What a pity he applied for the Frontier," said Molly's heart "What made him go?" and then "Some girl-couldn't ask her-

"It is getting late," said Mrs Lefroy rising "Come, Molly—you are looking washed out already"

The violins took A natural, and the Intermezzo sighed itself into silence

THE SEASON.

Sir RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

(Translated from one of his earlier poems by the Author.)

When fate at your door is a miser. the world becomes blank like a bankrupt : When the smile that o'erbrimmed the sweet mouth fades in a corner of the lips: When friends close their hearts to your face and hours pass in long lonely nights; When the time comes to pay your debts but your debtors are one and all absent. Then is the season, my poet,

to shut your doors tight with bolts and bars. And weave only words with words and rhymes with rhymes.

When sudden you wake up one morning to find your fate kind to you again; When the dry river-bed of your fortune fills up in unhoped-for showers: Friends are lavishly loving and the enemics make truce for the moment : Ruddy lips blossom in smile, black eyes pass stolen glances, Then is the season, my poet, to make a bonfire of your verses And weave only heart with heart and hand with band.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S ENGLISH DEBUT.

BY

SEPTIMUS.

in England in 1888. He was well-known in India before then But one might axiom in the bookselling world at home be giant enough in India to span in one that nothing worth while can come from stretch from Cape Comorin to Peshawar India as the Jewish cry that "nothing

THE star of Rudyard Kipling first rose and yet be entirely unknown and unheard of in England. In fact it is as much an

good can come from Nazareth" If Kipling had not been endowed with extraordinary talent his books would never have made their way India attracts very little notice or interest, and it is a tribute to his genius that he was able to dish up the dry bones of Indian life in a form so palatable that he gained admittance to the portals of the Temple of Fame

It happened I was learning my business as a publisher in the London office of the firm of W Thacker & Co, then situ ated at 87, Newgate Street in the city of London Everybody in India knows Thucker, Spink & Co, but not so many know of the London house The pub lishing manager was an old gentleman named Heaton I think he was self-made and self-educated. His knowledge was encyclopædic, and he had that indis pensable gift for a bookseller or a publisher, an imagination He possessed a knowledge of English literature I have seldom seen excelled

One day the Calcutta firm wrote to us saying they were publishing a new book by a new author and its title was "Plain Tales from the Hills" The letter added "we shall be glad if you will do your best with this book We are sending a thousand copies to you It should prove as popular as 'Lays of Ind'" Now "Lays of Ind" was our big smoke at that time and this astonishing pronouncement excited a good deal of curiosity

An advance copy arrived shortly after A curious thin book with a design on the cover purporting to represent the Hills

I remember so well when it came Heaton seized it and took it out with him to lunch-a meal that always took about two hours I believe he used to have an extended sleep

On this occasion he took the book with lum and only read the first story "Lispeth" I saw no more of the book that day nor for several days, until the next Saturday in fact. Then it was that I summoned up courage to ask if I might read it Heaton at once give it to me remarking that he did

not agree with the Calcutta opinion seems "Lispeth" had upset him

How well I recall that day I was going to the matinee performance of Pinafore "-Grossmith, Rutland Barrington, Temple, Geraldine Ulmar, Rosina Brandram, not forgetting sweet Jessie Bond as Cousin Phœbe I Grossmith gave a musical sketch as a curtain raiser in which he introduced his song, "You Should See Me Dance the Polka" He was to have given "Ham burg' but apologised for not doing so as the Crown Prince Frederick was very ill

I started reading "Plain Tales from the Hills" waiting in the queue for the pit in Savoy Street I had an hour or more to wait, and by the time I got inside was immersed in the "Siege of Lungtungpen' That book rather marred my pleasure in the only occasion that I ever saw ' Pmafore ' I read it during the overture I read it between the acts I was glued to it in the crowded District Railway train going home to Earl's Court, so much so that I almost went past my station

By the time I got home I was crazy about the book It was so new, so unlike

anything I had ever read before

There was a young stockbroker staying with us for the week end and to him I handed my new found treasure. As a concession to youth and enthusiasm he consented to look through it. We went to bed late He never went to bed at all For the rest of his visit he could talk of nothing else and his enthusiasm has never waned I have not seen him for some years But I believe his collection of paving stones on which Kipling has been known to walk is much admired

In the light of my report Heaton read the book and quickly recognised the new writer's ability, and we set off to conquer England But the bookselling trade way sceptical When a new book is published a representative from the publisher goes to all the leading wholesale and retail booksellers and takes orders This is called subscribing and the traders sign on a



AND SHAHRAZAD BEGAN (The Arab an Nights)

MRS F VOLEAN

i

OLDEN TIMES BY A GIBB



UDAIPUR TYPES BY F R C SCALLAN

THE GOLD MOHUR TREE BY MAJOR GUNTFR R E

-

sheet of paper the numbers they are prepared to take On the top of the sheet is the title of the book and the name of the author with the wholesale terms

I think the subscription sheet of "Plain Tales from the Hills" would fetch a good deal of money at an auction if it existed to-day, which is improbable. If I remember correctly it numbered sixteen copies and it had been displayed in Paternoster Row from end to end and thence through London north, south, east and west through three weary days. I was the unfortunate person who took it round and never did eloquence produce a more barren result. In vain did I read choice bits of Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd. The trade listened not to the voice of the charmer.

Then we sent out copies to the press And we tried personal influence with Editors whom we knew The "Sunday Times" was the first to review it But I believe the reviewer only skimmed it, as the review was conventional and worthless The first real recognition came from the "Saturday Review" which devoted nearly a column to it. This created a demand from the libraries and other papers followed suit One paper, I forget which, I think it was the "Globe," said the book was badly titled and should have been called "The Other Man and Other Stories," not that "The Other Man" was the best story but it was a taking title! Of course one thousand copies melted like snow in summer-and no more copies were available for a long time. There was an insistent demand, but not enough copies were in circulation to allow a widespread knowledge of the new author

Then we published "Departmental Ditties" We published it in most attractive fashion and launched it on the world full of buoyant hope But, alas I Again the trade would laive none of it I shall never forget the buyer at the Army and Navy Stores who told me with a smif" Not to bring rubbish like that here!"

But the public wanted it and there was soon a brisk demand

That was the last I ever had to do with Rudyard Kipling as a publisher marked my apprentice days with an experience given to few And it laid the foundation of a very valued friendship which has always been one of my most cherished memories

Kipling had a compact with all his friends never to make use of their intrinacy for journalistic purposes. I have always strictly observed this and only break out in a modified form for the sake of helping our soldiers at the front. I am sure he will forgive me telling this perfectly true story which he has probably forgotten.

I went to see him one day and found him in the threes of composition room was knee deep in manuscript. He called out to me when I entered that he was just finishing and I was to sit down and keep quiet I did sit down and gathered up the manuscript, which I read It was the 'The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot" I liked it, though I thought it a little out of his line I remember we talked over the story and went and dined at the "Solfermo" in Rupert Street I don't fancy the place exists now Then the summer holidays came on, and I did not see him for several weeks. When I did see him I criticized a story he had written for "Lloyd's News, 'The Mark of the Beast" it was My criticism was that the readers of "Lloyds' would not understand the story "Why not." I said, "give them 'The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot'" "Good idea", he replied, "but where is it?" Well, we hunted high and low We pulled out the contents of drawers, we searched the rooms through and through Kipling sat back in blank despair The manuscript had been stolen ! At length we found it on the top of an immense book-case and covered with London dust We had only looked there in comic despair! Its location was rapidly transferred to the editornal office of the "Detroit Free Press," and it appeared in

THE GOLD MOHUR TREE BY MAJOR GUNTER R E

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THE SATI.

70.10

M. N. L.

Kusum Kumari had a snub nose; two eves with a twinkle in the corner of each of them: a mouth that could not help smiling even when the rest of her was desperately in earnest. The mouth was so completely pleasurable and good-natured that the delighted beholder was in danger of ignoring the chin, that soft little chin which had a most determined little peak to it. Had young men been privileged to gaze respectfully upon her, they would have concluded rightly that the mouth belonged to one who would love her husband very dearly. In their infatuation they would have overlooked the chin, that pretty danger signal that her husband would have to keep himself quite rigidly in order.

Kusum Kumari smiled when she was conducting the domestic affairs of the household: when she was cooking the household food; when she was scolding the household servants. She even smiled in a reverent fashion, when she paid the daily vows to the family God. And there were scores of young men of the neighbourhood, hearing tales of her, who would have accepted rebirth as a "tiktiki" if they could have changed themselves into the family idol for twenty-four hours impassively to receive the worship of Kusum Kumari. The young men translated the words "tiktiki" indifferently as lizard, or as police detective. So the reader may judge how earnest was their desire to be worshipped by so worthy and desirable a creature.

Just at present Kusum Kumari was smiling because she could not help it. But deep inside her there was discomfort, anxiety and some kindly contempt. For weeks her father had been growing sadder and more sad. Instead of his cheery humour there were fits of melancholy, long broodings and feverish little calculations scribbled on the margins of the morning newspaper, on old envelopes and invisibly on the dustless surface of the floor. Even his walk had changed. From the measured dignity of the father of a family, who had sons to hus honour and daughters that were a pleasure to the eye, lus walk had degenerated to a shuffle, an old man's shuffle

Behind the purdah at a bioscope theatre Kusum Kumarı had once seen the picture of a very lordly lily that had withered and died while the operator turned a handle just above her. Five weeks of slow decay passed in thirty seconds and Kusum Kumari had cried a little for sorrow at it. But now here in her own quiet household the father she had known unchanged for as long as she could remember was changing almost as she watched him into a weak, gloomy, and querulous old man. Once she stuck a pin into herself—only a very little way—because she felt it was all a nightmare and she wanted very earnestly to wake up.

Her mother, too, was altering with horrible rapidity. She no longer directed and instructed the work of her daughter. Instead she watched her husband's brooding with a sorrow that was the more bitter because it was so resigned. Once the daughter had turned suddenly to find her mother gazing at her and the sight frightened her, she could hardly explain why. Perhaps it was because there was no

their Christmas Number where it was the sensation of the moment and set people talking more than ever of the new literary star

Harking back to the first subject of these reminiscences, I have pulled a copy of the 1888 Edition of "Plain Tiles from the Hills" from the book case quaint looking contraption There is a picture of the Hills on the top with two flags sticking out of a mountain's brow Each flag is about a sixth of the height of the mountain! There is a conglomeration of Mahomedan and Christian edifices down below The whole looks like a mystical representation of an Emambagh and a prehistoric fort surmounted with many hills and two flags each 200 feet high

But looking through "Plum Tales" and reading through the stories again the thought strikes one-Has Kipling ever done better work than some of these gems? Take at random an extract

"You drive Jehannum ke marfik, mallum? 'Tis no manner of faider bukkin to the Salub bekaze he don't samjao your bât Av he bolos anything, just you choop and chel Dekker > Go arsty for the first arder mile from cantonments Thin chel, Shaitan ke marfik, and the chooper you choops and

the jeldier you chels the better kooshi will the Salub be and here's a rupec for ye"

Was soldier's bât ever more delight-

fully portrayed?

As I said before, the last experience I had in publishing Kipling's books was the edition of Departmental Ditties brought out after his tour through Japan and It contained his best of all America forewords-commencing -

I have eaten your bread and salt I have drunk your water and wine The deaths ye died I have watched beside And the lives that 3e led were mine

New poems were added to this edition, "The Betrothed "and "The Galley Slave," also 'One Viceroy Resigns," a piece of " The Grave of composition I never liked the Hundred Head" was also added don't think anything was ever added afterwards, and the book as it is now is the same as it was then By this time Kipling was known and edition after edition was eagerly bought up

Before leaving the subject I would like to fling a challenge across the seas to my old friend Referring to page 283 of the 1888 Edition of "Plain Tales from the Hills" WHY DON'T YOU PUBLISH THE

BOOK OF MOTHER MATURIN?

VERSE.

Sir RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

The boisterous Spring, who once came into my life with her lavish laughter, Burdening her hours with improvident roses,

Setting skies aflame with the red kisses of newborn ashoka leaves

Now comes stealing into my solitude

Through the lonely lanes along the brooding shadows heavy with silence, And sits still in my balcony gazing acro s the fields

Where the earth all green swoons exhausted in the utter paleness of the sky.

THE SATI.

BY

M. N. L.

Kusum Kumari had a snub nose; two eves with a twinkle in the corner of each of them; a mouth that could not help smiling even when the rest of her was desperately in earnest. The mouth was so completely pleasurable and good-natured that the delighted beholder was in danger of ignoring the chin, that soft little chin which had a most determined little peak to it. Had young men been privileged to gaze respectfully upon her, they would have concluded rightly that the mouth belonged to one who would love her husband very dearly. In their infatuation they would have overlooked the chin, that pretty danger signal that her husband would have to keep himself quite rigidly in order.

Kusum Kumari smiled when she was conducting the domestic affairs of the household; when she was cooking the household food; when she was scolding the household servants. She even smiled in a reverent fashion, when she paid the daily yows to the family God. And there were scores of young men of the neighbourhood, hearing tales of her, who would have accepted rebirth as a "tiktiki" if they could have changed themselves into the family idol for twenty-four hours impassively to receive the worship of Kusum Kumari. The young men translated the words "tiktiki" indifferently as lizard, or as police detective. So the reader may judge how earnest was their desire to be worshipped by so worthy and desirable a creature.

Just at present Kusum Kumari was smiling because she could not help it. But deep inside her there was discomfort, anxiety and some kindly contempt. For weeks her father had been growing sadder and more sad. Instead of his cheery humour there were fits of melancholy, long broodings and feverish little calculations scribbled on the margins of the morning newspaper, on old envelopes and invisibly on the dustless surface of the floor. Even his walk had changed. From the measured dignity of the father of a family, who had sons to his honour and daughters that were a pleasure to the eye, his walk had degenerated to a shuffle, an old man's shuffle.

Behind the purdah at a bioscope theatre Kusum Kumarn had once seen the picture of a very lordly hly that had withered and died while the operator turned a handle just above her. Five weeks of slow decay passed in thirty seconds and Kusum Kumari had cried a little for sorrow at it. But now here in her own quiet household the father she had known unchanged for as long as she could remember was changing almost as she watched him into a weak, gloomy, and querulous old man. Once she stuck a pin into herself—only a very little way—because she felt it was all a nightmate and she wanted very earnestly to wake up.

Her mother, too, was altering with horrible rapidity. She no longer directed and instructed the work of her daughter. Instead she watched her husband's brooding with a sorrow that was the more bitter because it was so resigned. Once the daughter had turned suddenly to find her mother gazing at her and the sight frightened her, she could hardly explain why. Perhaps it was because there was no

expression at all on the mother's face, as though she had lost touch of life with all its pleasant little affections and intimacies As though she were content to let go her grip upon existence and no longer treat it as anything more than the shadow which

it really was

Now, for the first week or ten days of this period of crisis Kusum Kumari sorrowed very sincerely with her father and her mother Whenever she could remember to do so she let the corners of her mouth droop and she became an adorable little picture of woe But she was young, healthy and of buoyant temperament Furthermore she had a comfortable opinion of her own merit, so, presently, I am sorry to say, she become frankly bored When she smiled at people she wanted them to smile at her When her father hobbled in at the doorway and when he sighed so heavily that he could hardly eat the curry she had so carefully prepared for him, she wanted to shake him and tell him not to be so silly These were, of course, very wicked feelings for a loving and dutiful daughter But there is worse to be confessed When her mother sat silently in the corner weeping quietly with her sarr over her face so that she might not disturb anybody, her daughter wanted to creep up to her and pinch her-with daughterly reverence, of course, and with deep respect-because she made no effort to battle against evil

And why should there be all this sorrow? It made Kusum Kuman angry when she thought of the cause For she was the fountain of their grief She who woke up with a smile, went to work with a smile and could not lie asleep without a smile, had actually plunged a whole household into irremediable woe And this had come about because the time had arrived to perform the most natural and entirely inevitable function of her existence, she must marry At the beginning of the fourth week of the great woe Kusum Kumarı made up her mind "If my marriage is going to ruin my father and kill my mother," she said, "I will dye my sari yellow, rub dust

over my face and make a pilgrimage to Gungotri as a Brahmacharin I will spend the rest of my life in a little cave at the top of a big mountain and if my father wants me to fry any more sweets for him I will make him tramp miles and miles over huge hills of ice before he can find me So, there !" The picture of her beloved father toiling over enormous mountain ranges of very cold snow pleased her and she smiled as broadly as she could, because she was beginning to be afraid that she would presently forget how to smile at all

By the next morning she had elaborated her plan She had no real desire to rub dust over her face, nor to live all by herself in the middle of a snow field So she determined upon a last appeal to her parents

After a reverence she sat before them and began to speak "My honoured father and my beloved mother," she said sadly The twinkle had died out of her eyes and her mouth looked as if it could not smile even if it wanted to "I have been thinking much about my marriage and my dowry and the grief that it is to you"

Her father nodded silently

"You want me to marry a man I do not like because he is wealthy and you want to add to his wealth by paying a dowry which

will beggar you"

"We could not hold up our heads among our neighbours," replied her father, "If we did not pay a dowry, nor could we otherwise marry you to a man who would be able to keep you in comfort "

"You will not be able to hold up your heads among our neighbours," said the daughter sweetly but with a touch of asperity, "If you are ruined. You know that "

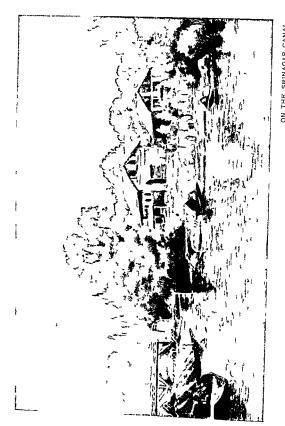
"What is to be done," said her father with placid sorrow "We cannot fight

against our fate"

"Perhaps we cannot," answered the daughter "But I am determined that you shall not be ruined. There are plenty of young men who would marry me without a dowry Clever young men who are poor now but who will rise in the world"



THE INDIAN VILLAGE BY L JOHNSON



ON THE SRINAGAR CANAL BY C M PEARCE

She drew a long breath. She was almost afraid of what she was about to say. But she screwed up her faltering courage to the sticking point.

"If you do not let me marry whom I want and without a dowry I have deter-

mined to commit Sati."

Her mother was the first to respond. She screamed once; then moaned.

Snehalata!" she sobbed.

Her father was a man of slow dignity. But for once in his life he did an act before he had time to think about it. His hand shot out like lightning. He seized a match box lying on the floor between them and hid it in the fold of his chaddar.

His daughter smiled tranquilly. "In the bazar," she said, " I can buy two boxes of Japanese matches for a pice, and each box holds sixty matches. Therefore," she held out a small coin with a wrinkled edge, "With this anna I can buy enough matches to set myself on fire in four hundred and eighty different places. You are right, father, you cannot fight against my fate."

In spite of herself the twinkle reappeared in her eyes. So she held them modestly downcast in order that nobody might see it. But everybody could see that the corners of her mouth were beginning to rise however rigidly she tried to

close her lips.

"I am not going to burn myself," she continued.

Her father looked doubtful. Her mother

still cried softly.

"I am not going to burn myself," she went on, "because I like myself a great deal too much." She gave herself a contented little shake as she said it.

"This is going to be a symbolical Sati. Look, dear father, here are pieces of papers.

I have written my virtues on each of them, and as I burn them I shall drive each virtue out of my soul. On this I have written, 'The Love and Respect I pay to My Honoured Father.'"

She showed the writing to her stupefied parent.

"On this I have written 'My Love for My Mother'; on that 'My Reverence for My Ancestors'; on that 'My Household Duties'; on that 'The Worship of My Husband': on that 'Love for My Children'! And here." she rapidly spread on the floor slip after slip of paper, "here are all the other virtues you have taught me." Her father looked bewildered but interested, her mother still sobbed.

"I am going to set light to each slip in turn and as it burns the virtue written on it will disappear. Here is another box of matches, and here is the first slip to burn. 'The Love and Respect I pay to My Father' Shall I light it, Honoured

Father?"

For the first time in three weeks her father's back straightened. He seemed suddenly a younger man. The bioscope operator was turning his handle the other way and the lordly plant was coming to life instead of going down to death. The play had touched his humour and the stratagem has succeeded.

"Throw them away, girl," he exclaimed heartily. "Throw them all away. You are an abandoned, wicked, and disobedient daughter. I suppose you have your eye on the poor noble young man who wants a

wife and does not want a dowry?" The wicked daughter raised her face. It was twinkling in a most satisfying

manner. "Yes," she laughed at him, "I have."

INDIA TO ENGLAND.

BY

SHIRLEY HODGKINSON.

Dost call my sons, O England? They answer to thy call Our lives, our swords, our service, Proudly we pledge them all Gladly to share thy conflict We hasten to the fray, With loyal hearts responding, Kaiser-i-Hind ki jail

Throughout that mighty Empire Where'er thy flag is found, World over all thy children To aid thee muster round Swiftly our steps press forward We join them in that race To fight beneath thy banner, Proud India takes her place

North, South, East, West, O England, Our princes, peoples, all, Would lavish life and treasure, With thee we stand or fall O'er city, town, and village One loyal hope holds sway, God send our King the victory, Kaiser-i-Hind ki jat!

From ends of Ind we rally, Sikhs, Pathans, take their place, Proud Rajputs, gallant Gurkhas, Sons from each fighting race Picked men of all our legions, All eager and elate, Thy soldiers are we, England, True to the salt we ate

When war is done, O England,
The sword in scabbard sheathed,
We to our unborn children
Have a great pride bequeathed,
That in this stern world combat
India her part did play
We join thee, comrade soldiers,
Kaiser-i-Hind Li Jai!

EPITAPH.

R. C. LEHMANN

For an English Soldier and an Indian Soldier buried together in France

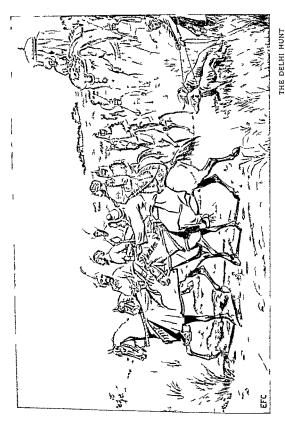
When the fierce bugle thrilled alarm, From lands apart these fighters came An equal courage nerved each arm, And stirred each generous heart to flame

Now, greatly dead, they lie below, Their creed or language no man heeds, Since for their colour they can show The blood red blazon of their deeds!



(Pahari School)

Collection of DR A K COOMARASWAMY



THE DELHI HUNT.

BY E D

Illustrations by Major CORBETT



I do not think that they Would had behind the purdah



They re through the dyke and over

On horses of Tartary and steeds of Samarcand Shahiehan goes riding for his sport in Hindustan Behind him on the elephants

That drip with gems and gold
The ladies of his crown and court

Peep shyly from their fold

The sun comes up and glitters and the breeze blows clear and cool So hunts he out from Delhi town, from Agra and Cabool

With hooded hawk upon the wrist, with cheetah on the chain, He takes the luck his huntsmen send across the wheat grown plain

Nilghai, buck or crane on wing, There's sport for all who care

The lynx shall harry the running fox

And the hound shall chase the hare

His Amirs and his mansebdars so glorious to behold Ride sparkling through the morning time in turquoise and in gold. till I was served, however close his nose might be to his very own mess of pottage.

Moreover that same mess had to be served in a blue China bowl. Wanglo was most fastidious. When the dog-boy broke the bowl, Wanglo refused his dinner from an old white pudding basin. He would eat out of blue China, or he would starve.

"Wah! Wah!" said the servants. "The wisdom-fulness of the Chota Sahib. Said we not he was of our caste!" And the blue bowl was quickly replaced.

Dear wee Wanglo, I can see him as I write of him, looking plaintively at me, his mouth watering with eagerness, while I stupidly sat reading, neglecting my food. and forcing my well-bred henchman to neglect his also.

It was no wonder that he ruled us all: to the devotion of a lover, he added the attractive imperiousness of a child, taking for granted our own affection and service. For myself, I never knew what I wanted till Wanglo had declared his mind. And in the hot weather, it was a very changeable mind indeed-poor bushy-haired dogperson.

He slept on a mat near a window in my room: and just as I had dropped asleep "Thud, Thud," would go his heavy tail. I knew what it meant. It meant "Turn

off that electric fan."

And I would say "Oh please Wanglo! I can't do without it."

But "Thud, Thud," he would answer,

till I got up and turned it off.

Then just as I had captured sleep once more-" Thud, Thud, Thud," again from Wanglo. He now wanted it on !

"Oh! he is very sensible," said Ayah, "truly, Miss Sahib, he is just like a man."

But of whatever caste or rank or creation, and however manifested, Wanglo certainly had sense : and as has been said, he early showed both faithfulness and affection. I remember one instance of his puppyhood. I had left some papers in the garden where I was writing. "Take care of these, Wanglo," I told him; and thereafter not even my own servants dare touch the papers on my table in Wanglo's presence. While me he guarded like a bodyguard a Sovereign; his erect little ears more watchful than a sentry's tread.

His coat grew into the loveliest golden brown, and his tail was like a fried whiting, making, in course of time, a great dent in his back where the curl had settled. for his eyes, they were the loveliest most luminous pools of amber light ever seen.

Naturally I was debarred from wearing any colour but that which suited Wanglopinks and reds were of course taboo; dead yellows, and browns, and autumn tints,

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Every morning he went for a walk with his Tibetan dog-boy and greeted my friends as they rode on the Maidan-"the dog taking the boy for a walk," as they told me afterwards: for Wanglo soon looked about twice as large as his caretaker, and as frightening as a wild beast. Strangers not being dog-lovers were indeed terrified of him; but all children loved him at once, recognizing his gentleness.

I had in those days, a grey pony, and Wanglo was fiercely jealous of her, till I explained to him that Griselda was also one of the family: and then he became so devoted that he would run in and out among her legs, or jump up to lick her nose in a way that might have been dangerous with

any but my patient Grizel.

Every afternoon he would be waiting for Grizel and me at the turning near the Maidan on our return from office, and he would race home with us yapping and leaping with joy. Never was such a welcome as Wanglo could give. If I were driving out again later in the afternoon, Wanglo insisted on coming too, on the seat beside me: but he never quite liked the tum-tum which I drive, and would stand on his hind legs, his forepaws clasped round my neck, a habit both perilous and disconcerting on the occasions when Grizel met a tram and needed driving, and when "Miss Sahib must be patient with the mare and me," as explained the syce, "we are



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WANGLO - A SUN BABY



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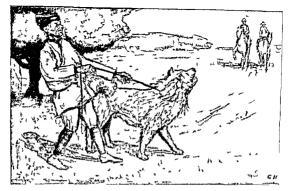
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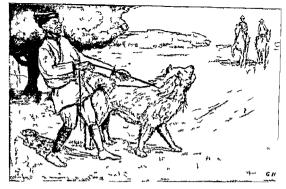
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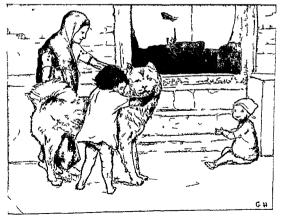
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were all he allowed me.

Every morning he went for a walk with his Tibetan dog-boy and greeted my friends as they rode on the Maidan-"the dog taking the boy for a walk," as they told me afterwards: for Wanglo soon looked about twice as large as his caretaker, and as frightening as a wild beast. Strangers not being dog-lovers were indeed terrified of him; but all children loved him at once, recognizing his gentleness.

I had in those days, a grey pony, and Wanglo was fiercely jealous of her, till I explained to him that Griselda was also one of the family: and then he became so devoted that he would run in and out among her legs, or jump up to lick her nose in a way that might have been dangerous with

any but my patient Grizel.

Every afternoon he would be waiting for Grizel and me at the turning near the Maidan on our return from office, and he would race home with us yapping and leaping with joy. Never was such a welcome as Wanglo could give. If I were driving out again later in the afternoon, Wanglo insisted on coming too, on the seat beside me: but he never quite liked the tum-tum which I drive, and would stand on his hind legs, his forepaws clasped round my neck, a habit both perilous and disconcerting on the occasions when Grizel met a tram and needed driving, and when

"Miss Sahib must be patient with the mare and me," as explained the syce, "we are not used to the ways of big towns."

16

WANGLO - A SUN BABY.



Every morning he went for a walk.



All children loved him at once.



THE VANQUISHING OF THE SERPENT KALIYA
After an old water colour drawing
(Kangra Valley School)
Collection of DR A K COOMARASWAMY

To my visitors Wanglo was courtesy itself—a perfect little yellow kinght, showing them upstairs, and waiting for them to follow, if they were slow lying outside the door to take them back to their carriages, and standing on the steps to see them off with a wag of the fried whiting tail

For one thing I could find no help My journeys away from home always distressed him yet it was not possible to take him with me, and the servants told me how pitfully he would look for me—sniffing about the house, watching at the home-coming place, nosing round Grizel, as if to puzzle out why I was away when Grizel was in the stables

There came a day when I was away for a whole month, and Wanglo, I was told, every day more dejected than the last, after hunting for me everywhere, would lie on the steps watching the drive, with eyes which grew sadder and sadder He refused food even out of his blue China bowl After trying all persuasions, the servants took him to the friend whom he recognized as my chief friend in Calcutta daily she told him that I was coming back, and from her hand he would eat a sad little biscuit, but that was all, he would not done, except with me.

This long fast, combined with the chill of the marble steps on which he lay, was of course very bad for his poor little dog machinery and finally the devoted Tibetan carried him to the Veterinary Hospital But the Surgeon said." This is mind sick-

ness not body sickness, and the little people wept and wrote to me to say, "Please come home quickly or our Chota Sahıb will die"

And when I did come home, Wanglo was skin and bone but he was there, lying on the steps, and he leapt up to my shoulders in the old way, and snapped my muff chain in two, as of old—and I felt that we would soon get him well now

"But don't leave him behind again,"

said the Doctor

So, two days later, I took him with me on tour, and he shared my railway carriage, and was supremely happy

But in the night a little paw tugged at the bed clothes, and I turned on the light to find Wanglo's darling face all twisted with pain and his eyes great prayers of trustfulness

He died in the train, just as day was breaking, and we left him to be buried at a place on the line where a kind dog loving Station Master took charge of him

But Ayah filled his blue bowl with fresh water every night for many a day after and set it near my bedroom window, for his little dog spirit's refreshment and all the kind little Tibetans quarrelled as to who should keep his chain and collar burnassed for him, "for without doubt, Miss Sahib as ayale explained, 'Wanglo Sahib has gone to be a shadow doggie, only that he might always travel everywhere with the Miss Sahib without giving trouble. Was he not

of the caste of Us folk, and sensible? the

Chota Wanglo Sahib!"

THE SILVER BULLET.

By C C

"Then up went the cry for old brandy."

Songs of the People

Scene Interior of small branch bank, up country planting district in the Straits Sub-Agent, having been on binge with a few cheery chents the night before, discovered speculating gloomily on prospect of touching Calcutta for entertaining allowance Arrives by easy stages at pessionistic but consoling reflection that this is no country for the white man Takes up "Economist" and finding nothing funny in contents lays it down again where customers can see it and falls to whistling dismally

Enter PLANTER (bosterously)—

"Enter Planter Pull y self together of' son there's business don'! Filthy weather thus—what! Rain like bars of solid iron! Phew! Look at the mud'I'm leavin on your carpet! Good Lord! Who wouldn't sell a farm and go plantin'! Well, well! See we put it acrost 'em again—north of Arras!

BANKER (with langual interest)—" Confused noise without! Enter cheerful villagers with news of glorious victory! We thank you for your kindly greeting Charles and we know naught of affairs in Charles. We have been anchored in this goddam district four long years and the last news that reached us concerned the quick demise of one Crippen apothecary. If you have business with us let it proceed, as for your news we will have none of it. It's your money we—"

CHARLES (interrupting breezity)—
"Hi yah! I knew I'd come here for something Business it is, ol' sport, likewise money, an' to come to the point—""

Banker (resignedly) — "I thought we'd come to that sooner or later You'll find the bottle behind the Bankers Almanac Carry on while I get busy with a sparklet"

CHARLES (visibly encouraged at the sight of food, and in the tone of a man who knows what he wants and there's an end on't)—"Well ol' top, I'm beating it for the trenches ek dum an' by the first boat In a word I'm hoppin' it, an' what with squarin up things, an' buying a jolly old periscope an'—(confidentially) well, 30m know what it is, ol' bird, when you're absolutely hearts of solid oak for ready, an' all the time sittin' on a box of serip you wouldn't sell for a lakh an' a half, so, as I had to pass the door anyway, I just dropped in about a mere matter of fifteen hundred of the best and brightest, m'lad, on security the Bank of England ud jump at One of these overdraft stunts if y'know what I mean'

BANKER (dispassionately) —" A sort of advance in a manner of speaking, or a kind of loan and the state of the

of loan as it were "

CHARLES (admiringly) —" Got it in once! What a brain! What nous! What almost human perspicacity! (the sparklet hisses in the tumbler). Ah! stout fellah! 'Never let the conversagger flag for want of a posset, thats my motto! Well, heres looking at yer, an' Gott strafe the Bosches!"

BANKER Same to you! and (cau tousity) touching this overdraft—always supposing you do touch it, what security do you propose to lodge? (blandly) Not that, to be quite frank with you, a meticulous insistence on tangible security while your—hal hal note of hand is available.

is not-ah-to quote the immortal bard. 'ridiculous excess' as it were, but as I told Rothschild in the Vaghano affair, 'Even between the best of friends business is business'"

CHARLES (delightedly, addressing imaginary audience) -" There he goes again ! Straight to the point like a cat in a gale of wind ! (seriorsly) but I'm with you, m'lad I'm with you all the time Security's the thing, an' that's why I brought along that little bag, (addressing peon) Here, Rammersammy! lift up the bag and let the salub see it! (impressively) In that little bag banker, there are no less than one thousand Sungoe Futts-coal shares v'understand, of which I am the sole an' duly registered proprietor"

BANKER (sympathetically) -"Well, don t let a little thing like that depress you men

have lived down worse afflictions"

CHARLES (airily waving levity aside) -"The soundest thing on the market, ol'nut!"

BANKER (derisively) - " Yah ! you ought

to be in a Home, Charles!"

CHARLES (continuing unabashed) — " Not much doin' in 'em now d'ye see, what with buyers a bit shy, an' money tight, an'-(vaguely) all these rotten changes in the Cabinet an' all that kind of thing what ! but with a paltry fifteen hundred chips between me an' the trenches, I had the bright idea of doin' you a good turn, so naturally I came hareing round at once to give you the first offer, bringing the scrip with me"

BANKER (musingly) —"Charles, lad, you interest me strangely Put the scrip on the scales and we'll see what it weighs If it doesn't tip the beam at a selling price

b'gad we'll rafile it for you!

CHARLES (loftily accepting the ment able but resolutely declining to say die s'long as there's a shot in the locker) -" However. knowin' what a blood an'-iron lot you Shylocks are, I reckoned it just possible I might have to let the Sungoe idea slide so I fixed up another sound scheme of absolute deckle-edge rock-bottom security advance the fifteen hundred in a manner o' speakin' an' yet you don't part with the money, see wha' I mean, ol' duckshover?'

BANKER (dubiously) -" Well it sounds alright, Charles, especially if you part with the interest, but isn't there some catch about it? Come now! I suppose the answer's a lemon or something of that sort "

(seriously) -" My dear of cockbird, search me! Do I look like a man who'd trifle in business hours? I repeat that you don't part with a cent an' I'll tell y'why Instead of giving me the money you put it on Fixed Deposit, d'ye foller me? Tixed Deposit, my name, one year, four per cent, see advertisement well then so far nothing could be more simple an satisfactory, an' this is where you chip in Havin put the money on Fixed Deposit I leave it to you---'

BANKER (interrupting) - 'An' I make

it Spades don't I?'

CHARLES (continuing with dignity) -"I leave it to you to carry on with the next proposition, being as it were Part II of th same idea, if you foller me It being obvious to the meanest intelligence that you can t have better security than the actual cash an' havin' got that already on Fixed Deposit, what more easy an safe for you than to give me an overdraft while I hand you the Deposit Receipt endorsed in your favour, so you can call in the cash any time you feel like losin' your nerve and (magna nimously) if I don't square off the overdraft the same day you call it up, the Deposit's yours to do what you like with" (whistles unconcernedly)

BANKER (aghast) - Gordelpus! But what about the original advance? Where does that come in?"

CHARLES (pityingly) -" It don't come mat all, Pierpont An for why? Because there is no original advance. As I pointed out while you were makin' funny remarks you don't part with a bally cent on that You merely transfer it from one account book to another, an' all you got to do 15 to transfer it back again Pull y self together, ol' son, you don't seem to grisp it !

BANKER (feebly) -" Brandy, vintuer!

OUR SHAKESPEARIAN SOCIETY.

BY

M. D. A.

We are far from the regions of culture From the sphere of both Ibsen and Shaw In the land of the bul-bul and vulture Where custom is law. But what though as exiles we perish, Though the climate our energy steals, With ardour devoted, we cherish Our suburban ideals.

Last year we attempted a glee club And warbled in alto and bass, Though our tenor kept making what we dub A ghastly grimace. And I must admit, the piano Came in with the "twiddly bits" pat

Came in with the "twiddly bits" pat When our very much cracked-up soprano Went palpably flat.

We've had weekly debates and conventions With a view to improving our minds But they ended in rows and dissensions Of various kinds So ensuing both peace and propriety We've knocked all such schemes on the head And formed a Shakespearian Society Instead.

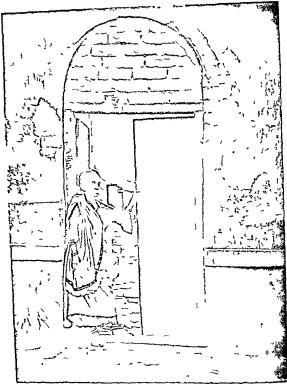
We scorn both the buckskin and paintbox Beloved of the amateur stage,
Nor in togas, nor armour, nor quaint socks
Rant, frivol, or rage.
But calmly, in tones academic,
The subject our president names
And staidly each earnest "polemic"
Disputes and declaims.

The moods of the "Moor" we've dissected; With Beatrice we've tarried awhile; And the motives of Shylock detected In scholarly style.
Now Falstaff and Coriolanus
Seem almost hike brothers to me And the meaning of Hamlet's as plain as Can be.



MA HLA GALAY BY T MARTIN JONES





AT THE DOORWAY BY A B GARDINFR



WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME AGAIN.



erritorial (returned from India). "I say, would you mind getting me a Burra Char and Rote Mukun, and Jelly; wont you?

BY RIDGEWEL



THE TOILET BY B C LAW We've come to suspect Julius Cæsar Of being henpecked by his wife, And Puck, that inveterate teaser, Of stirring up strife The sonnets we've studied and thrilled o'er, We've laughed at Malvolio's hose, And tears metaphorical spilled o'er Poor Juliet's woes

Our climate though warm yet is healthy Our scenery varied and grand And though there is none of us wealthy We're content with the land And I think with z sigh full of sadness How truly ideal were our lot If only this literary midness Were banned from the spot

TO MY BELOVED NIBBLING ICE.

In the good old days of the Stuart period the manufacturers of verse confined their output to such topics as 'To Amaranthi' that She would Dishevel her Hur The results seem to have pleased the producer the consumers and the Lady with the Hair Nowadays we verse-makers have deteriorated. We set to rhyme the deeper thoughts of the tramp after his last debuuch the reflections of a chauffeur whose mach nery won't chauff, and the brain processes of similar other unromantic persons. It seems time to invite the poetry loving public back to hearter and more pleasants subjects. Here is the sort of stuff I mean. Nothing brainy just pretty And, first, I would explain that the ice referred to is not the material made by confectioners but that produced by the Ammonia process. It is ice, plum ice, and the time is Hot Weather. Let us begin

Sweetheart, now the Sun is Lord Take no more your walks abroad By a porcelan bowl of flowers Here's a nest to spend the hours Shady room and shadowed walls Where the sunlight never falls

Very cool and 'nation's sweet Here, Beloved is your seat If you would be cooler yet Here is ice before you set I et those white hands lift it up That you may its coolness sup Lucent blue and wondrous jewel Wrought of oceans lonely cruel Who would call your fate unland B3 those lips to be ensimmed B4 that little tongue whose tip Daintily your pleasures sip

Eyes that laughed the while I told Of Love more costly than fine gold Mouth that trembles pouts and smiles, Innocence that covers wiles Breath like gentle breeze that stirs At even time the gossamers Those firm hands were cupped to take My sore heart and watch it break Now those hunds are cupped to hold Crystal, clear and bitter cold. Do they then no more recall That hot heart which they let fall?

Dear, your lips were mide to liss Warm and heartier things than this Ice is cool? Perhips. But then Was any iceberg made for men? By Venus of the Summer Sea, Drop that ice and nibble me

SOME HINTS TO VOLUNTEERS.

myauk.

In view of the admirable zeal now being displayed on all sides by our various Indian Volunteer Corps it may be of some slight assistance to those who have but newly tomed the ranks and are anxious to render themselves efficient in the shorte-t possible time, to put before them a small glossary of military phrases and an interpretation of a few of those unintelligible rours which is sue from time to time with unexpected and nerve shattering violence from the esophagi of the Sergeant-Instructors addition, it may not be out of place to add to each interpretation the concomitant action it were advisable for the volunteer to take, an' he would avoid incontinent dematerialisation

- I "HP! HUP! or HOWP!!!" A universal word of command mening nothing in itself, but governed by the context For instance "HAW—HOWP!" means "IORM—TOURS" (Regruding this manœuvre, it may be remarked en passant that it should be used with caution, and never with three men or less as in such a case it would imply the subdivision of the individual into component parts, thus lessening the efficiency of the force as a whole!
- 2 "CHUN! TEE-HUN!! or HUP!!!
 This expresses the normal position of the
 trained soldier The entire body should
 be rigid and stiff., in fact, in that position
 usually adopted immediately previous to
 sneezing Muscles should be taut and the



head well thrown back. (With regard to this latter proceeding, in rainy weather, if the nose is at all retroussee, corks should be supplied for the nostrils to obviate death by drowning)

3 "'NTHRI—, FOR-R-RM—CMPN1!" This is an exceedingly complicated maneuvre only capable of perform ance by the lughest military genuses. It was much used by the late N Bonaparte, Esq. and led to lus ultimate downfall Nevertheless, it certainly stood him in good stend on at least one occasion, for do we not rend that whilst drilling his miserable bodyguard at Elba one day, a sudden inspiration came to that mighty brain?

Naro con hampy thursdayed to the basy-guest of Etha Bos confuerps explorius NTHS - FOR S AM ---- CHENL

was able tecape of confusion that somed

Without previous warning he suddenly thundered forth the above order, and in the inextricable confusion that ensued he made his escape The rest is History

As to what you should do on hearing the above remark, it is not easy to say, but whatever you may decide on, first offer up a silent prayer, for whatever you do is

sure to be wrong

"SKEWER----HUP!" feat specially designed for performance during inclement weather, and may be shortly described as holding your musket with your elbows instead of with your hands ("Inclement weather" may also shortly be described as that weather which permits the "band of the 10th Penwipers to play this evening in the gardens, weather permitting ")*

" AS-S-S- S- ----YWERE "-----A command only given when the Sergeant Instructor has exhausted his repertoire of catch words Its frequent use argues con clusively an infertility of ideas on the part of the S I Its purport is this -

"Do what you were doing a few minutes

It will be at once apparent that this is a mere shameless shifting of responsibility by the S I from his own shoulders to those of the rank and file As nobody can ever

remember what he was doing a few minute ago, the result of giving this command can easily be imagined As an historical example of the danger of the ill timed use of this expletive in war, Josephus records that when Aristophanes and Manetho the captains of the Nervii, observed the approach of Major Cæsar (O C Romans) at the battle of Antigone, regardless of gram mar they both cried

"IN STATU QUO ANTE" ("As you were!')

Major Cæsar saw his opportunity! That day he overcame the Nervii

"WHEE-EEX-PNTZ!'-In the army of our gallant French Allies this is rendered as

"Mettez la baionette au canon" that is, "place the bayonet at the Arch

deacon

It is not necessary, however, to adhere too slavishly to the letter of this order, all that the S I desires of you is that you should pull out that dagger thing hanging at your left side and stick it on to the end of your gun-the end the shot comes out of (You can easily tell which is the right endit is made of iron and has a small hole in it)

"SLOW-PUP!"-This is not a reflection on the fleetness of foot of the S I's young dog, but merely a request that you will take up your firelock and balance it on your left shoulder, grasping it gingerly with the left hand at the thick or handle end which has up to this time been resting in a pool of mud or a red ants' nest

"BTHRI-KWEE-EE-BARCH!" Push hard up against the man on your Turn your head to the right so that you can't see where you are going, and start walking It doesn't matter where you go or what you trip over, you must look to your right Remember you are a soldier, and it is all for a noble cause, and that but for the principles embodied in "BTHRI - KWEL-LL - BARCH!" the British army would not be what it is

"BAR - R - CHTEESE!" - This order is given while the battalion is on the march.

Whereas you have been hitherto grasping the muddy handle of your gun in the normal position of "SLOW-PUP!" you may, on hearing the above imprecation, relax the tension and carry your arquebus in any manner you please.

You may hitch the sling to your belt and let the weapon drag behind you as it were a tail, thus leaving both hands free to light your pipe, or you may hire a coolie to carry it for you (the gun, not the pipe). Again, if you like you may hold it balanced horizontally on your shoulder with the hole end pointing at the face of the man behind you, so that when you get the command-



10. "HALT!" every man in the battalion (except the first section of four), being taken by surprise, and being unable to stop immediately, is instantly blinded in one eye, being transfixed by the gun tube of the man directly in front of him.

This evolution gains in effect if performed with fixed bayonets (See 6).

Considerations of space will not allow of the further extension of the glossary in these pages, but as no article of this description would be complete without some

reference to the unofficial expletives necessary for the more efficient manœuvring of troops, a couple are here appended :-



"WOT THELLYER DOOINOY?"-A request on the part of the S. I. that he be kept informed as to the nature of the particular evolution being performed at that moment by the individual addressed.

"BĽIMY — LOOK MIGHTY' UNTER!"-This is an exhortation commonly used in mounted corps, and its object is to draw the attention of the majority to the comedian-like eques-

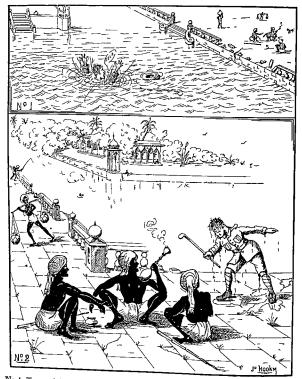
trianism of a comrade.

A FINAL WORD .- The budding Volunteer would do well to bear in mind that the work of the S. I. is not all milk and honey. Drill in the volunteers is not the same thing as drill in the Regular Army, and he has been used to stern methods. He is a dolichocephalic pithecoid as evidenced by his protuberant frontal sinuses, flattened vertices, and projecting muzzle (the muzzle of the true soldier ever projects); he is consequently somewhat blunt of speech. Therefore, when he tells you that you reminds 'im of a lot of ole wimmen climin' up telegraft poles (in the Infantry), or of a monkey sittin' on a bag of nails (in the mounted section), remember that he means well, and his only idea is to spur you to further enthusiasm and consequent efficiency in the service of your King and country.



вΥ MRS PERCY BROWN

(Mrs Fercy B own was the first Englishwoman io visit Gyanize)



No. 1. Tommy Atkins falls into the water. Being out of his depth and unable to swim he yells for help. No help, however, is forthcoming. After a severe struggle he manages to scramble out.

No. 2. Tommy, "Vestalization of the severe struggle he manages to scramble out.

No 2. Tommy: "Yer dekos me in the peni kapani. Yer ears me bolo and yer kutchperwanis"!!!

ONE OF THE INCORRIGIBLES



Irate colonel (in multi) "What the dooce do you mean by not saluting. Dont you know I'm the Colonel?" Sentry (lirst time out) "Oh are yer! Then by gum tha will cop it, i'sergeant's been looking for thee all ower t'place."

NEARING BOMBAY MORNING BY MRS THEODORE STEPHENSON

THE HYMN O' FATE.

BY

J. M. SYMNS.

We heed not the Russians, we heed not the French. Shot against shot and trench against trench. We laugh at the Serbs and the Serbian saps And we've shewn in cartoons what we think of the Japs, While poor Montenegro's diminutive horde Is the favourite butt of our Bellicose Lord. But the thing which annoys us intensely to-day Is the fact that Great Britain has joined in the fray. For History shows that these English possess A most sickening knack of procuring success, And the pride of their Agincourts, Blenheims, and Plasseys Shall never be stifled by poisonous gases. So, since our alliance with fatalist Turks. We've taken to fezzes and call ourselves 'Gerks'. And Kultur refusing to cheer herself up Is whispering "Kismet, Bismillah" to Krupp. And now through the breadth of the Fatherland We chant our threnody, hand in hand:-"We have but the one and the only Fate. A most depressing and dismal Fate Fate on the land and Fate at sea. Fate on the Rhine and Fate on the Spree. Howl in unison, Herr and Frau, Kamerun, Karoline, Kiaochao! Where is our shipping and where our freight? Where is that place in the Solar State? Ach! Can you wonder we Germans hate The name of the isle that has sealed our fate-England, England, Engelland!"

THE INCOMPARABLE DEHAT.

BY

E. D.

THE afternoon was at its hottest as the at the Back of Beyond. It had started train drew up at the little wayside station from somewhere fourteen hours ago and in of Sonapur in the province which lies another seven hours—if Time still lasted—

it would arrive at 'somewhere else. If time still lasted.......for the train had left behind the outposts of modern life where clocks existed and had travelled into a country where time was unknown. So it plugged lazily along, stopping here to pick up a deamy traveller, there to take a drink of water. A little dream train moving through a very hot land which was very comfortably asleep.

Everybody in Sonapur was a sleep or dead except a swarm of great golden hornets that hovered over the platform now nibbling the sweets of a sleeping halwai-seller and again settling for the sake of coolness on the rim of the copper water pot of the pauleaure, also soundly

asleep.

A hot wind came up from the east and Sonapur lay like the film of a soap-bubble which a touch of actuality would shatter into pieces. Out of the train there emerged the Touch of Actuality, and Sonapur continued to sleep quietly unshattered.

John Smith shut the door of the carriage behind him and watched the train disappear into the distance. As it vanished he turned with very evident relief. He drew from his pocket a note-book which contained four lines of instruction. He knew them by heart but it was well to make sure. Then he crossed to a dusty waiting-room to doze until the evening when the earth would wake again.

The hornets continued to hover over Sonapur. They nibbled the sweets of Motiram and they sat down on the rim of Hari's water-pot whenever they wanted to imagine what it felt like to feel cool.

II.

To John Smith, Sonapur was not a destination. It was rather, the diving board from which he intended to plunge into nothing. John Smith, who bore quite another name in Calcutta, had found it necessary to disappear and Sonapur was the doorway through which he was to vanish.

In Calcutta he was ---. Yes, he was,

really; that evil and justly execrated malefactor. At Sonapur he was neither the one thing nor the other : his personality was dissolving from one state to the next. He was a fugitive from justice hastening towards a sanctuary pre-arranged and this is the story of his difficulties in keeping disappeared after he had once vanished. It was not till he had reached the deserted old bungalow of Nilphatgiya that the entity John Smith emerged definitely from the confusion and consolidated itself. A soul new-born having no canons of comparison can make itself happy on very little. It may have been for this reason that the spirit of John Smith was unaffected by the appalling desolation he had come so far

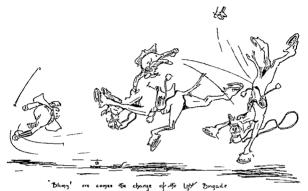
to dwell among. When Nilphatgiya began indigo was just arriving at its Golden Age. The builder of the bungalow and the factory began on princely lines and with each two annas increase in the price of the dye he ran up stabling for another two dozen pigsticking or polo ponies. He did not work much: nobody ever did. But at intervals he could put in short spells of volcanic energy. If he had not, there would have been no ponies in the stables nor black beer in the house. For the ryots of the neighbourhood were notorious in all the Province. They were a knubbly-headed gang of rascals. No zemindar could get rent out of them save by artifice of the most elaborate kind. To compel them to grow their contract area of indigo entailed semimilitary operations by the planter on the

Out of indigo the founder bought the whole of the island of Usquebaugh in the Inner Hebrides and he consoled a very disorganised liver by stalking deer. His successor bought three things—a house in Audley Street, the relict of a Peer and another house in Brighton. The third was reaching out for a horse-breeding establishment near Newmarket where he intended to raise one Derby winner every twelve months, when something quite un-

expected happened. In a little town in

scale of a small Frontier war.

OUR VOLUNTEERS



L CAVALRY THE RIDING SCHOOL.



On receipt the opprecation "BAR a -- CHTEESE!" the rifle may be carried of any position desired

IL. THE INFANTRY WAR DOGS

BY MYAUK

BUDDHIST MONASTFRY,
BHUTIA BUSTEE, DARJEELING
BY
H E LADY CARMICHAEL

Germany a pale faced spindle-shanked chemist named Heimann, who could neither ride, pig-stick, play polo nor shoot, melted phenyl-glycocoll ortho carboxylic acid in a test tube with a caustic alkali. Then some one else spent a million pounds in making a market for the mixture and Nil phateriax was ruined.

One night five years ago the man who had intended to breed one Derby winner every twelve months reached the end of his en durance and he disappeared. And now at nine o'clock at night after three hours in a tumble-down ekka John Smith, fugitive from justice, entered upon his undeserved inheritance Under the ghostly light of the moon the line of ruined pucca built stables seemed to stretch for miles from one horizon across to the other battered retainer of the former owner who had made quite a good living out of the villagers for half a decade by threatening to write to ask his master to return, showed the way into the house A single kerosene lamp lighted very imperfectly the great living room from which the bed rooms led Dust covered everything and showed tyre like markings where snakes had wriggled across the floor The ceiling was festooned with webs, and lizards and hunting spiders divided the wall space into spheres of influence and occupation

A long chair, partially wrecked by white ants, still bore on one arm a drinking glass from which the contents had long since evaporated. At one side of the room was the born of a gramphone, at the other a heap of yellow covered novels riddled with the burrowings of literary-minded insects. Those novels written in the language of one of our Alhes had been the last solace of the later years of the would be brieder of Derby winners. They described the various ways in which he lind intended to spend a well earned leisure in Europe, if plienyl glycoroll acid. In did not fought and beaten him.

John Smith spent the mont uncomfortably trying to sleep in the ekka. He did not sleep indoors. There were too

many slim tyre like tracks on the floor of the mansion which had once housed in succession the owner of Usquebrugh, the owner of two houses and a widow, and the would-be owner of Derby winners

On the following day he settled down and sent the battered retainer into the neighbouring villages to inform the ryots that if the last quarter's rent were paid within four days the new comer would induce the zemindar to accept notes of hand at twenty four per cent interest for five years' arrears of rent

TTT

Some six months later and ten miles distant from Nilphatgiya at five o'clock on an early cold weather afternoon Trickium Das zemindar and money lender, sat on his tuktaposh making up his accounts Occa somily he would smile gently, for Tirckium this afternoon was very happy Perhaps he was happy because he had now a new tenant for his derelict indigo factory Nilphatgiya, and he was happier because he knew the tenant had particular reasons for being very quiet and very accommo dating

To him there came his old friend and semi retainer Badsurat Dabalphas Very much alike in character and singularly similar in ferture the two differed in a few respects. Apart from courts rents abwabs hundis and I O Us Trickium was an affectionate husband and a loving father Badsurat, on the contruty, had hiddled an aunt, his second cousin and both of his grandminmas. He had hid live suits with every relative except two, one of whom hid dicd early and the other had filed to Nepal In punishment for his sins he had no son nor prospect of one Linked together by the memory of many.

a fraud jointly recomplished Irickium and Badsurst loved one another. It was a love built on illusion as all love should be lor each behaved that the other would cheft the world but not his friend And each had been watching the other like a cat for twenty-five years for an

opportunity of profitable treachery It speaks well for the prudence of each of them that neither had given the other a chance during the whole of a quarter of a century

After an interchange of graceful old time courtesies Badsurat sat down tuktabosh opposite Trickiun They talked of the price of food grains, the character of the new Magistrate, the attempt of the Marwans of the Sadr town of Subchorhai to corner the local red pepper market Then there fell a long silence and Trickiun waited to find out what Badsurat had really called upon him to talk about Presently it came

' I hear Esmith salub has returned to Nilphatgiya ' said Badsurat very gently, and that he has begun to pay you rent

Trickiun did not want to discuss Nil phatgiya So he only grunted in reply

The people of Nilphatgiya are evillivers and wrongers of their salt Since Esmith sahib left five years ago you have been unable to collect a single paisa of rent from them How happy you must be, brother, that Esmith sahib is back again to pay you rent out of what he gets from those rascals"

Trickiun was still less inclined to discuss Nilphatgiya He closed his eyes and pre tended to sleep But Badsurat continued. very gently, and the next sentence wakened

the listener most effectually

" Five years ago,' continued Badsurat sulkily, ' Esmith salub was Brown salub He was fifteen years older Esmith salub has dyed his hair and he has changed the colour of his eyes"

Trickiun's first idea was to develop a furnous temper then he decided upon

diplomacy.

"How people talk, he said contemptuously "This is not Brown sahib it is his brother in law Esmith salub, who is working the factory for him for country

'How noble minded of him," responded the other "I must tell Brown salub He

does not know yet"

Have you met Brown salub, recently?

asked Trickiun with a carelessness which was obviously a pretence

"Yes," said Badsurat, who did not quite see what was happening A long life of double dealing had taught him that when in doubt it is safest to prevaricate After all, it is easier to extricate oneself from a perversion than from truth Truth is so circumstantial, so exact, so confining Driven into a corner with a fact forced remorselessly upon him Badsurat felt like a butterfly about to be transfixed by a pin

So Badsurat said yes and waited developments, which came quickly because Trickiun made the one mistake of a cau

tious life He bent forward

' You are my friend," he said earnestly. " When you see Brown sahib tell him to go to Calcutta There are fortunes to be made ın Calcutta"

IV

Badsurat spent two sleepless nights over the problem of Nilphatgiya Something was happening or had happened of which he knew nothing But an unswerving instinct told him that with knowledge there might possibly come rupees After the second night he journeyed to the factory in the guise of a petty dealer in country produce and he had a long and completely uninforming talk with John Smith

Certainly John Smith knew a good deal about the vanished Brown But his information corresponded so exactly with the knowledge possessed by the ancient retainer, that Badsurat came slowly to the opinion that before Smith reached Nilphatgiya he had known neither the name, history nor predilections of his predecessor Equally he seemed to know nothing about his own past history The humble and indefatigable dealer in country produce found that Smith sahib had visited Bombay, knew Madras, had heard of Rangoon, but was irresponsive on the subject of Calcutta In this manner the deduction appeared that





GETTING INTO SHAPE.

John Smith had come from Calcutta but had very important reasons why nobody

should know anything about it

In the province which lies at the Back of Beyond everyone knows what everybody else is doing so it was not long before Trickiun had heard of his friend's visit to Nilphatgiya. The uneasiness he felt at the news was turned into active fear when he heard further that Badsurut had taken his first holiday in fifty years and had travelled to Subchorhu and thence had disappeared mysteriously in the direction of Calcutta.

A couple of drys later when John Smith was in the neighbourhood of his landlord's home he received an invitation to visit him After refreshments had been provided in European fashion which the landlord did not share Trickiun opened his heart. A certain evil liver of the village had been making enquiries about John Smith. As friend and landlord he had taken the earliest occasion to warn him. It might be safer to make it worth the while of the inquisitive person to stop enquiring further.

Details followed and some high tall for the first suspicion of the impeccable tenant was that his landlord was black mailing him—the landlord who had promised through Cakutta intermediaries to ask no questions and male no enquiries so long as John Smith collected all rents and illegal exactions and paid them over to the landlord less a specified commission

Indigmently Trickiun denied the clarge What would be an from the After Brown salib had vanished the rents had fallen so disastrously that from that particular estate he had actually been out of pocket after paying Government revenue. Now he was making a pleasant profit why should he risk losing it by frightening John Smith away for a mere fifteen thousand rupees? And thus the price of silence was disclosed.

For three hours they talked But fine kinn—who was supposed to know nothing about his tenant except that he wished to

live a life of absolute seclusion—developed so detailed a knowledge as to who John Smith had been in his previous life and as to the exact amount of money he had found himself in a position to remove that John Smith grave way.

Trickiun reckoned five thousand rupees would be enough to quiet Badsurat leaving a surplus of ten thousand which he intended

to appropriate

J

Budsurat returned from Calcutta no waser than he set out But when he went to vast his old friend he adopted an expression of all knowledge which aroused the keenest uncasiness

He did not yet know who John Smith was He did know however exactly how much Trickiun had taken from Smith He intended to have it all and a surplus

The break up of a life long friendship is always sad however discreditable may be the circumstances that have linked two men together. The almost blood brotherhood of feeling that existed between Trickum and Badsurat was badly frictured after five minutes talk. Ten minutes later it by a poor broken backed wreck. The discussion lasted eight and a quarter hours raid for the last eight hours of it an impartial listener would have believed that they had been enemies from birth whose families had been involved in a century of feul

At the end Badsurat withdrew the con queror Not merely had he fifteen thousand rupees in John Smith s currency notes but he had five thousand rupees from the carefully garnered store of Trekhun and a wooden box containing one thousand rupees in small change. He did not owe his success to his powers of persuasion. He owed it to section 216 of the Indian Penal Code which forbuds under penalty of imprison ment and fine the harbouring of an offender who has escaped from custody or whose apprel ension has been ordered. Sceing that he did not know definitely that John Smith Ind done anything he ought not

have done, or, if he had what it was he had done, Badsurat had some reason to congratulate himself

Good fortune continued to favour him He collected some debts due to himself to the extent of a further three thousand rupees and on his way homeward he considered how best to make a direct levy upon the resident of Nilphatgiya. It was only late afternoon, so he decided to follow up his luck by opening the campaign at once. The factory was not far off his road, and he had a couple of retainers, so if the conversation continued till after dark there would be no risk.

He met John Smith on horseback, also returning home and the battle began cau tiously and in veiled terms. When the position was clearly disclosed, Smith was emplicition in refusal.

'I have paid fifteen thousand rupees to Irickiun," he said, "And I will pay no

more "

"Tifteen," replied Badsurat in horror "that perjured villain gave me only two"

"Well," said Smith, "If I help you to but the other thirteen and let you collect the rents for me from three of my villages, will you keep quiet? Any more demands from anybody clse, and I dismiss you and go away."

"I agree," said Badsuat sadly I hen he remembered his first talk with his late friend Brown salib might be used again. "But there is still Brown salib." he added, "Brown salib can turn you out, for he has ten years of the lease to run and if he comes there will be enquiries and talk and the police will hear and."

"Mr Brown left Nilphritgiya five years ago," replied Smith contemptuously "Everyone knows he is not coming back."

But Bulsurat was not going to acknowledge defeat so existy He detected a slight uncasiness in the voice and he knew he had a clear read. He had not seen the late occupint of the fractory since his disappearance. That however, did not mutter

"I saw Brown salnb two days ago," he said confidently "Brown salnb wants to go to Calcutta to start business there But if he cannot get five thousand rupees to do so, he will come to Nilphatgiya to work out the rest of the lease Give me enough to send him to Calcutta and you will never be troubled again"

"But where is Brown sahib," asked

the other

Then there happened something which seemed to astonish Badsurat even more greatly than it did John Smith A small seedy man, who had come up quietly unobserved and had been listening to the conversation for several minutes cleared his throat and sud

"Heie I am"

VI

A small seedy very down at-heel little man One of the type who proves by document that his grandfather was a British General and leaves it to the imagination to guess dizzily from what abysses his grandmother must have spring to produce, in co operation with a General, such descendants as these

One eye was pale blue, hesitant and rheumy The other was bright, hard unwinking and unshakeable, of a blue that rivalled in depth and intensity the best product of which Nilphatgiya in its palm iest days could boast. The one eye was natural, the other artificial A striking instance of the superiority of man's handi work over Nature's The owner of these dissimilar organs of vision found his equipment very useful While he overwhelmed and half hypnotised his opponent with the blass eye, the pale watery eye watched craftily for that exact point of attack, which would yield him the maximum advantage

If it had not been for the failing light of evening and the complete unexpected ness of his entry, it is probable that John Smith might have doubted the possibility that any resident of Nilph tigny could have

sunk so low As it was, he did not

KITCHENERS TEST





THE SITAR PLAYER BY G N TAGORE

Badsurat doubted. But what could he do? He had just affirmed that Brown was coming and here was Brown. To deny him now he had arrived would mean complications and he did not want complications. He had succeeded and wished to enjoy his success. He made up his mind.

"Sahib," he said reproachfully to Smith, "you doubted my word. Yet here is Brown sahib."

Brown had no immediate business with Badsurat. He had heard the talk. He turned to Smith.

"Three thousand now, or five thousand next week. And you wont see me here again."

John Smith had been selling produce. He hailed his retainer, counted out notes and handed them to Brown. Then a vindictive feeling took possession of him.

"Now. Badsurat, give him your two thousand," he said, " and settle the matter,"

After a fierce internal struggle Badsurat handed them over. The great need was to get rid of this unscrupulous mysterious stranger. Anyway it would leave him thirteen thousand and the stewardry of three villages.

"And the other thirteen thousand."

said Brown sternly.

Badsurat swore that the unprincipled

Trickiun still held them. Brown peered into his face with the pale

eye and he diagnosed quarrels with relatives. law-suits, false cases and probably a flight into Nepal by one of the victims. The pale eye had done its work. He swivelled the hard unwinking eye upon Badsurat.

"I will send to Nepal." he said ominously, " and tell him all about it." It was shot at a venture but it reached

its mark.

The unhappy possessor of a fugitive relative surrendered. He put his hand towards the pouch he wore round his waist.

The stranger anticipated him and emptied it. He slowly counted the spoil. "There is rather more than the thirteen thousand here," he said waving away the hysterical movements of the late owner. "I shall consider you a shareholder in my Calcutta business for the surplus, and will send you your first dividend-when it is earned."

He borrowed the turban of a stupefied retainer; packed his booty into it and

slung it over his shoulder.

There was a last flash from his petrifying commanding eye-that eye which might have been the eye of a General if it had not been made of glass Then he slipped away into the dusk.

In dazed horror the little party watched him. Half a mile away he called to a passing ekka. He paid money to the driver. The ekka turned and quickened its pace. Presently it disappeared.

INDIA.

F. F. M.

She gives no praise nor guerdon, Her love no poet sings: Unto each day its burden The grim step-mother brings. With friendships made and ended

Or ever they began, With toil as short as splendid She makes her greater man.

The mud walls of the village, The bullocks at the well, Brown backs among the tillage, The tales the old men tell : The pitiless white sunlight, The roads with dust foot-deep, The darkness and the one light That marks the camp asleep.

A thousand sights and voices. Unnoticed, half-divined; The myriad rain-born noises, The dun dust-laden wind; With all her subtle graces O'er sense and spirit thrown The land of open spaces Has claimed him for her own.

From lesser skies she brings him, From long man-handled soil To take whate'er she flings him From where the wild pig spoil The jungle-bedded corn-land, Or jackal-haunted cane

Stands out across the lorn land, A green wall on the plain.

Her life is his to follow, Her goodwill means his bane. The old joys will grow hollow, His brightest visions pain-With all the weighted story Of old unfaithful days, With weaknesses for glory, She keepeth on her ways.

And still, for all men's wonder, To lead her to her goal, To toys or tears or thunder A man will sell his soul. For her in love or duty The wide-flung seed is sown, Till crowned in queenly beauty She cometh to her own.

A WEIRD WEDDING.

H. H. DOWAGER MAHARANI OF COOCH BEHAR, C.I.

LET me lead you in spirit to Norway, the land of the midnight sun, and there as we sit beneath the shade of an overhanging cliff and watch the waves of the great Atlantic breaking on the rugged coast, I will relate to you the strange adventure which befell an old Lutheran clergyman many years ago.

The west and north-west coasts of Norway are broken into many islands, each having its own little town, minister, doctor, lawyer, etc. The good man was the parish priest of one of these islands in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

His house was situated on a rocky prominence facing the sea. Close to it, but nearer to the edge of the sea, stood the

ruins of an old church.

The depredations of the sea had forced the islanders to build a new church further inland and the old one had been abandoned. Year by year, the fierce waves of the Atlantic had lashed and broken the land and now the old church stood perilously near the edge of the cliff,

One night in winter the pastor had taken his frugal supper and sat by the fire reading. His creature comforts were seen to by an old woman who lived in the village. She had cleared up everything and gone home.

Time passed on but the pastor was interested in his book and sat reading till near midnight when his attention was attracted to a slight tap tapping on his window. At first the sound puzzled him. Then he concluded his favourite creeper had been broken by the sea breeze (which was very strong that night) and that the broken ends were being swung against the window and caused the sound.

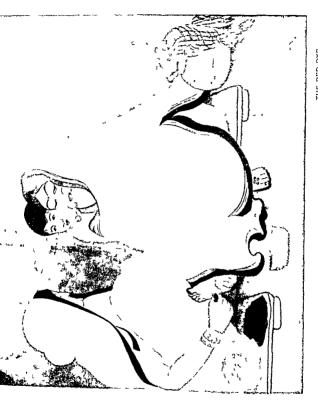
The old man was fond of flowers and spent much time gardening. He had trained a beautiful and favourite creeper over his window facing the sea. It cost him a little pang to think it was now damaged and broken. He turned back to

his book with a gentle sigh.

Suddenly the window was violently wrenched open and a man jumped through



WE THREE BY FRANK LEAH.



it into the room. The minister sprang to his feet in surprise Before him stood a gentleman handsomely dressed in the court costume of the period. The intruder advanced towards the clergyman and asked peremptorily in the Norwegian language "Are you the parish priest of this island?"

"I am, Sir," replied the aged pastor, wondering greatly what could bring such a grand looking gentleman forth so late

at night

"Well." said the visitor somewhat less abruptly, "I want you to do me a favour"

"What is it, Sir," asked the old min readily Norwegians are very punctilious about religious observances, and the thought crossed his mind that some poor sailor awaited burial

"I want you to marry a friend of mine," was the stranger's reply "Now make haste," he added, seeing the minister drew back a step in astonishment.

"Marry, Sir !" echoed the old man "Of course that is one of my duties pleasure I can do it But now-

The stranger interrupted him rudely "Well, come along with me Don't lose any more time"

"Now, this moment, at this hour of

night," stammered the old pastor

"Yes, now, this night, at once," replied

the stranger imperiously

"You must have witnesses," began the minister, dazed at the urgency of the request, and the commanding abruptness of his visitor

The stranger waved his hand impatiently and said "Stop, that is enough We want nothing and no one save you You must come with me now and marry this couple at once"

Seeing the minister still hesitated, the gentleman drew out from his tunic a jewelled dagger and, unsheathing it, and "Your service or your life"

"Sir," pleaded the old paster," to marry people is certainly my duty but-

No more! Not another word! Just get your hat and follow me" The com manding voice and threatening looks of

the strange gentleman carried his purpose Without another word the clergy man put on his hat, took up a Prayer book and walked towards the door.

'Why the door '" asked his princely visitor scornfully "Can't you get through the window? It is the shorter way," he

added more politely

The old paster made no further demur but clambered out of the window and followed the gentleman

The moon was now up and by her light the minister discovered two boats drawn

up on the beach

They had gone but a few yards when the stranger again spoke "Not that direction Where are you going?"

"To the Church, Sir," answered the clergyman who was bending his steps to

the new church in the village

"We don't want the marriage in the new church," objected the stranger "We will go to the old one "

"But there is nothing there," began the old clergyman, feeling more mystified than

"An altar stands there We have you That is all we want, ' rejoined the stranger impatiently and fiercely fingering the hilt of his dagger which he had thrust into his belt "But I must have the Church Register

-" feebly expostulated the old minister " No need," was the terse reply

on"

As they neared the runed church the clergy man saw that a group of men awaited them there All were richly dressed in court costumes like the man who had summoned him

Arrived at the church door the group of men opened to let him and his guide pass The minister noticed a beautiful girl of about sixteen standing in the centre of the group Her attitude was one of deep dejection. She was dressed all in white and her fur hair floated unconfined almost to the ground. He marked the sweet daintiness and beseeching timidity of her whole person Never before had he gazed on such angelic loveliness

As she caught sight of him she stepped forward and fell at his feet. Her hands were clasped in entreaty and her blue eyes were raised to his face. Tears of anguish poured down her cheeks and she supplicated him in a sweet, broken voice—but the language she spoke was unknown to him.

A handsome young man stepped from between two others and dropping on his knees besides the girl joined her in her entreaties. But he too spoke in the same unknown language and the bewildered old pastor could only gather from their signs and gestures that they were asking him not to do something. Their bitter weeping touched his heart and presently he understood that they were asking him not to perform the ceremony.

Now the gentleman, who had summoned the pastor, said, pointing with his dagger to the two kneeling figures: "These two are to be married. Lose no further time."

The girl and her companion were pulled to their feet and the whole party entered the disused church. The clergyman read the marriage service in a faltering voice. As the concluding words fell from his lips the girl was violently pushed backwards by one of the party and to the minister's intense horror fell into a deep pit which yawned open behind them. The old man started forward to help the girl but his arms were pinioned by two of the men and he was held back. The others dragged a great lieavy stone slab and placed it across the mouth of the pit, heedless of the girl's cries.

Horror of the cruel deed and fear of its perpetrators froze the clergyman speechless and he wondered vaguely what was the reason of these strange and secret doings.

As in a dream he found himself being led back to his own house and forced into his room through the window. There he was firmly bound on to his chair with stout cords, and the first stranger, placing a pile of gold upon the table and with it it is jewelled dagger, said: "You have pleased me. This is your reward." Then

he turned from the room, and closed the window after him with a loud bang.

The clergyman spent a long anxious vigil. Bound and helpless in his chair, with the tight cords cutting into his flesh, he listened to a storm that broke and spent itself upon the coast. Gust after gust of wind shook the little house. The breakers thundered against the cliffs and the earth vibrated with their impact. It seemed to the poor old man that the rage of the elements worked with the men, or resented the cvil deed wrought by them in the ruined church. His brain reeled at the thought of the lovely girl in that pit. He felt that he was in some way guilty and he longed for the morning light. At other times it seemed to him but a dream from which he must soon awake.

In the morning the clergyman's house-keper came as usual but no door was open. She thought the old man must have overslept himself, and knocked, first gently, then louder and still louder. No answer came. "He must be ill," she said to herself. Then knocked and called again. "I must go to the village and get help," she decided alarmed at the continuous

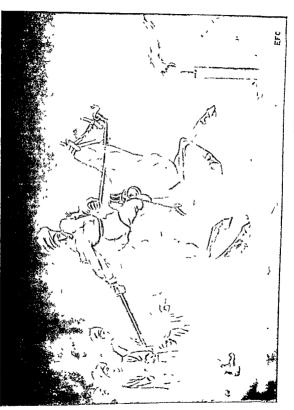
silence.

Some of the villagers came back with her and broke open the door. They were horrified to find their pastor a prisoner in his chair—pale, exhausted and almost unconscious. They unbound him quickly. His first coherent words were: "O, the poor girl! Let us go and save her."

All looked at each other and wondered what had happened. The housekeeper speedily prepared some hot coffee. Revived and strengthened, the clergyman told his listeners the tale, concluding with: "Now let us hasten to the church and

rescue the girl from that pit."

The villagers could not credit the story and said he must have had a bad night-mare. The pastor answered them testily: "Nightmares do not leave piles of gold and lewelled daggers. If my bonds did not convince you, these must. Some one was really here. Let us not delay. Even now





UDAIPUR BY F R C SCALLAN

the girl may have expired from fear, horror and cold "

He led the way and all followed him into the disused church. Gone was the ancient altar and ghastly pit A luge chasm yawned in their place and beneath flowed the sea, deep and silent now, guard-

ing the secret of the night

The storm's violence and the undernumings of the sea had caused a subsidence under the church and the altar and floor had sunk. The girl's body was never seen, and no traces were ever found of the strange visitors to the island

A BUNGALOW TRAGEDY.

n1

R. SWINHOE.

'Twas in the days of long ago
When all the world was green
I halted at a bungalow
Not scrupulously clean
I nibbled at my ovening crust
And slept the slumber of the just

The beams of morning sunlight shone As morning sunlight can Between the chinks, and fell upon A swart Madrassi man "Tea ready sar" was what he said— I lightly vaulted from my bed



Now many learned folk declare That, wakened from your dreams, To vault abruptly in the air Is harder than it seems You have to practise night and day To wallt in just the proper way



My chota harn at my side Was lying warm and snug, Two pigeon's eggs on bacon fried, Some liquid in a jug, Some butter of a doubtful shade, And tea and toast and marmalade

The teapot, of that sallow green
That China dealers sell,
Pourtrayed an Oriental scene—
Rebecca at the Well,
And horror! From the curving spout
Two long antenne twiddled out!

Alas that what appears so fair Such tragedy should hide Rebecca calmly sitting there Concealed the storm inside— A wretched cockroach, caught you see Between the teapot and the tea!



But if the gift of ancient birth Be sign of noble blood, Cockroaches overran the earth Long years before the Flood, So what is upstart man that he Should swat the noble Blattide!



SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE BY E THORNTON

THE GROUND SCOUT
BY
MAJOR E F CORBETT

And thus I mused—this golden rule That cruelty is sin Was taught me as a lad at school, And soundly beaten in; I broke the spout with one deft blow, And let the helpless captive go.

Freed from the prison of the spout Across the floor it ran, But O! I quite forgot about That swart Madrassi man; He sprang upon it like a cat, And squashed it absolutely flat!

INDIAN STATISTICS.

THE Department of Statistics has recently proved itself so up-to-date and energetic in the matter of providing facts and figures about India that considerable public interest has been aroused in everything relating to the Science of Statistics. Men have ceased to look upon figures merely as a convenience for discovering the winner at Bridge, or for recording the number of times a little ball has been patted towards a small hole. It is being recognised that figures have also other spheres of usefulness and interest. So it is merely to keep "Indian Ink" abreast of the times that I have been permitted to contribute this article which summarises some of the main facts about this country in the form of columns of figures and graphic diagrams. Where the figures alone are insufficiently obscure I have added a diagram to confuse the reader still further.

I.—The Wild Animals of India.

It is strange how often ancient truths are overlaid by newer fables. The most cherished belief of our childhood was that India was a land abounding with strange and ferocious animals. From the day one landed to the day one left one knew life would be a constant struggle with the terrors of the jungle. In the early morning one would gingerly lift one's boot and pour out five feet of wriggly cobra before one inserted one's foot. Then one cautiously opened the door and shot the intending tiger through the whiskers before he had time to get a firm grip.

That was the belief. But it was apparently falsified by enquiry among returning Anglo-Indians. Most of them had never even shot at a tiger, let alone killing him. And a few went so far as to declare that they had never seen a snake in twenty years. So, out of this tainted evidence an incredible belief has grown up that there are not a great number of wild animals in India and that what few there are never show themselves in the great towns. The following table will show that the old impression was true. It gives the numbers of wild animals killed within a radius of half a mile of the General Post Offices at the three Presidency towns of Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, and the twin capitals

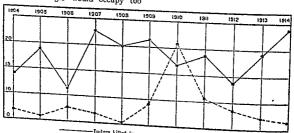
of Simla and Delhi in the year 1914.

			Tigers	Liephants	Walruses	Snow leopards	Ostriches	Macell
Calcutta	•	••	45	114		857	1	
Bombay Ma Iras	•		32	7	93	1,114		7
Smila		1	10	sG	2	2√73		3
Delhi			8 65	2	5.4]		16
				240	760	71	1	37

Note.—The mucclianeous column included mosquitoes, as follows.—Calcutta 4, Bombay 7, Madras 2, Simla 16 and Delhi 37. Three house files and two unicoms were also kulled at Delhi 37.

Such profusion of feral life entails, of course, a lamentable death-roll among human beings. To give a full statement of lives lost during the past quinquennium within half a mile of the General Post Offices of the five cities and to classify them according to race, age, profession, sex and facial angle would occupy too

much space. One diagram can only be given as a sample. It shows the number of High Court Judges in Calcutta who have lost their lives from this cause during the past ten years both in going to or coming from Court and in the courts themselves ---



-Judges killed in coming from or going to Court. · Judges killed in Court

It will be seen that while the mortality in Court has steadily decreased during the past three years, the mortality outside has shown a lamentable tendency to increase. The relative greater safety of Court life may possibly have some connection with the tendency which has been shown lately for the Courts to sit several hours longer each day and the vigorous agitation among the Judges for a Saturday sitting

II .- Which is the Greatest City?

This subject I propose to approach with caution. I wish it to be understood that I express no personal opinion, as a true statistician I simply note facts. Deep feelings are aroused when this problem is raised. Moreover, the situation has been further embittered by the appearance within the last few years of two new candidates



BY
ABAN INDPANATH TAGGER C I F
(Fr nite C = net H 1 !! C =n!! 'y)



-Delhi and Karachi. Ultimately, of course. all claims to pre-eminence must come to the test of figures. But what figures? Of course, if we lump together all the totals of all the trades transacted in each city. add the Bankers' Clearing House Figures. the value of V.-P. P. packets, the total population divided by the mean age and if we correct for atmospheric refraction, parallax, nutation and the personal equation, Calcutta comes out a long way ahead with Bombay next and the rest absolutely nowhere. But is this fair? Can we add together a gunny bag, a pound of tea and a lump of shellac and declare the result to be greater than half a dozen shirts and a bale of raw cotton which has escaped a hot weather of arson on the Cotton Green? Obviously we cannot.

Some other tests must be chosen. Here is a series of selections which will give the residents of each of the five cities some

satisfaction.

TABLE II.

IMPORTANCE OF CITIES MEASURED BY OUTPUT OF JUTE CLOTH.

(Length of cloth given in millions of miles per annum.)

1,176 millions of miles Calcutta plus Turst Second Third Bombay minus 14 . ** Karachi minus 10 . **Fourth** Delhi minus }ź 2 miles Fifth

The last four cities are given "minus" since they import jute cloth, or bags, from Calcutta. I have mislaid the Madras figures.

TABLE III.

MEASURED BY OUTPUT OF UNDYED WHITE COTTON WAISTCOATS.

(In hundreds of millions of Waistcoats.)

First Bombay plus 753 hundreds of millions second Karachi minus 200 waisteeqts
Fourth Mains 2, " "
Sixth tie Calcutta No cotton waisteeats

TABLE IV.

MEASURED BY EXPORT OF WHEAT.

(In thousands of millions of tons.)

urst Karachi 270 thousand millions

The other five cities are omitted from this table. They absolutely do not count

TABLE V.

MEASURED BY OUTPUT OF MADRAS CURRY.

(In millions of hundredweight.)

First

Madras 234 million cwt

Nobody else competes here. Even if they did, they would be disqualified. A curry made by the Bombay Yacht Club in precisely the same way as Madras curry would not be Madras curry because it is not made in Madras

TABLE VI.

MEASURED BY PERCENTAGE OF OFFICIALS TO THE TOTAL POPULATION.

First Sunla 134 per cent Second Delhi 102 ,, ,,

The others are well under ten per cent. and need not therefore burden this table.

TABLE VII

MCASURED BY NUMBER OF IMPERIAL DURBARS WITHIN THE LAST SIXTY YEARS.

Tirst Delhi

All the rest are bracketted together with nil Imperial Durbars.

III .- Mills, Factories, Mines.

It is some little time since I last gave a diagram. So it will be well to deal with the Industrial Development of India in the graphic form. The diagram below gives the value in lakhs of rupees of the output since 1790 of various important manufacturing and mining industries in India. It represents the result of a great deal of careful research and laborious computa-

tion. The continuous black line shows the the yearly raisings of iridio-vanadium, the variations in the value of the annual -but I leave the diagram and its explanoutput of marmalade, the small dots show atory notes to speak for themselves :-

TABLE II .- Mills, Factories, Mines since 1790. (Value of output in lakhs of rupees.)

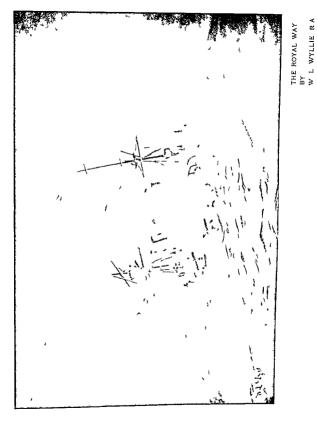
Lakhs	1800	10	20	30	40	1850	60	70	80	90	1900	10
50-		_ _			_ _	_ _	_ _		_ _	_ _		
40,-	_ _	1	_ _	_ _	_	_ _		_			_ _	
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20							_	7		_	_	
10	-	_	_	Ť	_	_	7	-	_	_	_	_

Value of output of Marmalade Indio-vanadium ore Diamonds Wire nails. Japanned tea-tables. Apparatus for Swedish exercises.

With this encouraging illustration of the statistically, may well be brought to a progress of the economic development of conclusion. the country this article on India, considered

HOT WEATHER.

High in the abyss, Where no life lives but only silence is, The baffled North Wind backs To upper levels where like carded flax Ice crystals form and lie, Thun spangled ghost-clouds in the upper sky, While underneath Hot from the furnaces of Southern death, Hot from the fire's mouth, Up in a tyranny of steel and mail, Keen as the leopard on a midnight trail, Flame from the heated South, The wind of Summer drifts and towers Across this dust-filled land of ours.





FROM PHARI IN TIBET BY PERCY BROWN But two short months ago
And still from off Tibetan plains of snow
The North Wind spilled
Down the steep mountain valleys glacter-filled
Its cool clear breath
That taught to Life its bold contempt of Death,
And still there poured
All the chill winter that the North had stored
Subtly distilled from snow,
Teaching anew to our encircled life
The joy of labour and the zest of strife,
Bidding the faint heart go,
Careful of naught except the careless ease
Of warring gaily with the destines.

And now the cold retures
Burnt in the heat and humbled in the fires
The earth returns again
To lie as one who has been newly slain
In some fell fight where she
Had met her end by traitors privily,
And dead while yet not dead
Lies in a stupor mute and desolate
Lapped in the molten lead of adverse fate,
Sick to the soul, dispirited,
While fierce and fast across the day
The withering South Wind blows its way.

Now shall we make our prayer
To all fell forces of the lower aur,
To Gods that breed awry
Between the dead-hot earth and blazing sky,
To Gods that watch and creep
Betwixt the lax resolve and laxer sleep,
Vague as the dancing air
Unseen that quivers swift
Where drift on loaded drift
The strong Sun dead to care
Pours the white liquid metal of his hate
On these long since flat beaten down by Fate

of him? him! Why that she fell - t time they -haved quite inly I wish a saint as d she was as perhaps st trying ive she

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happily in the goodness only knows if the ming has made up that tenacious and worldly wise little mind of hers to grab him '

SIR JOHN-(Anxiously) Dora my dear it's not so much the girl herself I should feel nervous about she cares for nothing but the greenest of green subalterns But if her father means business it may be very serious For all his brains Jasper would be a child in that man's clutches

LADY GREY -Oh John it's dreadful if you think it's serious! And if Hermione les and has heard anything she would die rather than give a sign to recall him And I can t interfere I did persuade Hermione at last to agree to Jasper coming to say 'good bye this afternoon but she looks more miserable than ever and Jasper did not even wait to see me but rushed off at once

> (Exit Sir John as the noise of wheels is heard and a Hindu servant brings in a salver with a card on it)

> Oh dear oh dear here's the mischief maker herself! Why on earth do school girls promise to act as god mothers to each other's most undesirable unborn daughters!

> (Enter Cissie She rushes up to Lady Grev ignores that lady s outstretched hand and kisses her effusively)

CISSIE -Oh darling god mamma what luck to find you in though really now I m here and you're here I hardly know (Giggles nervously) how to begin

LADY GREY-Well my dear when you come to see me and giggle and look foolish, it generally means some new development of the latest love affairs Out with it and be quick about it

(Pause while Cissie digs the point of her parasol into the rug)

Well have you at last confessed to your father that you are secretly engaged to Bobbie? The boy is much too good for you but I suppose you can't take his presents and ride his ponies for ever without giving him what he wants in return.

before were sen lieve inot > the

THE PHOTOGRAPH.

H M CHITTY

Dramatis Persona

HERO - Jasper Brownlow (Perfect specimen of middle aged, delightful barrister adorned with all the talents and virtues)

(Does not appear)

HEROINE -Hermione Davenant (Perfect specimen of young widow beautiful, charming, adorned with all .)

(Does not appear)

VILLAIN - Josiah Davenant Really hateful specimen of miserly, underbred, over fed, jealous, elderly civilian dead, and so (Does not appear)

SIR JOHN GREY -Kindly Chief Justice addicted to photography

LADY GREY - Equally kindly wife of the above

Cissie -God daughter of Lady Grey Pert, pretty, lively, spoilt damsel, recently out from home

SCENE I

Boudoir in an Indian bungalow Large French window in the background opening on to a wide verandah distant view of sparkling blue sea, white towers and domes, and waving palm trees

Doors right and left

FURNITURE anything appropriate to a comfortably disposed elderly lady

SIR JOHN GREY-(Seated in a cane chair on one side of a table covered with books and papers reading and smoking)

LADY GREY-(In the background, in the act of closing the left hand door and speaking towards some one inside) right, dear I will send in your tea, so just keep quiet till your headache is

better (Sighs, advances to a comfortably padded sofa-or armchair,-and sinks into it) John, dear! (Sir John looks up) What are we to do to cheer up poor dear Hermione? She can't be moping over that dreadful husband of hers If ever there were a merciful release-from the survivor's point of view I mean-that sudden and fatal apoplectic fit.

Sir John -My dear Dora, what are you saying! Remember the poor man, with all his faults, has not been dead three

months !

LADY GREY -- Oh I know! But that does not alter the fact that Josiah was-oh, well, I won't go on But you must admit, dear, that he didn't make that little wife of his exactly happy! And what puzzles me is that now the way is clear Hermione won't have anything to say to Jasper

SIR JOHN -To Jasper? (Twinkles) And, pray, what should she have to say

to Jasper Brownlow?

LADY GREY - John, dear, even such an innocent old darling as you can't have utterly failed to see that if ever a man was head-over-ears in love with some one else's wife, that man was Jasper

SIR JOHN-(Laughing) Dora, Dora, do consider how recklessly you are taking away the character of one of my most

blameless barristers!

LADY GREY -It's no laughing matter! And I don't wonder at Jasper losing his heart to Hermione a more suitable match could not have been made in Heaven itself And now, oh, dear, it's all too tiresome

SIR JOHN-(Gravely) I don't quite understand, dear , tell me what's troubling you I can't see myself why things should

not arrange themselves happily in the long run. Isn't she fond of him?"

LADY GREY .- Fond of him! Why. John, I am perfectly certain that she fell in love with Jasper the first time they met. And they have behaved quite beautifully all this time. Only I wish Hermione were not quite such a saint, as directly the poor dear realised she was getting fonder of Tasper than was perhaps quite wise, considering that most trying husband of hers was still alive, she suddenly stopped the morning rides, and afternoon music, and evening chats, and of course Jasper didn't understand. The nicest men are the stupidest in this sort of affair, and he took it into his head-that Hermione was tired of him, or annoyed at his devotion, or something silly, and rushed off at a tangent.

SIR JOHN .- Well, well; perhaps that was the wisest thing Brownlow could do, considering, as you so aptly remarked, that Josiah was still in possession. But what's wrong now? It seems to me the way is clear, though three months is not a very long interval, still as she is just off home. I can't see why the most punctilious lover should feel any qualms about having some sort of private understanding before she leaves. It's not quite as if she were staying on out here in the same place.

LADY GREY .-- What a comfort a sensible old gentleman is! And I believe it would be all right if there were not. I fear, I fear, a real difficulty in the way.

SIR JOHN .-- Well, tell me all about it. LADY GREY .- I wonder, I wonder if Hermione noticed how the dear stupid man went and made himself really rather conspicuous in his attentions to Cissie, that odious little god-daughter of mine. believe it was partly that he was at a very loose end when Hermione dropped him, and partly that he thought he could use Cissie as a blind. The girl has a crowd of young asses always at her heels, and seemed a safe enough refuge to turn off any gossip about him and Hermione

goodness only knows if the minx has made up that tenacious and worldly wise little

mind of hers to grab him."

SIR JOHN-(Anxiously). Dora, my dear. it's not so much the girl herself I should feel nervous about : she cares for nothing but the greenest of green subalterns. But if her father means business it may be very serious. For all his brains Jasper would be a child in that man's clutches.

LADY GREY .-- Oh John, it's dreadful if you think it's serious! And if Hermione has heard anything she would die rather than give a sign to recall him. And I can't interfere. I did persuade Hermione at last to agree to Jasper coming to sav good-bye' this afternoon, but she looks more miserable than ever, and Jasper did not even wait to see me, but rushed off at once.

(Exit Sir John as the noise of wheels is heard and a Hindu servant brings in a

salver with a card on it)

Oh dear, oh dear: here's the mischiefmaker herself! Why on earth do schoolgirls promise to act as god-mothers to each other's most undesirable unborn daughters!

(Enter Cissie. She rushes up to Ladv Grey, ignores that lady's outstretched hand

and kisses her effusively.)

Cissie --- Oh, darling god-mamma, what luck to find you in, though, really, now I'm here and you're here, I hardly know how to begin (Giggles nervously.)

LADY GREY.-Well, my dear, when you come to see me, and giggle, and look foolish, it generally means some new development of the latest love affairs. Out with it, and be quick about it.

(Pause while Cissie digs the point of

her parasol into the rug.)

Well, have you at last confessed to your father that you are secretly engaged to Bobbie? The boy is much too good for you, but I suppose you can't take his presents and ride his ponies for ever without giving him what he wants in return

Cissic.—Oh, god-mamma, I don't quite follow you. I've not the remotest intention of marrying a subaltern with hardly any money, and who's so young, and not clever, nor interesting, nor anything like....like...."

LADY GREY .- Then, Cissie, seriously, if you really do not mean business, you ought to tell the boy so, clearly, at once. Was it absolute invention then when you told me last week that he had proposed to you, and that you let him believe your answer would be " yes "?

CISSIE-(Fidgets and gets very red). Oh, god-mamma, how you do catch one up! I....I....couldn't have said all that, and anyhow, even if I did, it can't be helped, because I've quite changed my mind, and that's why I've come to see you. You know you promised Mamma, when she had to take the children home last year, that if I was in difficulties-(gets out her handkerchief).

LADY GREY-(Impatiently). Oh, yes, yes: now go on straight, if you can, as I have only a few minutes left for your

nonsense.

Cissie.-Nonsense, indeed! should you say if I told you I was going to marry Jasper Brownlow? Yes, your precious friend, of whom you all think such

LADY GREY-(Turns away and bites her lip, then recovers, and says banteringly). I should call it greater nonsense than ever.

CISSIE-(Angrily). Well, it's true, then ! Or rather he wants to marry me, though you mayn't believe it, and as the idea rather startled me at first, he's waiting like a lamb for a definite answer.

GREY-(Rather tremulously). My dear child, just tell me as clearly as you can what has happened: yes, I really am interested, very much interested. When did he propose, and what...?

Cissie.-Oh, of course an old thing like that doesn't do it like Bobbie: still, one can't have everything....(Sighs a

little) and when Papa came and found us in the verandah last night—I hadn't told Mr. Brownlow that Papa had forbidden me to sit out there after dinner-and was, I must say, very angry with me and rather rude to him, and told him I was only a child and must not be trifled with and get talked about because of him, Mr. Brownlow flared up, and said 'if I would honour him by becoming his wife he hoped Papa would be satisfied,' and then Papa got quite pink, and beamed, and said 'the young lady must decide, and went off to smoke.

LADY GREY-(Takes the girl's hand). But, my dear, you can't care for a man so unlike you in every way, so much older, and who, quite possibly, is not over head-and-ears in love with you: think what life would be, tied to an

uncongenial elderly man.

Cissie.-Oh, but you needn't think I'm an utter feather-pate, god-mamma! I know, quite as well as you or that designing widow of yours (Lady Grey draws back her hand abruptly) that Jasper is the best match in the place. Why you know Sir John often jokes about his stepping into his shoes, and wig! And just because he got himself talked about so much by your Mrs. Davenant before old Mr. Davenant died, you need not imagine that I'm not rather extra pleased that he has left her for me, now that he might have her for the asking. So there! don't expect him to be quite satisfactory in every way, but, as Papa said this morning, there's a good deal in his favour when you are the eldest of eight girls.

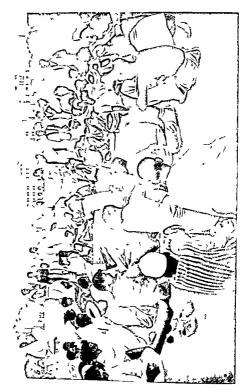
LADY GREY .- When does he expect his answer?

Cissie.-Oh, he was very funny and oldfashioned about that. I rather pretended I did not want him, and would think it over for a year or so, and he said if I had not decided in a week, he should believe I did not care sufficiently for him, and should take it as 'No.' And he didn't even ask me to kiss him.



GATEWAY AT AGRA BY MAUD LANDALE





THE OLDEST COURT IN THE WORLD
(A Panchayet in Calcutta)
BY
DHANI RAM

LADY GREY.—Well, take your god-mother's advice, my child, and only marry a man you love. I mean it, dear.

CISSIE—(jumping up). And I mean to enjoy myself! So ta-ta: oh! I have kept you a long time.

(Does not attempt to kiss Lady Grey, but gets herself rather awkwardly out of the room. Lady Grey looks as if she does not know whether to laugh or cry, but, before she can decide, the door open and the charming old Chief Justice enters, walks carefully up to her and kisses her.)

LADY GREY.—Oh, John! What do you think? Cissie has just been here and tells me that that idiot, yes that idiot Jasper wants to marry her, or at least has proposed to her, and oh what is to happen to my poor Hermione, and that poor silly man too! When he came this afternoon to say 'Good-bye' to Hermione before she sails on Saturday, I, like a fool, imagined them arranging everything as it ought to be, and all the time he was telling her of this fasco with Cissie. Even if her father is the real culprit I don't see how Jasper can draw back, and oh, dear, oh dear, I believe Cissie means to have him.

SIR JOHN—(bats her tenderly on the shoulder and shakes his head). My dear, we can't do anything. And it's no use discussing it. I'm sorrier than I can say, as I had really hoped Hermione's troubles were over, and that the misery of her first marriage was going to be wiped out. Poor Brownlow. Good fellow, Brownlow! To think of that giddy-pate girl drawing such a prize.

LADY GREY.—Well, well John, it's not quite settled yet; while there's life there's lost ited there's hope: now, dear, what would you like to do?

SIR JOHN.—I should like your help in developing the photo I took of the drawing-room this afternoon: I hope no one disturbed the camera, as I left it in the corner to stand for an hour or so in that dim light.

LADY GREY.—Oh no, nobody has been in there: ah, yes, by the way, as I was busy in here I told the servants to shew Jasper into the drawing-room, and Hermione joined him there. But they would not have meddled with it even if they noticed it.

(Sir John and Lady Grey stroll out into the verandah, arm in arm.)

SCENE II.

(The dark room. Sir John and Lady Grey are seen by the dim light of an orange lantern intent on developing a plate. The clearing process has begun, and both are excited)

LADY GREY.—Oh John dear, it's going to be a real beauty. Look how sharp the edges are, and how clearly the piano shows, and, oh yes, the palm, and the sofa.

SIR JOHN.—Yes, yes 'very nice, 'tery nice: but what's happened in the corner, there, between the plano and the looking glass on the wall? I didn't let the light in; couldn't have. Bless me, what on earth is it?

LADY GREY.—Oh do let me look close. It's, yes, it's a person; no, two people, only they are so close you can't tell them apart. Why! why! Oh, John! don't you see? It's Jasper, and his head is so bent down you can't distinguish his shirt front, and there's another head on his shoulder, and his arms are round some one's waist, and its arms are round his neck! Oh, John, you know her pretty curly hair!

Sin John—(solemnly). My dear, to come out as clearly as this in that dim light, they must have stood there without moving for at least ten minutes. It's quite spoilt that corner, and it's the best photograph I have ever done of an interior.

LADY GREY.—I hope it will spoil something else! Now John, attend to me. How soon can you fix that negative, and dry it, and get me a clear print? SIR JOHN.—Well....yes...., I could let it wash under the tap now, dry all night, print a copy before I leave in the morning: do you want it toned?

LADY GREY.—No, don't bother about the toning: and now let's get out of this

stuffy hole.

SCENE III.

(Lady Grey's boudoir: tea table spread. Enter Lady Grey, holding a photograph in her hand. She picks up a folding album, slips in the photo, places the album on the edge of the tea-table, and smiles anxiously.)

LADY GREY.—Well, here is the trap. Will the victim fall in? She promised to come in at five o'clock, and probably expects a lecture. She will get an illustration. Goes out lurriedly by one door as

Cissie comes in at the other.)

Cissip—(beers into the looking glass, pats her hair, adjusts her hal. Looks round, approaches the table, sees the album, picks it up, and opens it carelessly). I wonder what the old boy has been doing lately. He really is rather a duck, not like that tartar of a god-mamma of mine. I thought I should make her sit up about Jasper. I wonder if she is right about marrying for love. I don't know what I want! But I don't quite see how I can explain things to Bobbie if...if.... (Turns over the leaves of the album: stops at the last page; holds ut towards the light). So he's taking to the latest craze of photographing ghosts; there's the corner

of the piano clear through her skirt, and the looking glass behind the head: oh! there are two heads, there's ...oh! h...h...h...'

(Shuts the album and stands motionless with quivering lips. Just then in comes Lady Grey.)

LADY GREY.—Punctuality itself, my dear: now tell me all your news. There's sure to be something fresh since yesterday evening.

CISSIE.—Oh yes! indeed there is! I was going to come and see you before your invitation to tea came, because, because...I wanted to tell you that I am

engaged to Bobbie.

LADY GREY.—Dear child, how interesting! And does Bobbie know yet? And what does Jasper say?? And Papa???

CISSIE-(gets. crimson and begins to

(cry).

Lady Grey—(picks up the album, deliberately extracts the photo, and tears it into atoms). Now, little girl, dry your eyes and listen to me. This is the only copy of the photo in existence; the negative is already broken to pieces. I think you and I can trust each other, and Sir John (who enters at this moment and lays a kindly hand on each shoulder) never to refer to the subject again. John, dear, congratulate the child on her engagement to that particularly nice boy, Bobbie.

[CURTAIN.]

BREVITY.

ву

A. J. C.

This is an age of brev! How impolite
Our lets, to eleg how imperv—
'Tis only in off does that now we write:
"Your most ob sery!"

When Coryd wrote a sonnet to Amand And (not improb) accompd himself on lute With what precis he'd paint her eyes, her hand Her incomp beaut!

But all that's vand! Temp mut and so are we—So if we prop on matrim to embark
We off our hearts and forts to that sweet She
By wire or Marc.

And She who form would blush and whisp "O Sir "You do me too much hon—but ask Papa," Now calmly rings you up—oor Ger—And says "Jee—ha."*

These advs of "homes from home" that tell so cun Of baths h. c., gar, glf and things like this What do they ind, I ask you?—Steady—'shun Rìght turn, dismiss!

. The Hind equiv, for " the ans is in the affirm,"

LILIAN.

BY

J. A. JONES.

Lilac and lilies bloom in your sweet name;
Whereat the other flowers with envy fret,
Sad cowslips hang their heads, the roses wet
With pearly tears their damask cheeks, in shame
At their less happy lot, nor may one blame
Speedwell or gilly flower or violet
Disquieted lest you their charms forget—
Such, gracious queen, in flowerland your fame.

Yet were you wisely named. For, when birds sung And wake the sleeping trees, the hlac spray, Filled with the freshness of the fragrant spring, Minds me of you, and when on Easter day The tall white liles golden incense bring With you, dear Saint, I fain would kneel and pray.

IN THE DARJEELING MAIL.

ETHEL HOPKYNS

THE Baba and I were receiving visitors in our own particular compartment of the Darjeeling Mail as it jolted and jerked its April burden of Babas and Mothers and Nurses up to the Hills

Timothy, whom the Baba respected enormously for his two years' seniority and his four inches more leg sat in one corner, and opposite to him sat James Timothy, in his furn, had much respect for James, who was fourteen and wore stick up collars James had brought along a new pound tin of King George chocolates purchased with the money given him for his dinner on the train in the opinion of James it was great rot to spend good money on food

The conversation turned on fairies as is a way with conversation in which the

Baba takes a leading part

"Corse there's fairies," she was saying to Timothy, "hundreds and hundreds "No such things," said Timothy firmly

"There are You stupid, Timothy returned the Baba

Timothy was certain

"There aren't, I know there aren't ' ' Hundreds' repeated the Baba," and I've seen one," she concluded triumphantly Timothy was clearly taken aback

"You haven't," he contradicted all the same

"I have seen one, once" Of this the Baba was absolutely convinced in the wood in England"

Timothy considered, and the swinging of his long black stockinged legs ceased while he thought out the situation

' At any rate there are none in India," he decided

"There's Daddy Christmas," said the Baba promptly, why I've seen him at your house

Here Timothy behaved rather well he wasn't going to give his own father away, and contented himself with a grin at me

and a wink at James

The Baba followed up her advantage "And there's all the fames I write letters to, and they answer sometimes,' and she thereupon related the contents of many of her notes to the fairies, posted under her bed at night, and asking them to solve the varied problems of the day There was the letter, accompanied by a pot of honey, asking them to please tell her where Dog Susan found six puppies there had been such a polite little reply saying how nice the honey was, and only a fury could have used notepaper one inch square and lastly there was the snail with a letter tied round his middle-" Dear fairies, I have sended you a snale, please send me a Baby Brother " The small had undoubted ly been accepted but the suggested ex change remained unaffected

"But that's your Mummie answers," said Timothy, when he could get in a word

It was an awful moment Evidently Timothy's code of honour did not extend to outside parents

James came nobly to the rescue "Of course there are fairies, you young idiot," he pronounced vigorously, and Timothy was completely squashed

" James, you dear," I said unwisely James took a pack of cards from his pocket "Let's play Old Maid," he suggested

in an indifferent tone to the others

They all prepared to play

"Somehow I've never any luck at Old Maid," sighed Timothy

"Nor me," echoed the Baba, and fairies were forgotten

But what did Timothy mean by no luck?

ONE OF THE SCOTTISH



IS HE FULLY DRESSED

BY A E MACKENZIE

THE UNINTENTIONAL APPROPRIATE



Busy Waster (calling to his assistant): "Urry up, George, with the French Mustard, for the gent wiv the calls "

THE IMPARTIAL FIVE.

G. D. SARKAR.

On highdays and holidays, when the mills are not working and coolie-dom is at rest, there are to be found many curious gatherings in the open spaces and maidans in and near the Metropolis of India. Not all of them are cheered by the sound of the inevitable tom-tom nor are the most interesting resorted to by mere pleasure seekers.

The gravest of these assemblies are to be found when five good men and true of the community, the "Panch Parameshwara" or the five incarnations of the Deity, as they are styled, sit in session, and being invoked either by a common informer or by one of the parties to the suit, decide many a dispute which would otherwise over-burden the heavy files of His Majesty's Judges in the matrimonial jurisdiction.

The woes of many a poor Potiphar are brought to rest by the summary severance of the marriage-bond. Many an erring husband is brought to reason by being mulcted in fines which these citizen Judges of India devote most impartially to the celebration of a caste-feast. A drink of brewed rice which is not intoxicating plays a prominent part in these festivities. A lean goat or two, purchased or otherwise appropriated for the proper celebration of the occasion, provides the more solid part of the entertainment.

It is not always, however, that the "Panchayet" sits with due gravity to hear what Sham said to the chaste spouse of Dokari. They are also called upon to assert themselves in order to settle the knotty points of caste precedence and to establish before the world that the Chota-

Bhagiya Muchies or the Magheya Domes have no right to carry their images for immersion before a procession formed for the purpose by Chamars, say, of the Jaiswal tribe.

It is a fact that a good deal of rough and ready justice is done at these communal courts, which are as much in vogue in Behar and Orissa as in the remote corners of Bengal. It is no unusual sight even in far-off hamlets to see the Panch assembled at the junction of three roads or under the big banian tree, the usual place of village public meetings. Gardens by the roadside are also utilized when available.

The institution is to be found in its primitive vigour among the castes which are low in the social scale—the depressed classes as they are called—which being more or less neglected by the Brahmins are almost uninfluenced by them. These men, mostly unserved as they are by Brahmanical priests or served only by those who are regarded as fallen from their high estate, turn naturally to the wisdom latent among the clders of their own tribe, thus profiting by their ripe experience and saving many a rupee from the clutches of the lawyer.

In some of the castes the Chowdhari or the Headman of the Panchayet is ably assisted in the deliberations by the hereditary Chharibardars or wielders of the rod who, before the days of the Penal Code, used to carry out the sentences of the Panchayet in cases of corporal punishments. Nowadays the Chharibardar carries his rod as the player wears his sword, only for show, and flourishes it occasionally to

preserve order and maintain the dignity

of the assembly,

The power of the Panch is however on the wane, and the all sweeping besom of the so-called civilization of modern India is brushing aside the useful relies of the Past which were as much a part and parcel of the self-contained village community as the willage Patwari (accountant) and the village headman.

Our illustration shows one of these gatherings in a part of the Calcutta Maidan which will be readily recognised. The accused is sitting with folded hands and pleading for himself before the Chowdhan, the President or Foreman of the assembly. The woman in this case is standing veiled in the background—accompanied by a female relative who has apparently come to watch the proceedings on her behalf.

WILLIAM-A PUNJABI PI.

BY

GEORGE CATHCART.

William, you are not very old Nor very wise. Life will surprise And sadden you, and break or bend. For such is life, my feckless friend.

Only last night (the vision hurt!)
I saw you, William, eating dirt.
At dawn you rolled on something prime
Which had been dead for quite a time.

Yet now you enter, filled with pride, Needing a strong insecticide. What shameful sire—What dreadful dam Begat and bare thee, William.

You have (excuse me) no known breed.
You lack both stamma and speed.
You (frankly) are not worth a damn
And yet...... I like you, William.

THE TRUTH ABOUT DARJEELING.

MAY CARTER

EVERYONE knew it except me My friends smiled when I spoke of the heart of the Himalayas, where I should picnic and paint all day One horrid man said "You are very sanguine, I think you will be lucky if you see your dog at the end of his string ' When I got there, and found he was right I felt I owed him a grudge It ought to be so exquisite-this village in the mountains Up goes the plucky little train, 8 000 feet through clouds to more clouds, right into the sky, and you expect it to be blue But it is black-black thick mist. There are glorious gleams which last a few seconds. and make it more tantalizing Even on the journey we found we were surrounded by ranges of cobalt blue mountains, and then blue plains, stretching as far as eye could see-but this treat is momentary When the gleam is over, you cannot believe there is a 'beyond" at all

The month of May in Calcutta is said to be unbearable and so every one goes to Darjeeling to exchange sunshine for rain, heat for cold, fans for fires. And, when it is bad, it is very very bad, but when it is good, it is heavenly. The question is whether it is worth risking. In a month you may see the snows once, but then they are a memory for ever. A range of alabaster-topped mountains of untrodden whiteness, and dazzling beauty. Blue and purple hillsides with clouds tumbling over them like waterfalls. Kinchinjunga with the recumbent face on the top of it, so strikingly portraved in Mr. Tagoré's picture.

And not only are there mountains, there are the seas of cloud Days when the pathway only is sunny, and above and below are huge waves of frothy cloud, lying in the valleys, and on the hill side, blotting out all colour and mountain, but beautiful in themselves in the village are cottages with English gardens—hedges of ferns and

flowers—the Cuckoo singing—and life with a people who know no war in this year of strife It is wonderful and restful

It is in Darjeeling that you find the slender and sad Bengali, these sturdy httle Mountaineers are a great contrast Men and women much alike in build as strong as bullocks doing the fetching and carrying that the bullock should do, and all on their backs—generally the backs of women Laughing and talking the while and full of life and fun It certainly produces a fine specimen Surely this is a health resort despite the pouring rains and the thick for

But again Darjeeling ' let me down " If you can stick it the change has good effect in the end . children and dogs should always go there, but among the grown ups there is a lot of hill illness. Put on your boots and mackintosh, and go out all day Climb the mountains and see the Tea Gardens, and you will be glad you have They tell me to go again in October, when it is crisp and fine and clear—I wonder -True, it has a fascination even when one cannot forget the black depression and cease less rain and dark, cold, days People make places to a great extent Darreeling with plenty of cheery friends, who are out to enjoy, and never mind the weather, is more like home than most places in the plains and I would not have missed what it can reveal when the sun shines In the bustle of busy Indian life, the memory of a Tibetan Monastery-miles away in the mountains-is an elevating thought temple to the God these people have elected to worship-and worship with daily devo tion, where the prayer wheel is always revolving, and incense is always burning They are a religious people—these people of the clouds

A SLICE OF REAL LIFE.

R J SWINHOE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ-

SIR TIMOTHY JENKINS -A new Journal ıst

Norah -His daughter

CHARLIE BROWN -Fourth Officer of the Blankshire

Scene An arid and rocky waste near Mandalay As the curtain goes up Sir Imothy Jenkins and Norah come on L He is carrying a hand bag and she has pho tographic apparatus, and appears exhausted Both wear topees

SIR T (looking round cheerfully) my child I think this will about do for us

Norah Yes, father, it has about done for me already (buts down her bundles) seems to me that since you took to journalism, we haven't had a moment's peace

Sir T Ah! Journalism, my dear, is the very source of life Until I bought that excellent periodical, 'The Daily Cracker,' I never knew what real existence meant

N (sitting down on a rock) Well, if real existence consists in (looking round) this sort of thing I think I prefer something

ımagınarv

SIR I (sitting on another rock and mopping his brow) Ah my dear, you don't understand the new Journalismyou don't know what it means No more of your dry bones of information, served with slabs of flabby facts like slices of cold mutton, such as The King of Kamtschatka is suffering from a cold or The Prime Minister of Greenland is playing golf at Timbuctoo, but real live romance, tales of dark intrigue and passion, stories that stir the imagination and send the blood coursing through the veins-

The Boy s Own Paper does all that very well already

SIR T Bah! The French understand the true meaning of ' news They call it 'les nouvelles, new things, novelties not mere happenings My paper doesn't merely record happenings, it makes things happen-slices of real life, cut from the joint and served hot

Yes, it's hot enough here cer taınlv But what are we doing in this

desert ?

Sir (looking round anxiously) Hush! The very tigers have ears (she jumps) and as for serpents-well you know what tales they can carry This, my dear is the highly romantic land of Upper Burma and we are almost within walking distance of one of the most mysterious spots on the earth-the celebrated Ruby Mines

N Yes, but what are we here for? Sir T Ground baiting Listen (hr pulls out a cutting from his pocket) is from 'The Snippet' I wrote it myself The mystery of the Ruby Mines of Burma grows every day Far beyond the reach of the ordinary traveller, kept aloof from the world by a law which forbids strangers to enter without leave, remote and solitary, this famous valley remains the world a one and only source of the marvel lous pigeon's blood ruby, that gem which

seems to hold in its glowing depths the key to life and death, the very solution of the

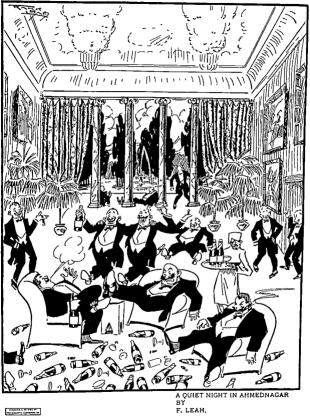
riddle of existence In the olden days all

stones beyond a certain size belonged to

the king by prerogative, so that, if people

were found cutting or slitting stones, they were immersed in boiling oil-N What the stones?

SIR T No-the people So that by degrees the King gathered together a famous collection of the finest and largest





VIEW OF OLD CALCUTTA By kind permission of MESSES KILBURN BROWN & CO.

rubies ever found, and these, at the annexation of Upper Burma, fell into the lap of the British Government All but one One stone, the largest and the finest of all that unique treasure, so fine that the King built a special boat to bring it to his Capital, and appointed a special Minister to watch it, disappeared at the annexation, Minister, boat and all Some say it has been slit into smaller stones, some think it was hidden beneath the Palace floor at Mandalay, and is there still, but others, who profess to know best, believe that the present owner has discreetly re shaped it a little, and will produce it sooner or later before an astonished world, as a recent discovery at the Mines"

N. But, my dear father, what has all that to do with us?

Everything my dear-listen again (he takes out another cutting and reads), "Sir Timothy Jenkins has suddenly gone for a trip to Upper Burma, taking with him his daughter and a kinematographic camera, It is said that he contemplates making records of the interesting and ancient dances of that country, but those who know Sir Timothy's journalistic methods believe that it is not only the natives there who are to be made to dance, but that before long the inhabitants of Fleet Street will be invited to join in, and dance before Sir Tunothy in his journalistic triumph "

Who wrote that?

I did

But surely, father, we haven't come all this disgusting long way to discover a new dance

Sir T No, we haven t, I hinted as much myself in the paper

Then, my dear dad, what have we N come for ?

To buy the long lost ruby! The most wonderful gem in the world!

SIR T. (rubbing his hands) Fleet Street will be green with envy !

N. Well, but....

SIR T. Fleet Street will be purple with rage l

I don't care what colour Fleet Street is But how much are you going to buy it for, and where is the money ?

SIR T The price is settled-I fixed it myself at £50,000, and it's a bargain to the money I have brought as much of it as I shall require

N A nice place this to bring money

Why, we shall be robbed

Sir I Of course we shall, just what I thought, and I've arranged that too We shall be robbed It's all in the Menu

In the Menu | we shan't get beyond

the soup any how

SIR I Now you see the new Journalism! Now you begin to perceive the human interest emerging from the dust heap of dry facts-now you see history being constructed out of its elemental atoms

N. I don't see anything except rocks and sand and a few scraggy trees They are dry enough facts, anyhow dressed as a Burman, creeps across keeping behind rocks and unseen by Sir T and Norah)

SIR T Ah, my dear, you should look behind these facts and perhaps you would see something of the human interest

which they conceal

But where is this mysterious ruby, and where is the money and why are we to be robbed? I don't understand it at all SIR T It s as easy as chopping hav

The ruby, my dear, doesn't exist-no more does my £50,000 It s a journalistic ruby bought with journalistic money. Can t you see?

Now listen to the third and last chapter. I don't wait for things to happen-that's the old style-I arrange them first, and let them to happen afterwards (takes out a third cutting and reads) "Sir Timothy Jenkins, who recently went to Upper Burma with his daughter, has just had a most unpleasant experience Taking with him a very large sum of money he went a little way out from Mandalay by appoint-

ment, to complete the purchase of a ruby said to be the finest in the world He was waylaid in a lonely spot by one of the robbers or dacoits who infest Burma, tied up '-you'll find the rope in that bag my dear - " and robbed A search party was organised by his daughter, and Sir Timothy was found firmly tied to a rock and in an advanced state of

N O father! decomposition?

Sir T No! No! 'exhaustion, and his money gone He was quickly released from his uncomfortable position, but not before his daughter had secured a valuable camera record of the scene, which we reproduce as a supplement to this issue

N Well

SIR I Well here we are, the plot is laid, the actors are ready and the curtain is about to go up Here is the rock (walks to a large rock), here is the rope and the camera ...

CHARLIE B (disguised as a Burman dacoit suddenly appearing above the rock) And here is the robber !

(Both scream and start back)

Sir 7 Good heavens, who are you? Aha! I complete the picture don't I? What a lucky thing I came, just in

(aside) That voice! I know it It's Charlie (clasps her hands)

C You don't remember me, Sir I'm

the Fourth Officer

SIR T The Fourth Officer in the Army 2

No The Fourth Officer on the ship-jou came out with me (he Lisses his hand to Norah behind Sir T's back)

Sir T Dear me, yes-but what are you doing here in fancy dress?

C Well, I'm looking for a good place for snakes

Snakes?

Yes, I'm tired of the sea, so I'm going to be a snake farmer

Sir T A snake-charmer! Rather an unusual occupation for an Englishman,

C Not a snake-charmer, Sir Timothy, a snake-farmer, you see I heard that the Government gives rewards for snakes, so I thought of taking up some land to breed them and .

Sir T Very sporting idea An open air life, combined with a certain mild

excitement

N O, Mr Brown, 18n't it very dan gerous?

I've been moculated

SIR T Look here young man, can you keep a secret?

C Sir, I'm in the Naval Reserve! SIR T Ah yes-and you can tie a rope, I suppose

C Certainly

SIR T Then drop your snakes for a minute and lend a hand (goes to bag and takes out rope), just tie me up to that rock, there's a good fellow

C Tie you up to that rock!

SIR T Yes-not tight you know-but just tie me up

N It's the new Journalism, Mr Brown Tather says he's going to paint Fleet Street

green and purple SIR T You see I want to be robbedof £50,000 So just tie me up first, and rob me afterwards

C £50,000! Well, anything to oblige (He begins to the him up)

Sir T. Norah, my dear, climb up on that rock over there and get the camera ready. (to C) not tight you know (wriggling) You re not splicing the main-mast (Norah climbs rock)

C Sorry, I forgot (He ties Sir T's arms down to the elbow)

Sir T. Can't I have my arms free? A robber would never allow that, and it won't look real (He winds the rope around his legs)

SIR T. Do you expect to do well with snakes here, Mr Brown?

Yes, if the tigers don't eat them

SIR T. (aghast). Tigers ! C Yes, the place swarms with themman-eaters too (he pulls at the rope)

SIR T (struggling violently) Here stop. that's enough, you're forgetting again! can't breathe Do the tiger come this way?

They pass here every day to drınk

SIR T (shouting) Here, loose the rope . let me go!

I've just fied you up so nicely Sir Timothy, and, as a sailor and Naval Reservist, I take a professional pride in the job I can't undo it all again (He goes on tying unconcernedly) Yes, I've figured out this snake business and it seems to me there's a fortune in it see, the Government gives Rs 5 for 2 hamadryad, Rs 3 a cobra and a Russel's Viper, and Rs 2 a Larait healthy pair of cobras will produce three litters a year of 25 snakes each Allow ing for accidents, forty will survive and will be full grown in three months and bring in Rs 3 each The initial outlay for snakes and hutches will be trifling, and they will live entirely on frogs which I will grow myself on the premises Add the expenses of bringing the snakes to market, and I reckon that each full grown cobra will have cost 1/ and will produce 3/-, a clear profit of 200% (He has finished tring Sir T up before this, and is standing in front of him leisurely explaining his scheme)

SIR T (very restless) Yes, yes, very interesting I should like to hear about

it another time

C And then there are the skins

SIR T The skins!

Yes, you know snakes shed their skins every now and then-hitch them on a stone and walk out of them as at The Museums will take all I have They don't want the snake's anatomy. only the skins They will stuff thein and punt them up and there they've got the actual snake as natural as life

SIR T Of course but And then you haven't noticed the poison

Sir T O, haven't I?

C No The poison is a bye-pro duct It's collected every morning by means of a dummy frog-hollow inside you know-at the end of a long stick I calculate that a frog full of poison can be collected every day and I have arranged for the sale too A friend of mine says he will take as much poison as I can give

Sir T Very obliging of him

O, he won't lose He has found an African tribe that want all of it They give it to their old people when they are past work They have run out of snakes and are too stupid to keep them Carefully dried and made up in half ounce packets, my poison will sell like hot cakes So you see the profits will be enormous if I can keep the tigers away Scarecrows will be no use they Il only mistake them for old gentlemen-their favourite food

Sir T (very excited) North, my dear, isn't the camera ready? There are tigers

about

N (starting) Tigers! O dear (she drops the stand which rolls down from the rock)

C (going to her assistance) Let me help you Keep still Sir Timothy, I have a rifle you know (Charlie and Norah put the camera together on the rock with a lot of love making while Sir T looks nervously about, and tries to share himself free)

SIR T What time do tigers drink? About this time I believe (aside

to N) There aren't any here really, but it's now or never with the old man eh! N O Charlie-I never thought of

(They hold hands) SIR T Do tigers eat also when they

drink?

Rather !

This is beyond a toke Where should I be if a tiger came and found me like this?

That depends Sir Timothy the comes do in from the rock and star Is in front of Sir Γ)

Sir T On what?

C On yourself; you see it's this way, your daughter Norah and I got engaged on the ship, but our prospects of marrying seemed hopeless then Now, however, they

look brighter

Sir T You, sir-You engaged to my daughter! Want to marry my daughter! A snake-charmer! Nice thing that would be to publish "Sir Timothy Jenkins' daughter is engaged to a snake charmer in Burma " Pooh!

C No, a snake farmer

Sir T Bah! It's just as bad Who ever heard of a snake farm?

N (from the rock) Think of the new Journalism father That will be a real romance Fleet Street will turn pink

SIR T Fleet Street be hanged, I

won't consent (he struggles)

C It's no use, Sir Timothy When a sailor ties a knot, it doesn't shake loose

Sir T It's a conspiracy

All's fair in love and war Better own up that you're beaten What a paragraph there will be in the papers -Sir Timothy Jenkins has been eaten by a tiger " (he wall's behind the rock) Sir T (aghast) Norah, my child, will you

stand by and see your father eaten alive?

(ready to turn the handle) camera is ready, father What a film it will make !

(C from behind the rocks roars like a tiger and then quickly comes out in front. Norah screams, and Sir T struggles more violently than ever)

Quick, Sir Timothy, sign this "I consent to my daughter paper marrying Mr Brown" (he puts paper and pencil into his hand and goes behind rock and

roars again) SIR T (signing) I've signed (he tries to

but paper into his pocket) C (coming in front) No, no! Throw

the paper down, quick (he goes behind rock) N O, it's too late, what shall we do?

(Charlie roars again on the off side of Sir T's rock, quite near him, and then quickly scrambles on to the other rock where Norah is)

SIR T (in despair) Ah! Shoot the

beast! Murder!

C (sitting on rock with rifle in hand) Throw the paper down

N Charlie, do shoot

(Sir T throws paper away) Shoot, you brigand!

C (aiming at imaginary tiger) turn the handle Norali We'll be able to

marry on this film

Fleet Street will be like a rainbow (He shoots, Norah turns the handle, and Sir T laughs wildly as curtain descends rapidly)

THE ECONOMIST.

A E JACOMB

THE squat little cottage, with its irre gular roof and crooked chimney, is on the outskirts of the village and I passed it when I walked from the junction to the farm house in the valley where I sometimes stay The first time I passed old Martha was working in the garden and I stopped to ask her the way The garden was bright with flowers, there were vegetables in inconspicuous places but Timothy her husband looked after them It was Martha

who tended the flowers The path to the cottage was bordered by them, they bloomed under the one window, and appeared in odd patches and groups among the utilitarium cabbages

I had praised them and though she received my praise politely, it was as if she expected nothing less, as a mother accepts appreciation of her children as but the proper meed of their deserts That was all my knowledge of old Martha, till



THE HOROSCOPE BY G N TAGORE

vesterday. Yesterday, after more than a year, I stopped again at the white gate. There were no flowers to be seen bages and onions triumphed in their place and the path to the cottage was bordered by potatoes. And Timothy, not Martha. worked in the garden He left off digging to answer my greeting. "Your wife"-I began half afraid that she was dead.

"She's doing a bit of shopping up street," he answered. "Ah, you're looking at the garden," he went on. "'Tisn't so

bright as it was"

"You've not a flower left! And your

wife loved them"

"Yes, she was always wonderful set on flowers I used to say that's why she married me I was gardener up at the hall and used ter get her blooms, but that's her doing," he jerked a thumb towards the cabbages "It was her doing Wasn't none of mine."

"But why?" I demanded.

"You'd best ask her, sir. Here she

is coming along "

I looked round and saw Martha coming She walked slowly and I thought she looked older, and sadder, too She did not recognise me at first till I told her I had been asking after her flowers.

"Ah. I remember now you was fond of 'em," she said, going through the gate that I held open for her. "Well, I've done away with 'em " Her lips shut tight, I thought because they trembled

"You might as well tell the gentleman

why," said Timothy " No. no. I'm sure it was for a good rea-

son," I said, quickly, for she looked troubled "That it was or I'd never have rooted the poor souls up, and had them ugly cabbages in their place," she said "But I knew as how it was right, the times being what they are, and flowers being no use when stomachs are empty"

"She thought it all out, yer see," said

Timothy, admiringly.

"The gentleman don't want to be told about me thoughts," she said. "You'd better be getting on with them young

savovs" He laughed and went back to his digging. She watched him for a moment. "He always had a hankering for more green stuff," she sald, with a sigh, not," she went on, "that he didn't let me have me way with the flowers, but he didn't feel for 'em as I did''

"I know you loved them," I said.

"I never had a child, you see, sir, may be that made a difference Women as have children to mind haven't time for tending flowers but I can't remember when I didn't care for them I had me little plot when I was a child and father used ter show me how to tend 'em He was a great one for flowers Used to take prizes at all the shows round "

"You've taken prizes too, so you've

told me "

"That I have, year after year there, it's no good thinking o' what's past We've got to think of what's going on to day and think I did and I saw as how it aint right to give up good ground to the growing of flowers when it's food as the world ll be wanting"

"You've read the papers"

"Timothy read me a bit, but I don't want the papers to teach me common sense I saw it weren't right for me flowers to be taking up ground as God gave for men's food when breads rising and food costing double, and them foreign countries ruined as they are by that Kaiser Timothy, he tried to persuade me different, knowing how fond of them I was much ground as we have, he says, and the gentry Il never grow taters in their flover beds Each must do as he thinks right, I answers him, the gentry can give money, and they're giving their sons, but you and me, we can't give neither Our bit of land's all we've got, I says to him and I m not going to waste it, so root up the flowers and plant taters and cabbages and suchlike "

"It was very brave of you," I said Her wrinkled old face seemed to quiver. "I only hope as they understood," she said.

softly

WAR FUNDS.

Imperial Induan Relief Fund.—Started by H. E. the Viceroy with the approval of H. M. the King-Emperor. It embraces the whole of the Indian Empire, but in order to assist in the raising of subscriptions, Provincial Branches have been opened.

The object is to afford relief to all classes in India suffering from the effects of the war—as far as possible, not only members of the Military contingents sent from India, but also all other classes of sufferers in India, Civil as well as Military, from suffering or misfortune consequent upon the war.

The Bengal Branch is being administered by a Committee presided over by H. E. Lord Carmichael. Contributions, however small, are welcome. Where it is not convenient to pay a lump sum down, donations by instalments are gladly accepted.

Mr. W. R. Warren of the Bank of Bengal is Treasurer, and payments should be made to him. Maharaja Sir Prodyot Kumar Tagore Bahadur and The Hon'ble Mr. C. H. Bompas, 1.c.s., are Joint-Secretaries from whom further information may be obtained.

Lady Carmichael's Bengal Women's War Fund.—This fund was initiated by H. E. Lady Carmichael for the purpose of sending comforts to the sick and wounded of the Indian Expeditionary Forces in Europe and elsewhere. Later on it was found that the Force in Europe was well provided for by the Home organisations and consequently the field of work is now restricted to the troops who are serving in Mesopotamia, East Africa, and Egypt. Large numbers of parcels of comforts are sent direct by parcels post to individual regiments every week, besides boxes of comforts for hospitals, these latter being for the most part sent through the St. John Ambulance Association and being made up in accordance with the Association's scheme of 10-bed Units. Particulars may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, War Gifts Depôt, 6, Dacre's Lane, Calcutta, to whom gifts should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Bank of Bengal, Park Street Branch, Calcutta.



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As They Might Have Been-II The Nokha As They M ght Have Beeu-III

October Flowers Simla As They M ght Have Been-IV Children of the Forest

Early Morning Pur An Optimut Where East meets West In Far Lashmir Moghna's Evening Glow

Zikr (in meditation)

By H E LADY CARMIGRAEL LADY FLORA POARS LUNDAN LALL R. B. Horwes RENIE HANNAY M. V DHURANDHAR. Means CAPT T F HROOF FRANK LEAD A. E. Happie FRANK LEAR NATALIE HELY HUTCHISON FRANK LEAR H L WRIGHT GOGOVEYORA NATH TAGORE GERTRUDE HADENFELDT CAPT W | P RODD Miss Corrold THE BARA THANUR OF HILL TIPPERAH

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REP DECISI TO - COLOSIBO RANGOON SRINADAR (KASHNIR)

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From the Bath Street Corner Old Gava Peace and War Night on Royal Lakes Rangoon

Plot That Failed A Breaker of Hearts-Burma Homeward Bound The Bat " Once More A Garden of the Sun

ABANENDRA NATH TAGORE GOGONENDRA NATH TAGORE R J SWINHOE MYAUK, RIDGEWELL, AND V. J FRANK LEAR

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FROM GOVERNMENT HOUSE, DARJEELING, BY H E LADY CARMICHAEL



A RECORD OF PROGRESS.

A Policy of Colour-

A forward move has been made this year in the production of "Indian Ink" This move has been the introduction of the coloured-picture on a large scale in the Advertising Section At the beginning of the cold weather of 1914 when "Indian Ink appeared for the first time that first appearance marked a point of departure in Indian magazine production "Indian Ink" was not the first Indian magazine or annual to use coloured pictures in its literary section, but it was the first to use them on a large and produgal scale The coloured plate did not appear as a irontispace

not appear as a nonespect and nothing more, it cropped up everywhere in the book. If was as numerous as the black and white illustrations. In fact, in its exuberance, it seemed ready to become more numerous if editorial policy had permitted

A Comparison-

The Policy of Colour was applied to the literary section and it justified itself by its success This year "Indian Ink" has gone a step further it has applied the Policy of Colour to its advertising section Out of one hundred and twenty pages of advertising no fewer than forty four pages are in colour In the extent and number coloured advertising pages we do not invite comparison merely with India, but we invite comparison with any periodical published anywhere in the world We know of no magazine or annual produced

many great capital of Europe or America that contains so large a number of coloured advertise-

ments in a single issue

Record Breaking-

From its commencement "Indian Ink" has set itself out to beat records, to make new records, and then to beat its own records over again. The Advertising Department has made a record this year, thanks to the energy and enterprise of the great business firms of India who recognised the validity of the new ploney which was suggested to them. Now, with the issue for 1977 in preparation, the Advertising Department invites the cooperation of advertiser and reader alike to help it to make a new record next year.

To the Reader-

We invite a close and careful study of our advertising pages this year, and we should his your verse on the colour work they contain. We are only at the beginning of the devolument of Colour and Art as applied to the amount of the devolument of the street of the supplied to the amount of the supplied to the supplied

in attracting the attention of readers of "Indian Ink

A WORLD RECORD

Interspersed throughout the advertisements at the beginning and end of "Indian Ink" will be found nearly fifty pages of colour designs, some in double page spread across the book, and many single pages, but all bearing the imprint of individuality and power. Do not dily turn over the pages but criticise each one because throughout the world we believe you will be unable to find a magazine with such a wealth of coloured

announcements.

Commercial Enterprise-

In proportion as the readers of this annual comprise the well to-do and the generous classes in India, so the advertisers comprise the firmly established the reliable, and the most generous of trading and commercial houses in the country. The for the support of the other as the other can rely upon the goods and services of the one Both the Reader and the Advertiser is a picked class The Reader numbers twenty thousand this year next year he will number thirty thousand and the year after-but let us ston there The Advertiser is also a picked man If you are already in this year's "Indian Ink "you are in a good company and a good member of the company.

If you are not numbered among this year's advertisers you have your chance next year. It will be worth your while to go very carefully through this year's advertising section

Next Year-

Note the firms who are included and the manner in which they advertise their business. These are firms of enterprise and standing. We know of no other country in which the commercial class would have recognised so promptly the advantages of "Indian Ink" as an advertising medium as the great firms of India have done. Go through the section page by page. You will probably come to the conclusion that by bold colour and by bold design you could better the best that is in this issue. Will you try next year?

A Straight Line in Cotton Goods



THE TIRAILLEUR. (TO THE MEMORY OF RENE.)

RV

MILLICENT, DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

He was so young to die— Ah! these are catch-words now When Death sucks red lips white Yet laurel crowns the brow—

Why did we wish him life, Why did we feel a pang, The while we slaked his thirst And round us night flies sang?

He lived from night to dawn And all the hot day through, While fever lit his eyes. His limbs no resting knew.

"Je pars tout seul," he said, Yet radiance on his face Bespoke him dreams which told Of God's eternal grace.

> The hour he died a moth, With golden quivering wings, Upon his pillow poised And whispered lovely things

To his still fluttering soul, Of brothers at his side And comrades crying "Haste, "The boat is on the tide."

And with the setting sun
Outward his spirit leapt
In calm the moon arose,
Only the Sister wept

A VISIT TO THE SULTAN.

BY

SIR VALENTINE CHIROL.

I was, I believe, the first European r visitor, received by the present Sultan of Turkey, before his accession to the Ottoman throne, after the sudden bloodless revoluton of June 1908 had relaxed the rigour of itis almost life-long confinement. Reshad Effendi, as he was then styled, had been practically a State prisoner ever since his elder brother Abdul Hamid had been called to the Sultanate in 1876 as the result of the last of a series of palace conspiracies. Succession to the Ottoman throne is not governed by the law of primogeniture, but goes to the eldest surviving male agnate, who is usually a younger brother of the reigning Sovereign. In the old days it was not an uncommon practice for the Sultan, as soon as he came to the throne, to reduce the danger of conspiracies against his sacred person by "removing" all those, at least of his brothers, who had reached the age of manhood. Abdul Hamid, more merciful, was content to keep Reshad Effendi, his heir-presumptive, a close prisoner in a small palace at Tcheragan on the Bosphorus where His Majesty could keep a fraternal eye upon him from his own favourite residence at Yildiz Kiosk.

I was in Constantinople for some weeks in the late autumn of 1908 when the Young Turks and the Turkish Parliament which the Ottoman constitution had once more called into being were still full of enthusiasm for the liberal Powers of Western Europe and the only flags that were constantly boo'ed by the populace of Constantinople were those of Germany and Austria-Hungary. Abdul Hamid was, however, still on the throne, and though he was supposed no longer to rule but only to reign and his wings had been substantially clipped, his powers and prestige had by no means

altogether departed, and the Committee of Union and Progress, at whose peremptory bidding he had restored the Constitution, were beginning to realise that, until he was formally deposed, they would never be safe from the danger of a reactionary counter-revolution. Reshad Effendi's friends therefore knew that at any moment he might be called to the throne, and one of them, himself a kinsman of the Imperial family whom I had known for some years as a political exile in London and Paris, was very anxious that I should make acquaintance with the future Sultan. The latter having been told that I had travelled a great deal in Turkey and had known many of the earlier Turkish reformers, such Midhat, Abeddin, and Khaireddin Pashas, expressed his willingness to see me, but as Abdul Hamid's spies were still active, he wished my visit to be kept as far as possible secret.

I was conveyed therefore one evening after dark to Tcheragan in a closed Turkish brougham lent to me for the occasion, accompanied by a confidential member of his household, and, wearing a Turkish fez instead of a hat, I was smuggled past the sentries at the outer gate of the palace as a doctor called in by His Highness. entered the palace itself by a side door and with many apologies was taken through a succession of narrow passages and up a back staircase to the room in which Reshad Effendi was awaiting me. I found myself in the presence of an elderly gentleman of a somewhat heavy build, clad in the usual Turkish Stambouline or long, black, close fitting coat, buttoned up to the neck. His stooping shoulders and shuffling gait told of a life of enforced inactivity. His face was tired and worn as of one who had been through evil times, and it was

heavy in repose though withal rather gentle and kindly, especially when ht up as it frequently was, with a bright smile-a smile of the eyes as well as of the lips He had all the well bred courtesy common to most Turkish gentlemen, with an added touch of almost childlike simplicity and sincerity He welcomed me with the utmost cordiality and begged me at once to excuse any shortcomings as he had for so many years lost the habit of entertaining visitors I had at one time talked Turkish with some fluency and with the help occasionally of a little French which he still possessed, we were able to converse without an interpreter We were in fact the greater part of the time alone except when the same attendant who had escorted me to Tcheragan brought in relays of tea and sweets and cigarettes which Reshad Effendi pressed upon me with something of the insistency of a school boy entertaining a grown up visitor. He plied me at the same time with questions which often betrayed a pathetic ignorance of the people and the country that he was so soon to rule over For nearly thirty years he had never been allowed to receive any visitors except the sinister emissaries of Yildiz Kiosk or to read any newspapers or books dealing however remotely with public The small palace to which he was confined was closely guarded and a gunboat was always moored in the Bosphorus off the terrace on which I had often seen him from the deck of a Bosphorus steamer in the late afternoon sitting huddled up in an armchair or more rarely pacing slowly up and down with sentries at either end mounting guard over his movements on rare occasions and as a special favour was he given permission to take a drive in a closed carriage along certain appointed roads and always accompanied by two men of Abdul Hamid's secret police, one facing him inside and another beside the coachman on the box Even the amount of liberty he had now regained he evidently during the course of our interview

though we were alone m a large room he would edge his chair close up to mine and whisper a question into my ear whilst his eyes ranged inkiously round the walls as if he still dreaded what they might conceal and once he pointed significantly to his fingers which still bore the marks of torture applied on some occasion when Afedi Hamid's spies chose to connect him with one of the conspiracies they were alway discovering or inventing in order to maintain their hold upon their ever suspirious master

That after nearly three decades of such an existence Reshad Effendi should have retained as much mental sanity as his questions displayed was much more surprising than the almost childlike they often betrayed naivete which What was still more surprising was the almost entire absence of any bitterness and the undisguised consciousness of his own unfitness for the heavy responsibilities which might at any moment be thrust upon him Certain expressions which he constantly used and which certainly had the ring of genuine sincerity seemed to give the key note to his chief anxieties. He knew little more than the names of the leading figures in Turkish political life and the one question that he repeated in regard to everyone who was mentioned was. Is he a good man? Is he a straight man? Could I rely on him to tell me the truth? I have so much to learn Or again when we talked of the European situation and the heavy war clouds which were then darkening the horizon after Austria-Hungary s lawless annexation of Bosnia Herzegovina Allah, there is only one thing I want in my days-Peace and quiet, peace and quiet War is such a terrible thing and I have suffered too much all my life and my unfortunate country, too I am sure wants peace, peace and contentment "

To the questions he asked me there was no end, and I found myself in the strange position of having to deliver a sort of elementary lecture about the condition of Turkey and her relations with foreign

countries to the man who, as one could then easily foresec, was shortly to be her sovereign ruler. What seemed to interest him perhaps most was the description of my travels in Turkey and of public men. I had known He was full of curiosity too about Germany, a Power almost unknown in Constantinople when he was a young

and about the German Emperor who aim was above all the friend and ally of his dread brother Abdul Hamid and the parener as it were of Abdul Hamid's tyralmy Towards the Turkish Committee of Union and Progress his feelings appeared to be compounded of gratitude and fear He owed to them the ending of his rigorous seclusion. He knew they were already contemplating the deposition of Abdul Hamid which meant his own elevation to the throne But he realised, I think that this strange body of forceful men so few of whom, as he said, were apparently genuine Turks or good Muhammadans, were not likely to lead him into the path of peace and quiet which he himself yearned to tread

Several times I ventured to suggest that it was getting late and that I had trespassed too long upon his hospitality

but he would not hear of my going On the contrary every such suggestion merely led to his clapping his hands for a servant to bring in a fresh trayful of refreshments The English had always been the real friends of Turkey and he had grown grey and old since he had last had an opportunity Englishman He of talking with an thought the last Englishman he had spoken to was Sir Henry Layard who was British Ambassador at Constantinople when Abdul Hamid came to the throne and then he would press another cup of tea or another cigarette upon me and the stream of questions would begin anew. It was past midnight when I at last took my leave, carrying away with me a photograph which he signed and dated, of perhaps the strangest and most pathetic figure of his day, and the melancholy conviction that never was any one less fitted to ride the whirlwind than the kindly and well meaning gentleman-a child in knowledge and experience of public affairs, but aged in body, and in spirit even beyond his years by a life time of suffering and fear-who was a few months later to reign over the Ottoman Empire as Sultan Mahomed V

BURHANPORE.

В

SHIRLEY HODGKINSON

The play is done, the last act o'er, We played it out at Burhanpore

With laughing lips we strayed until All suddenly, my muth grew still O heart that was my own of yore, I guessed your hope at Burhanpore.

We saw the ruined Palace lie, Relic of splendour long gone by The lapti guards it evermore The dim dead Past of Burhanpore

KATES POINT, MAHABALESHWAR BY LADY 11 ORA POORF

The siris-tassels 'neath our feet Lent to our dream their fragrance sweet, The old, old dream dreamed oft before Ere dreaming died at Burhanpore

Thus silent for a while we stood, Till sudden madness lit your mood, "My princess, mine!" you fondly swore, That summer day at Burhanpore

Were you too foolish, I, too wise? Answer, sad heart, and wistful eyes This knowledge mine for evermore, You loved me then at Burhanpore

But I? I found some words to say That changed your dream from gold to gray. O love, forgive that once of yore I hurt your heart at Burhanpore!

Dark eyes that haunt me with their pain, Dear lips whose pleading was in vain, This your revenge, for evermore I left my heart at Burhanpore!

Do you regret the dream no more, The dream that died at Burhanpore?

MY FIRST BRIEF.

BY

EARDLEY NORTON

EVERY lawyer remembers his first brief as every lover remembers his first love My chance came to me on the Oxford Circuit of which the nominal leader was Powell, Q C but on which all the business was controlled by Henry Matthews, afterwards Conserva tive Home Secretary, later raised to the peerage, as Lord Llandorf one of the most brilliant men I have ever listened to in court Among the talents of the Circuit were Sir Henry James, Q C, "Bob Reid" then a rising junior Stuff Gown, afterwards Lord Chancellor Loreburn, in whose Chambers I pretended to read, Darling now the polished

jester of the King's Bench, Lawrence also elevated later to the Bench, Bosanquet, now Common Sergeant, Jelf, who became a Judge, and Chichele Plowden, who for so many years dispensed justice and wit as a Magistrate in London Among the lesser lights were Woodgate, the old Oxford Blue, George Gruffiths, and George Gough Griffiths wore an Old Bailey jacket, a powdered wig, and was stone blind Hewas retained for the defence in every case whether at Assize or Quarter Sessions and the more desperate the case the more he liked it. He would be led into court and, tapping

no not to describe a finite of the control of the c

my case Meantime I had sent an ultimatum to Gough that if he did? not come m to sum up I should tell the Judge I was feeling ill and would leave the Court Gough turned up with the usual Eau de Cologne and spoke for about ten minutes to the Tury He knew nothing of what the witnesses had said beyond my whispered warning "all infernal liars," and confined himself to vacant platitudes and a prepared but irrelevant peroration Mathews in his reply tore him and our witnesses to shreds, the Tury unanimously returned a verdict of guilty but added a recommendation to mercy because of my client's youth have always believed it was my own youth and discretion which provoked the Tury's Lopez gave the prisoner eighteen months, and I left the Court, bruised. beaten and feeling utterly disgraced to doff wig and gown in the robing room On the way in the corridor I saw Gough being talked to in stentorian tones by an enormous English farmer, with a clean upper lip, a square beard growing into the corners of his mouth and a very nasty and unfriendly expression in his eye and on his face Gough promptly seized me and introduced me to the giant as his "jumor who throughout had conducted the case with great ability"! Gough then instantly disap Next followed that which makes the remembrance of my first brief a permanent, if unpleasant, memory The prisoner's father abused me in the coarse t vernacular of the county He called me every incisive and unrepeatable name in the copious vocabulary of a gentleman who had evidently made caustic abuse the prized study of a long and healthy career Every time he hurled at me a particularly " usive adjective allied to a most irri substantive his wife hanging on to

ubstantive his wife hanging on to in tears and a large poke bonnet i with "So you are" The grunt weighed seventeen stone cps like an ox's thigh kvery bone in my body ly hve done My

position was very unpleasant I could not blame Gough Loyalty insisted I should take to myself all the responsibility and all the reproach "Wot the 'ell did you mean by not calling all my poor boy's witnesses" "Oh my poor boy, my poor boy " sobbed out the mother, " Yes why didn't you do that?" This was the last straw Moving quietly but steadily alk time to keep myself outside the giar arm, I was edging stealthily towards is position whence I could—must I own it /-run to the robing room But I had the dignity of my profession and myself mean time to maintain so I informed my perse cutor-with one wary eye fixed on his fist-that I resented the language and threats used that I was entitled to exercise a discretion in the calling of witnesses and that my discretion had probably reduced the sentence by at least one half ' You adjective young puppy" said my adver sary 'ow dare you talk of your adjective discretion! You were paid to do as you were told and-why should my innocent boy go to gaol because you didn't know your adjective adjective job! By this time I had manœuvred myself into the close vicinity of the robing room steps and I should be safe I gravely pointed out the inadequacy of my fee as compared with the superabundance of abuse showered on me, and suddenly saying good by e opened the door and disappeared quickly but I hope with dignity into the There with his back to a bright coal fire and his tails over his arm, stood George Gough who had evidently been describing the situation he had invented for me to my comrades for I was greeted with a humiliating explosion of laughter I told Gough that if this was an example of his gratitude I was more than satisfied with what I had received and begged of him never in future to feel he was under any obligation to me if I helped him to an authority or an argument in Court My reward I was content should be my own

his next door neighbour on the seat, would ask him to read his brief to him occasion at Gloucester he chanced to ask me, and I went substitute for his eyes prosecuted with a bottle of Lau de Cologne in one hand and a delightful sense of his own importance as representing abstract justice Two children, a boy and a girl had been Ated for highway robbery They had a third child on the public road with his shillings in his hand A rough and turable occurred which resulted in the transfer of a mosety of that sum, namely two and six pence to the persons of the two accused. The other moiety was never Thanks, my boy ' said accounted for Griffiths to me for your help, one good turn deserves another When the case was called on Griffiths informed the Judge that he appeared with his learned friend Eardley Norton for the defence Never mind my Loy he added to me as I mildly protested you don't want a brief you want an advertisement and I ve given it to you Now watch my methods carefully and learn I m going to larf this case out of Court Griffiths methods were inimitable. He occasionally talked broad Gloucestershire to the Jury and repeatedly delivered himself of audible and offensive asides carefully designed to unset Gough's self restraint and knock him out of his stride At last Gough turned to the Judge excitedly and invoked his assistance to keep his irrepressible opponent within the bounds of professional 'I am unable any longer, my Lud, to tolerate my friend's improper attacks I protest my Lud, I protest I protest on behalf of the profession I protest in the interests of public order protest as Counsel for the Crown Instantly Griffiths, who had a singularly powerful voice and a great grasp of histrionic principles and subtleties, jumped to

his feet, and turning to the Jury shouted out.

"Coursel for the Crown Counsel for

the Crown! Counsel for the 'Arf Crown,

'e means ' The Court echoed with laughter,

and the I oreman instantly rising said, " Not

guilty, my Lud" That was my first

But I got one soon after I had helped George Gough in Court at Gloucester to a friendly point in the law of evidence, which won him his case "I shall never lorget your goodness," said my George the second, "I will endeavour, my dear Norton, to make suitable repayment " A few days after to my intense delight an attorney delivered me a brief marked two guineas, with George Gough as my leader We were to defend a young man on a charge of falsifying mining accounts Mr Justice Lopez tried the case Henry Mathews O C opened for the prosecution in a speech the lucidity of which elicited the immediate thanks of the Judge Lawrence now a Judge, was his Junior Gough at the very beginning dis appeared with a brief in the Civil Court and left me alone! He dropped in once or twice to do a little very ineffective cross examination The prosecution closed and my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth I sent Gough's clerk for him The answer was I was not to open the case but to call our witnesses I did so remember a set of witnesses so manifestly and consistently false Mathews turned them inside out in less than five minutes My most important witness was stone deaf The louder I shouted the more placedly he smiled and said, "Young man I cannot 'ear ve' I was desperate and trembling with nervousness and excite Cautiously I stole nearer and nearer to him till at last I propped my brief up under his very nose in the witness box and he read off his answers from what he saw The Judge pretended not to see Mathews smiled on me in most fatherly fashion was very young, very pitiful, very perplexed and-alone My deaf witness turned out the worst har of the lot as Mathews showed in about five questions I felt the position was hopeless and I dreaded lest by calling more witnesses I might enhance the sentence which I knew was coming I declined to call the remaining witnesses and, blushing at the Judge, closed my case Meantime I had sent an ulti matum to Gough that if he did not come in to sum up I should tell the Judge I was feeling ill and would leave the Court Gough turned up with the usual Eau de Cologne and spoke for about ten minutes to the Jury He knew nothing of what the witnesses had said beyond my whispered warning "all infernal liars" and confined himself to vacant platitudes and a prepared but irrelevant peroration Mathews in his reply tore him and our witnesses to shreds. the Jury unanimously returned a verdict of guilty but added a recommendation to mercy because of my client's youth have always believed it was my own youth and discretion which provoked the Tury's pity Lopez gave the prisoner eighteen months and I left the Court, bruised beaten and feeling utterly disgraced to doff wig and gown in the robing room On the way in the corridor I saw Gough being talked to in stentorian tones by an enormous English farmer, with a clean upper lip, a square beard growing into the corners of his mouth and a very nasty and unfriendly expression in his eye and on his face Gough promptly seized me and introduced me to the g ant as his "junior who throughout had conducted the case with great ability ! Gough then instantly disap peared Next followed that which makes the remembrance of my first brief a permanent if unpleasant memory. The prisoner s father abused me in the coarse t vernacular of the county He called me every incisive and unrepertable name in the copious vocabulary of a gentleman who had evidently made caustic abuse the prized study of a long and healthy career Every time he hurled at me a particularly offensive adjective allied to a most irri tating substantive his wife hanging on to his arm in tears and a large poke bonnet chimed in with a 'So you are' The giant -who must have weighed seventeen stone and promised a biceps like an ox s thighsaid he would break every bone in my body which he would easily have done My

position was very unpleasant. I could not blame Gough I oyalty insisted I should take to myself all the responsibility and all the reproach "Wot the 'ell did you mean by not calling all my poor boys witnesses" "Oh my poor boy my poor boy," sobbed out the mother, "Yes why didn't you do that?" This was the last straw Moving quietly but steadily ala time to keep myself outside the gian arm I was edging stealthily towards position whence I could—must I own it run to the robing room But I had the dignity of my profession and myself mean time to maintain so I informed my perse cutor-with one wary eye fixed on his fist-that I resented the language and threats used that I was entitled to exercise a discretion in the calling of witnesses and that my discretion had probably reduced the sentence by at least one half ' You adjective young puppy said my adver ow dare you talk of your adjective discretion! You were paid to do as you were told and-why should my innocent boy go to gaol because you didn't know your adjective adjective job! By this time I had manœuvred myself into the close vicinity of the robing room steps and I should be safe I gravely pointed out the madequacy of my fee as compared with the superabundance of abuse showered on me and suddenly saying good bye opened the door and disappeared quickly but I hope with dignity into the There with his back to a bright coal fire and his tails over his arm stood George Gough who had evidently been describing the situation he had invented for me to my comrades for I was greeted with a humiliating explosion of laughter I told Gough that if this was an example of his gratitude I was more than satisfied with what I had received and begged of him never in future to feel he was under any obligation to me if I helped him to an authority or an argument in Court reward I was content should be my own virtue

IF ALL THE SAND.

BY

R SWINHOE.



If all the sand of Egypt's land Were blown into the sea And roses grew on every hand How charming that would be ! For who could count the harvest gav Of roses white and red If all the sand were blown away And roses grew instead?

If all the camels two by two Were turned to goats and sheep But one were left unchanged for you I'd like that one to keep; For Oh! how doubly rich and strange The camel then would be If only one survived the change And that belonged to me!

Then I would wander to and fro To mind the goats and sheep While you would hold a flower show And sell the roses cheap. And that strange camel too would stand Beside the restless main To keep the sand of Egypt's land From blowing back again

BINAMA.

CHARU CHANDRA RAY.

[This is a Bengali folk tale of King Habu Chandra and his worthy Minister Gabu Chandra It is called Binama or the Nameless, and describes how it came to be invented]

SAID King Habu Chandra the Prince among my ministers that as thy Liege

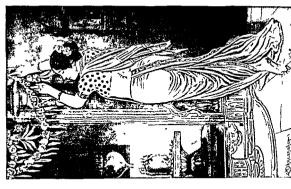
of Tools to Gabu Chandra his Ministergoeth forth for his morning constitutional
in-Chief:—" Seest thou not, O Chief
or his evening promenade along the



KRISHNA AND RADHIKA IN SWARGA
The brith of Worlds in the Waters of Maya
BY KUNDAN LALL.



DAWN KASHMIR BY R. B. HOLMES





THE TAJ AT DAWN
BY
RENIF HANNAY

sodden streets of the metropolis his worthy feet are covered up to the knee with the dust of the earth? Forthwith seek thou a remedy for this dusty abomination or thou diest in three days."

Like king, like minister. It was the first time that it struck Gabu Chandra's ministerial pate that the earth was earthy and the dust was but powdered earth that rose up to the royal knee as his mighty footsteps marked the streets of the metropolis. But dust—it was everywhere, and dust, even dust must rise when kicked be it by royal feet. So where was the remedy? Time was short indeed for his addled head to devise a remedy for the benefit of the

royal legs.

By beat of drum, did the Minister unto the King proclaim a mighty reward for whosoever will rid the metropolis of dust-half a kingdom and a princess to wed. In the kingdom of Habu Chandra the Prince of Fools, none were less foolish than either the king or his ministers, for would it be respectful to be wiser than the sovereign? But nathless was there found a man who if not wiser was yet more enterprising than the rest and he cometh forward-half tempted by the prize and half for his profound concern for the royal legs, and sayeth he-" Here am I, a devoted and loval servant of his Majesty King Habu Chandra Ray; I can find a way to cleanse the king's highway of the dust that rises up to the royal knees as his Majesty deigns to walk thereon."

"And what is thy recipe, O loyal and devoted servant of our king? Hold forth, but beware of failure which costeth thy life and thou liest under the

very dust thou faileth to cleanse."

Undaunted did the loving servant of his Majesty hold forth on the remedy he had in his head devised:—"Call up the hundred thousand sweepers of the earth—the earth over which our royal master holdeth sway and let twice one hundred thousand hands with as many

brooms sweep the dust out of the earth and make it clean."

Spake the Minister unto the King—
"O what an excellent easy remedy?
Wonder, such a simple plan did not occur to us, but everybody does not know everything, even the minister of his Majesty—sayeth the proverb."

Bang, rang, rang, went the drumcalling up all the sweepers of the kingdom to sweep the earth of dust that rose up to the royal knee as his Majesty degned to tread thereon. Came the sweepers from the north and the south, the east and the west, brandishing twice one hundred thousand brooms and began to sweep the dust from off the face of the earth. Verily did they sweep the dust from off the earth, for it rose in clouds ever thick and thicker into the air and darkened the sky with a gloom as on the day of judgment. Men drew the dust with their breath and ate the dust with their food; for the dust it was everywhere-it was on the royal plate and on the royal bed and even flew into the royal eyes.

Burst forth the king, even King Habu Chandra, in exceeding rage, with his dusty kerchief to his watery eyes—"Cursed be the man who kicked the dust as high as into my eyes Was it not better as it was—for did it ever rise higher than my knee as I walked? Stop it, stop it, foolish man, or I am

choked to death.

Stopped the twice hundred thousand hands, but the dust took its own time to come down to its place, and the whole kingdom was smothered in the dusty gloom. The vaunted remedy had failed, and the physician found his resting place under the dust he had shaken so unwisely

Bang, rang, rang, went the drum calling for a man who would remove the dust from the face of the earth, for not a minute had to be lost—the three days' time given by the royal master had dwindled already by a day in the fruitless attempt to sweep the earth.

Up came another half lund by the double bait of kingdom and princess and half for love of king and hege

Spake the Minister Gabu Chandra whose head was even more addled with dust and failure- Beware of missing your mark thou diest if thou failest "

Spake the man- But my remedy faileth Call up by beat of drum-the hundred thousand water carriers of the earththe kingdom of our king and let them flood the earth with water till the dust is washed away and the earth made clean

The minister was joyous for prospect of his head being saved said he- Really this is the remedy but how is it it did not strike me before this-but sayeth the proverb-every one knoweth not everything not even

the minister of the king

Came up the water-carriers in their thousands with the bamboo cross bar and the ship and the earthen chatties -twice one hundred thousand in number all the ponds and wells and pools were drawn dry and the water which lay in all the hollows of the kingdom ran in mighty currents along the royal streets and as they sought their level, left the streets all mud muddy The king came out to see and was stuck in the mud and those that came to rescue the royal person were stuck in the mud likewise and the queens, whose name was legion set up a cry from the hundred tharokas of the palace, whoever came running out of the house got stuck in the mud and that mud-clogged city was full of cries and curses for the minister, and wailings for the king stuck in the There was much tearing of the hair and beating of the breast and gnashing of the teeth

The man who failed got his deserts and the minister was crest fallen, for only a day remained of his life unless he discovered by chance a remedy for the dust and the mud to boot

The wife of the minister saw her lord m deep grief-for he ate nothing and slept not at all 'O my heart's delight saveth she "what is it that troubleth

thy heart?

' Knowest thou not my darling that the lord dieth to morrow at sunset, unless some good angel finds a remedy for the dust that rises up to the royal knee but matters have been worse since the last experiment, for the dust has been turned into mud and the dusty streets are quagmires '

Sayeth the shrewd partner of the Minis ter Gabu Chandra- But the quagmire it drieth up in the sun and as for the dust the remedy lieth in covering up the royal feet with a velvet covering lined with silk with a stiff flat bottom to stand between the royal feet and the dust Wheresoever the King goeth, this covering will protect the royal feet from coming in contact with dust or mire'

So it was done and the third day which was to see the minister's death saw the new device protect the royal sole from contamination in the dust sodden

earth or water sodden mud

'But,' said Gabu Chandra "is it not strange that there be so much wisdom in my own house and I know it not? But sayeth the proverb every man knoweth not everything even the minister of the king '

Such is the authentic history of the invention of what the learned call 'Binama' or the Nameless and the vulgar style the shoes

THE RAINROW OF RIGHT.

RV

LADV SANDERSON

Red, White, and Blue-God! We unfurl with pride Our Standard -Roses, red and white Blue sea. Britain's Empire gives to Thee Heroes living-wounded -dead.

Cerise striped and circled too Westward comes this warrior new Chrysanthemum From beauteous land to bloody strife They gave their ships, and many a life To help to conquer

Blue, White, and Red France waves aloft her ensign true "Liberté."

Forward she goes with steady tread Fighting for life-with upraised head Fleur de Lys-dved red.

Black, Gold, and Red. Crushed body, strength, and frame Save Honour.

Scarlet wounds, Black night, Proud name Belgium lives and lives again Tried-Gold.

White, Bright, Bright Green, and Red Famed for Beauty : Art : Instead-Soldiers Green hills, White crests, Venetian Red

Surmounting all Leaving dead

Red, Blue, and Sparkling White Servia wayse her banner still Undaunted Rugged hills Valleys deep

Daring deeds, but echoes speak Of Treachery

White Flag with crosses Blue Steady, steadfast, strong, and true You come. White snows. Blue unfathomed strength. Russia famous Empire's length. Sweep on Achieve.

Darkness, iron, steel, brass, and fire. This army strives for mightier power Output. Bannerless they fight and strain Day and night with hearts assame Unceasing Workers

Rainbow flags of rich device Gleaming Jewels of priceless life Stream on Advance 'Till Justice, Truth, in victor's name To all the expectant world proclaim Right has conquered Peace ..

TIPS FOR THE I. A. R. OFFICER.

BI

MYAUK

It is better to incur a slight reprimand than to perform an onerous duty.

It dian timy Prove b

FEELING as I do-in such stirring times as these when the destinies of our gallant Indian Army are so largely guided by that heroic yet diffident band the Indian Army Reserve of Officers-feeling I say as I do that their admirable zeal should be furthered and nurtured by all such advice as we older and hornier soldiers can give I believe it to be my duty at the risk of repeating myself again to seize my pen and dash into the fray this time in aid of the noble army of martyrs referred to above-the Indian Army Reserve of Officers It had originally been my inten tion to take you by the hand my Indian Army Reserve friend and to guide your faltering footsteps from A to Z through the intricate mazes of Indian military life The subject however proved so vast the path so thorny that I quailed In a previous monumental work* I touched somewhat fully on the subject but for the present purpose and in the limited space allotted to me by the handsome but eccentric editor of this periodical it must suffice that I confine myself to the two most important phases in the life of the newly gazetted officer of the Indian Army Reserve

These two phases are --

(i) Joning the regiment and
(ii) Having joined it immediately
getting away from it on leave

Firstly, as to (t) -

Think not O my unknown friend of the Indian Army Reserve that this is as simple as it may seem that you

merely buy a ticket to the place where your regiment happens to be and having bought your ticket that you just go there and there you are so to speak Nay not so would it were so which it isn't therefore it ain't Once you have burrowed beneath the superficial glamour attendant on the purchase of a new and bilious coloured Sam Browne belt you forsake the smooth and glassy shore for the rough and thorny path However I am the soul of kindness and I will go before you and trample down the thorns Follow me and all may yet be well otherwise it's you for the Golden Shore We will presume that you have been planted with the hetero geneous collection of badges of servitude (khakı coats putties battle liats flea bags mud pushers and so forth) which your tailor-with an eye on your outfit allowance-assures you to be essential to the incontinent despatch of the foe Now the first thing to remember is that your Commanding Officer doesn't mind what you buy but he exercises a semile petty yet volcanic interest in what you wear when you make your début before him A striped collar and a blue spotted tie may doubtless match right æsthetically a khakı coat but they most incontestably do not match the texture of the common or garden variety of Commanding Officer s liver the which is a matted corrugated mass-rather like a loofah-studded with hobnails and soaked in Tabasco Some day I shall write a monograph

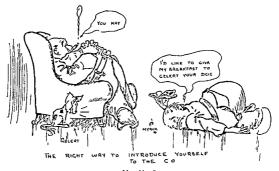
My Indian Arm. A. P. C. of which I am Heappointed the to ancilling less than 17,000,000 copie, lave been oil.

TIPS FOR THE I. A. R OFFICER.



THE WRONG WAY TO INTRODUCE YOURSELF
TO THE CO

HINT NO I



HINT No 2



WHEN YOU MEET A STAFF . OFFICER, DO NOT PRESUME TO SPEAK , REMEMBER THAT YOUR PRESENCE THINTS Him MERELY GAZE AT HIM WITH MUTE, ECSTATIC DEVOTION IF YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE ANY JEWEL5 ABOUT YOU. CAST THEM UNRESERVEDLY 1115 FEET

THE CORRECT WAY TO RODRESS A CEMERAL

HINT NO 4

"Commanding Officers' Livers, and How to

Appease Them "

No, avoid bright coloured ties when in uniform Dress yourself quietly in khaki. take your pencil from behind your right ear, your half-consumed cigarette from behind the other, and wait till the Co nmanding Officer is full fed before you enter his presence

Now before going in unto him, a word The following greetings should be avoided

or used sparingly -

(i) "Well, cockie, how's the back hair?"

(n) "Cuthbert, I have arrived" (111) ' Morning old Spat, wat abort it?'

These modes of address are occasionally considered familiar, and it were as well not to run undue risks at the outset of your inlitary career

Remember that Generals, Colonels, Staff Officers et hoc genus omne are not as other men Your presence taints them the following insinuating phrases -

(i) To a Colonel, including your new

Commanding Officer -

"Sir, bearing in mind the episode of Sir Walter Raleigh and Oueen Llizabeth honour me by using my face instead of soiling the doormat

(12) To a General of whatever degree --'May I offer my breakfast to your so

beautiful dog?"

(111) To a Staff Officer words are useless pleading look of mute stupefied

admiration will suffice

In the best military circles (t e, those in which I move) it is a maxim that Colonels and Generals-especially the latter, should bear the same relation to you as does the negative pole of a magnet to a needle-you being the needle Being the needle is better than getting the needle, and-

However, to our sheeps Having decided on your form of salutation, enter the Presence like, creeping on your solar plexus region Murmur your catch phrase (the dog and breakfast one is perhaps the most soothing) raise your wormy eyes from the dust and breathe adagio aspiratamente -" May I assume a comparatively erect position?

Such is the simple hearted benignity of the modern Commanding Officer that

he will not unprobably reply

"The answer is in the affirmative' But do not take an ell when you have been offered but a paltry inch, do not incontinently spring to your feet, embrace hum, offer hum a "Red Lamp" or a "Scissors" cigarette and ask him how his liver is If you do, he will probably tell you how it is, or you'll be able to guess anyway, in which case you will wish you hadn't asked, and, in fact, will probably lose all interest in that important organ on the state of which your whole future destinies depend

No , take it from me, that having made your obeisance, the best thing you can do is to fade away into the offal-offing. I mean The less the Commanding Officer sees you the more chance there is of his liking you (of course you understand I speak generally, not personally) and therefore make a study of his liver You will notice many It will repay you things for instance Commanding Officers and Generals One of these is their mability, in the early morning, to speak-they can only point at things If you are not quite certain what they are pointing at, but are quite certain it is something pretty urgent, experiment first with the Tabasco and curry powder-you probably won't be far wrong

So much for your introduction to the Commanding Officer It only remains to say that you should adopt much the same procedure when making your bow to the junior officers, modifying it, however. according to the rank of the addressee There is no special danger, for instance, to be apprehended from addressing a full blown Lieutenant as "Old Flick," and as for a mere Second Lieutenantanything will do for him-" Hil' will usually meet the case Second Lieutenants cut but little ice, after them come the I was one once-you are one now, I Pidogs suppose Never mind, cockie, cheer up

You might do worse; you might, for instance, be an A. D. C. or something like that-

However.

Now, having joined your regiment, it is but natural that your first thought will be, "How can I get away on leave?" This is a more complex problem. The majority of Commanding Officers hold most inexplicable yet none the less-decided opinions on this subject. They have most unreasonable yet firm rooted objections to sending the newly joined subaltern immediately on leave. They never seem to grasp what is at once plain and evident to the callowest and simplest minded subaltern, namely, that manœuvres, parades, Generals' inspections, and all such tragi-comic interludes, interfere like the very deuce with cricket and hockey, or other healthy pursuits of the human young.

Which being the case, it will be seen that the only reed left for our hero to lean on is that of sick leave. I do not think I could better close this article than by giving a few words of advice on

this alluring topic.

Of all forms of leave, sick leave is the most desirable, in that it relieves the recipient of the absurd procedure of paying his own way anywhere. When you proceed on sick leave you are presented with several square feet of tinted paper, called a warrant. Before you can exchange this large area of paper for a more concentrated railway ticket. however, you must answer several hundred questions that are printed on the large sheet. It is most important that the authorities should be informed as to-

(i) the name of your aunt;

(ii) the number of legitimate children you have (two places of decimals are sufficient); (iii) how many (a) elephants)

(b) mules you · (c) camels

intend to take with you on this particular journey;

† Mark IX 20 000 W and S 2 A G 925 P

(iv) whether you alive on were November 1st, 1915;

(v) if so, why not.

Having answered these questions, you-Again, to our muttons.

We will presume that you intend, coute que coûte, to proceed on sick leave from the region of unremitting toil. Of course, if really are sick the path is considerably smoothed, though not entirely so, as anyone who has been recommended for sick leave will tell you Even in that case-and before you can obtain the above-mentioned warrant-you must make out an application for leave, even though both your arms have been blown off in action. In that case you make out the application with your feet, or, failing them, your teeth

But if, as will probably be the case, you are not sick, the plot thickens. Not being sick you must at least assume the outward appearance of one moribund, in order to induce the powers-that-be to regard you as a careworn drudge, the duration of whose continued existence in the outer skin of this terrestrial blob depends simply and solely on the question of sick leave. You will, of course, make your first effort with method A (Mark I*). To the uninitiated I might explain that method A (Mark I*) consists of a glass of invalid sherry and a Burma cheroot before chota hazri every day for a month, finishing up with a run up a mountain at least 1,700 feet high just prior to the medical examination. Your leave in this case will be granted you on the score of advanced and incurable disseminated arterio-sclerosis, with a touch of carpologia.

Failing success in this-the first of a well thought out series >vercises-er tried

than 1 vary gullibility instance, it wo ' Lt

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entirely on shredded soap, and to sleep nightly suspended by the feet from the rafters with your head enveloped in the outer skin of a durian. If you don't know what a durian is, I haven't time to tell you. except that it is regarded by misguided Far-Easterners as a luscious fruit, but by ignorant Westerners as a public nuisance, reminding one, as it does, of the enraged discomfiture of a mixed host of badgers, civet cats and ' skunks. In appearance, it resembles an unborn, vet incredibly morose, hedgehog, The symptoms of method L closely resemble those of double apoplexy aggravated by a boiled homoplasty, and tinged with spontaneous combustion. In this method, the detection of any little symptomic discrepancies is rendered less liable by the fact that on account of the olfactory proclivities of the durian, the Medical Board will be constrained to

examine you through telescopes from a range of two to four hundred yards on the windward side of you

the windward side of you.

But enough has been written to show

you, my Indian Army Reserve friend, the paths you should tread. I fully believe and tust that I can safely leave your future in your own hands, and I lay down my weary pen in the hope that these few words may smooth the way for each and every one of you who contemplates "doing his bit," and entering that glorious department, the Indian Army Reserve of Officers.

Phew! Finished for another year Hooray! Sammy, bring along the Irish Stew. Chin, Chin, reader dear; I'm for a sniff of food

Cr-r-r-unch i

ABELARD TO HELOISE.

Paris: Eleventh Century.

BY IAMES H. COUSINS

A fool sang past the cloister wall,
"Ask all of Love, for Love knows all."
And lo I my questions of the Soul—
The how and when, the source and goal,
And why this bubble blown of space?—
Are asked and answered in your face I
Love puts the wise man's heart to school
To learn the wisdom of the fool.

"Ask not the skies, delve not the land, "Love's answer lies beneath your hand." The fool sang on. Oh! very sweet The shuffle of the brethren's feet Along the floors: a woman's dress Was in the sound, the no and yes Of all desire; and in the swerve Of the swung bell a bosom's curve, And ruin in your dream-found eyes For the proud folly of the wise!

FRAGMENT OF A LATE LATIN MS.

BY

UPIUS SCRIPTOR

Now in the last years of the proconsulship of Hardinius there was a Roman garrison stationed in the city of Theopolis. And some of those officers who were not yet wedded, or whose wives preferred the joys of Rome to the uncertainties of life in a remote province, dwelt together in a house of common assembly. And the superintendence and management of the Persians who attended and performed the service of menials was entrusted to one Gallio, who was paymaster unto Cæsar. Now, as is frequent in the case of Persians, these menials were base fellows, much given to deception, skilled in the art of making the worse appear the better cause. And the food whereon the officers in the house of assembly depended for nourishment was bad in quality and uncertain in quantity But Gallio dwelt apart and cared for none of these things. For he strove that the balance of sesterces should wax greater, and he regarded not the murmurings of his fellows whenever one having arrived at a state of exasperated starvation wrote his petition in the tablets of the house of assembly. Gallio was wont to reply in a rude phrase, which may be rendered " I don't think.

Now, when the proprætor, who was much favoured in the eyes of the Roman ladies, remonstrated with Gallio on the baseness of the food, Gallio made answer that it cost many sesterces, because perchance some strangers might come to dine without warning. Then the proprætor, accustomed to the perverted arguments of the Persian advocates—"Why should it be charged to us for the stranger, and of what advantage is it to

provide food on the chance of their advent?" To him Gallio, careless of logic, replied—"It is by providing for the stranger that the house of assembly deriveth its profit." And the young man, gnashing his teeth, departed for consolation to the bibi-khana (committee feminarum), and finding it not, had several Persians well beaten by his lictors

And yet another, who rashly petitioned, was told to seek the common inn, the fitter place of abode for fellows of

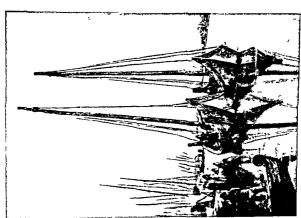
the baser sort.

This contest endured for many days, until the coming of the quæstor, unto whom Gallio was subject. But when the quæstor had arrived, Gallo summoned the Persian menials together, and spake to them privily saving," Render unto Cæsar the things that Cæsar's." And fair food was set upon the tables, so that the quæstor might wax fat and be complacent. And the quæstor was exceedingly pleased with the banquet. Whereon all the assembled Persians threw their hands to the skies, and applauded in their speech "Shahbash," which may be rendered in the vulgar tongue, "Go it, old man." Yet on the morrow, when the quæstor elected to drive his fiery chariot in the ways of the city, his hand trembled, and paying no heed to the multitude he pressed forward, and not a few among the more careless of the passers-by were slain by his scythed wheels. Now Gallio gave heed that the first course should no longer be diluted from the water in which the Persians had laved their dishes, and forbade them to strain it through their headgear, as they had



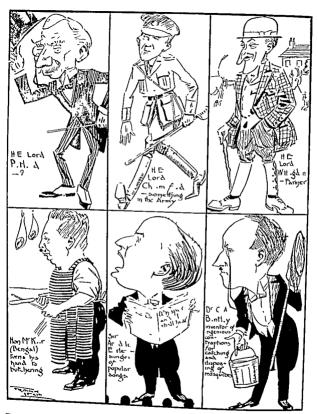


MESOPOTAMIAN WAR VIEWS,













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THE NORHA. BY A. E. HARRIS

been accustomed in their economy of iharania. And for the second course he commanded the fish-merchants in the distant sea-norts that they should send him of their best, even of the bomfreti, and of the cani bombaii in place of the unwholesome fish which obtained their pourishment from the dead cast into the rivers. And for the third course no longer was the deshi bakri (cabri rurise) to disgrace the table but it might wander free of heart in the by-ways, for he demanded that the bearded butchers should supply him with mutton, of which the family history was undoubted. And for the fourth course the invariable murghi ma'mouli (sember fidelis galla) was to be oftentimes replaced by a noble sirloin, not hewn from the aged limbs of some time-expired conservancy buffalo. For the fifth course heretofore two messes had been provided in regular alternation: one a composition of alleged fruits, and the other a pale green clinging substance. such as is found on the surface of ponds in the mating season of frogs. For these Gallio substituted pastries, adorned with a sticky substance. And in the matter of the sixth course, which the Persians, for hidden reasons, call secundus, Gallio ordered that the custom of serving decayed eggs on hardened bread should be varied. For the end of the banquet apples, as is the Roman custom, were to be provided; but Gallio could not bear to reduce the cost of his vina porti, which stood at double the price of other assemblies.

And in order that the balance of sesterces might not cease to increase Gallio laid a plan before the elders of the assembly. Said Gallio: "Oh, fathers of the people, ye knew that by reason

of the Terpsichoreum that we have builded a great burden of debt is laid upon the assembly. And as we ourselves dwell not in the assembly house. it appeared meet to tax those who of necessity resided there. by the method of the people of Palestine who purchase for little and sell for much. But by reason of the unforeseen coming of the quæstor. I have perforce had to amend the nature of the nourishment. Wherefore in order that the sesterces may not be diminished, it is proposed to you that the sum charged to these murmurers shall be increased." And the elders, led by the ready questioner of the law-courts, who though small of stature could vanouish the greatest prevaricator among Persian witnesses.

applauded with one voice. So it was done even as Gallio had recommended. And in addition Gallio issued an order for the expulsion of the head Persian in the kitchen, announcing that he would procure a cook as skilled as the cooks of Gaul or the Tagus the Persian put dust on his head, and lay in wait for Gallio when he went out to combat in the arena of tennis (where he was a mighty swordsman), and laying hold of his nether limbs the Persian called him his father and his mother, and used many other endearments So the heart of Gallio was moved to pity, and he restored

even from that very hour.

And soon the Persians, by reason of their being habituated in the ways of evil, fell back into the methods of the cooks of the wayside posting houses, and served up the messes as aforetime. But Gallio continued to be pleased, for the charges had been raised.

BURMA.

An Ode in the Swinburnian Measure.

BY

R S.

O province remote and forsaken,
O land of the nat and the spook,
O country undreamt of by Bacon,
Unknown to Columbus or Cook,
O home of the teak tree and toddy
O plains where the cloud-bursts are poured,
O breast of the smooth Irrawaddy,
Exceedingly broad

Thy future to doubt it were treason, Thy beauty is balm to the sight, Thou givest the fruits in their season, Though some are inedible quite! From the peaks of thy mountains Silurian From the valleys that swelter between Comes the scent of the pestilent durian. Disgusting, unclean.



In the jungle the humming bird poises
The fire fly glitters around
The gibbon makes hideous noises
The francolin calls from the ground
At thy dark pools the home of the Naiads
Reed riven ghoul hunted accurst
The bears and the lithe Himadryads
Are slaking their thirst

The stranger, to visit thee yearly
Forsakes the sleek comforts of home
And though the round trip cost him dearly,
Embarks on the treacherous foam
From the wheat plains of sunny Alberta
From the Stores and the Stock yards released
He comes with his wife and his daughter
To bask in the East



Deep down in the quarries of Kansi The swarthy Kachins unafraid Weave spells of their gruin necromancy To crack the green boulders of jade And racked with malarial fever From China to distant Mergui Men filch thy bright gold from the river, Thy pearls from the sea Art thou meant for the home of the lizard?
Art thou made for the white man to dwell?
Thy peaks that are swept by the blizzard,
Thy plains that are hotter than Hell?
Art thou grieved at thy fate? Art thou happy?
Do thy hopes follow short of thy wish?
O land of the loud-smelling ngapee,
Decomposite fish!

Far out on the wide-flung horizon
That bounds the broad plains of the north
The snake shuns the feet of the bison,
The tiger comes bellowing forth;
By the rat-riddled runs of Ava
The Kraits and the cattermoles play,
And the ultimate skull of the carver
Is crumbling away.



Has something gone wrong with my liver?

Fair land of the deep-flowing raver, The creek and the sun-ripened plain, Has something gone wrong with my liver? Or fever distorted my brain? Does my heart with original sin burn? Or only my food disagree? Or is overmuch reading of Swinburne The matter with me?



OCTOBER FLOWERS SIMLA BY NATALIE HELY HUTCHISON



These originals are for sale. Apply to Editor Indian lok



CHILDREN OF THE FOREST BY H L WRIGHT

EARLY MORNING—PURI BY GOGONENDRA NATH TAGORE

Set far from the maelstrom of passion. Blind passion that flays you and flogs, Unscarred by the fetters of fashion, Unscathed by the custom that clogs, Thy daughters, in bright silken dresses, Strong-fashioned for mirth or for toil. Anoint the dark wealth of their tresses With coconut oil I

O fragrance too sweet of a Tune day. O glory of opal and shade. The sun shining strong in the noon-day, The moon gliding swift through the glade . The gleam of a shrine that is golden. The glance of an eye that is bright. The flash of a wing now beholden Now vanished from sight

You may visit Francisco's fair city. You may roam the broad veldt of the Boer, You may bask on the beach at Tahiti, Or the flower-spangled glades of Samoa You may dream 'neath the Tuscan acacia When the June suff emblazons the west But the gem of the tewels of Asia Is Burma the blest.

CONCERNING WAR RUMOURS.

RY NAINU

It is an old saying that truth is stranger than fiction, its meaning being that, whereas things are constantly happening in actual life which were antecedently improbable. things which are supposed to happen within the realms of fiction must be con sistent and probable in order to carry conviction and convey artistic satisfaction In other words, untrue things must appear to be true in their imaginary setting, , though true things need not themselves conform to any such rule Every day; of life which goes by the name of gossip some work of fiction is condemned by the Mr Chesterton, who is at least a weighty criticism that it is untrue to life, while, every authority, says that gossip is a divine

startlingly illogical and improbable. Now, though they are often really fictions, all rumours profess to be facts, and are consequently readily accepted without regard to the rules of reason Bred out of fear, malice, intelligent anticipation, or a desire for sensation, they are all nursed by imagination and do infinite credit to that faculty They could not, however, survive nor develop to their true perfection without that social leavening of the serious business day also, experience shows that life itself is institution, but, however that may be,

there can be no doubt that all men delight in its giddiness, none being too old to yearn. Among comparatively enlightened people, it is only a very wise rumour that knows its own father after it is a few hours old. The educated man, though he may believe a rumour blindly himself, seems to imagine that his fellows will want reasons for believing it, and accordingly adds his own particular touch of verisimilitude before passing it on in a more perfectly artistic form. Hence it is that rumours gain credibility as they go along until the most respectable people are found assisting in their circulation without any strain on their consciences The old lady who was quite positive that Russian troops had passed through England "because they had their cossacks on," is a case in point Ignorant people are not afflicted with this mental infirmity as a rule, with the result that rumours pass to and fro among them without substantial alteration, and are both less elusive and more difficult to dispel

The part played by rumours in the drama of human life increases in importance when the stage is occupied by war in its modern setting The principal characters prefer to perform behind the scenes, and the excited audience is apt to accept anything that presents itself as a part of the action of the piece. This has been constantly exemplified in the enlightened environment of England, and is even more evident in the comparatively unenlightened atmosphere of India, where the cultivating classes swallow rumours as readily as they do rice. Thus, it is a matter of legal evidence that the recent lawlessness in the Punjab was due partly to the encouraging influence of rumours to the effect that the British Raj was weakening, that the Germans had arrived in Karachi and Sukkur, and that the Turks were coming through Afghanistan. I have come across several similar rumours in the rural parts of Bengal. and have beguiled a portion of my spare time in tracing them to their various sources and attempting to counteract them. I

found that the mental attitude of the raiyat changed considerably as the war went on. At first, everything, including rumours, was vague, and he was eager for reliable information. Then, having heard the main facts, his interest centred on the personal application of the rumours that reached his ears, and he declined to discuss anything academic. Latterly, he has seemed to live in that "lodge in some vast wilderness" for which Cowper longed.

"Where rumour of oppression and deceit Of unsuccessful and successful war, Might never reach me more"

He will not open the subject of the war himself, and, when asked what he thinks about it. replies with characteristic directness. " How am I to know? I live far from here and am only an ignorant fellow" This means that he regards me with suspicion and that further personal enquiry would be fruitless. I did, however, hear several of the rumours current during the intermediate stage of comparative communicativeness, and came to the conclusion that, while it was distinctly deplorable, the raivat's last attitude could not be altogether condemned.

Some of these rumours were, as someone has said of certain advertisements, not only a fraud, but also an insult to one's intelligence, others had, like the fictions of Defoe, all the air of true stories. Among the former was the common report that the Germans were invading India through Baluch.stan and that they had already captured "Beliam" and Rangoon! The half-truth concerning Belgium made this rumour a difficult one to deal with, and the position was not improved by a charming uncertainty as to the precise situation of the places mentioned. Other rumours were that, when the Germans had conquered India-this was assumed as inevitableall cow-killing would be stopped, no taxes would be levied, and Sanskrit would become the lingua franca. These reports disclosed the practised political hand, and were, as a matter of fact, deliberately disseminated

from Calcutta They had a look of German silver, but may have been merely a picturesque representation of that "Golden Age" which the disciples of Max Muller hope for when the Indian Renaissance comes The further rumours that all the able bodied men were to be impressed as soldiers and that the paddy crop was to be distrained to feed them probably originated similarly The former rumour was current all over the country and was the cause of some amusing incidents. In one place, the local Bar was entertaining a leading official in the usual friendly way, and had arranged a display of aboriginal dancing as part of the festivities The guests duly assembled at the time fixed, but the aboriginals did not appear, and the explanation given was that they were afraid of being carried off forcibly by the official before whom they were to perform In another place, a chaukidar, or village watchman, was overheard concerting desperate measures with his wife to avoid the impending calamity They eventually arranged that, when the time came, the wife should set fire to their hut by night, while the chaukidar made himself scarce until his disappearance had established the presumption that he had been consumed in the accidental conflagration It may be added that this incident did not lose any of its point from the fact that the chaukidar's physique was sufficient in itself to exempt him from all anxiety Other rumours, usually the most plausible, were of local manufacture When some of the Sikhs off the Komagata Maru were being hunted down in the interior, the people in one part believed that they were really Sikh soldiers, and that the autho rities were making a fuss about catching them because they did not wish some fearful defeat to become known another part, I encountered the report that Government intended to collect all the cattle and send them to the front, partly for food and partly for transport It turned out that enquiries had been instituted through the police as to transport potentialities, but that these enquiries

contemplated entirely different eventualities and had been initiated before the

war began

Reason is, as a rule, a poor remedy for a rumour unless applied in the very nick of its novelty Once it has spread to any extent, rational argument comes too late to prevent mischief and is often powerless to undo it As Swift says somewhere " Falsehood flies and Truth comes limping after it " and, when that stage has been reached the only way to kill a rumour with reason is that which Petruchio used to kill a wife with kindness. While on tour soon after the war began, I was informed that a German airship had been seen over a certain village a night or two previously and I soon found that the report had caused considerable alarm even though this was before the days of Zepping and baby killing After a little patient investigation, for auricular and ocular witnesses are equally oracular in India I discovered one individual who had not heard the story from someone else He maintained that he had seen an airship when questioned, though he admitted that its German origin was a natural assumption of his own The following colloquy then ensued -

' Let us hear what you actually saw,'

said I

"I came out of my house about nine at night," he replied, and saw a big black object with a light attached to it sailing over the village I am sure it was an auship."

"Did you watch it for long " I then

sked

"No," he said, "I was afraid and ran into my house almost at once"

'How big was this thing you saw?

'As big as the ferry boat on our

"Did it make a great noise?"

"No," said he, with the superior smile of one who has detected the cunning underlying an apparently simple question, "Does a ship ever make a noise? It glides along silently as everyone knows and that is what this one was doing."

It was clear from these replies that an airship had not been seen, but something had been seen—probably a fire-balloon set against a dark scurrying cloud—and the difficulty was to satisfy my audhence, none of whom had ever seen an airship, that the object seen was not an airship, take Lucetta, they thought it so because they thought it so, and nothing that I could say would convince them to the contrary, more especially as I was an obviously interested party. It has since

occurred to me that the proper way to deal with the position would have been to agree that an airship might have been seen as the Indian Government had recently purchased several and sent them out on trial trips in all directions. As Petruchio met unreasonableness and waywardness with greater unreasonableness and greater waywardness, so should I have counteracted a mistaken belief by a more mistaken belief and capped a false rumour by a falser assertion!

THE LINGUIST.

BY

W. C WORDSWORTH.

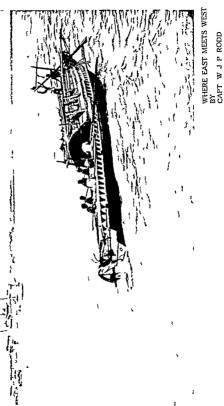
It was a simple Tommy
A-sitting in a trench,
And happily for rhyming,
A-busy learning French
His dictionnaire and grammaire
Wire open on the floor,
And as I' trod upon them
He merely said, "Bon Soir,"

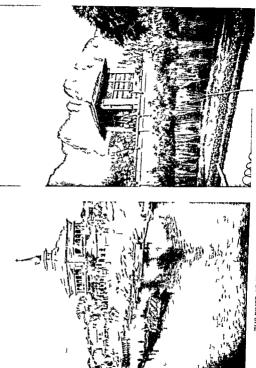
Said I, "Good evening, Tommy."
Said he, "Asseyez-vous.
'What can I do for you, Sir?"
Said I, "The Noonday News
'Believes that on its readers
"The soldier has a lien,
"And sent me here for copy,
"Comprends?" Said he, "Tres bien."

Said I, "What of the Kalser?"
Said he, "Le scélérat!
"Il a une très bonne arméë,
"Mais à bon rat, bon chat.
"Nous aussi faisons quelque chose:
"Nous battons comme l'enfer.
"And while we're fighting icu,
"Par la's the Russian Bear."



AN OPTIMIST BY GERTRUDE HADENFELDT





THE RIVER AT SRINAGAR

A MOGHUL PAVILION BY MISS COBBOLD

THE MECHNAS EVENING GLOW BY THE BARA THAKUR OF HILL TIPPERAH

Said I, "What of the Frenchmen?"
Said he, "Comme çi comme ça,
"Mais pour les petites Francaises
"Mille fois hip hip hurrah."
Said I, "They're gentle nurses,
"And in their duties wrapped?"
And Tommy murmured, "Vraiment,"
But said he'd not been frapped."

Said I. "You're quite a scholar."
Said he, "Seulement un peu.
"But swotting up the lingo
"Is partout Tommy's jeu.
"And when we get to Deutschland
"Among them Der Die Dases,
"T'will be Hoch hoch für Potsdam
"Ouo gloria et fas is."

We talked the sun to slumber
And parted, I to wash
A tired throat in liquid,
And he to "straffe the Boch."
When T. comes back in triumph,
Ah: sad his sweetheart's lot,
Who'll yearn for accents tender
And get them polyglot.

MOONIA.

BY

V. C. VEREY.

CHAPTER I.

No one ever troubled much about Moonia. She came and went much as she pleased. The fact that she existed at all was due to her own exertions, and at the age of seven she could truthfully be called self-supporting Thin, even for an Indian child, her bones were almost sticking through the skin when she realised for the first time that there was a loose board in the back of the cow shed.

The first meal after twenty-four hours of starving made her sick, but that was

after she had put back the loose board and fixed it with a lump of mud.

And all day long, when the pain of hunger made her lie a forlorn little heap on the hard dusty ground, she would watch Tonda Din's godown till she saw the Gowala's figure stretched out fast asleep Then stealing on hands and knees softly as any jungle cat she would take her daily meal of milk. This lasted many months till a wandering Pi dog, sniffing at her heels as she wriggled through the hole, drew

the attention of the Gowala's wife who

investigated matters.

Moonia rent the bazar with her howls. and at length sore and angry she escaped from her captor; with her ragged sare flapping round her sticks of legs she fled down the bazar and flung herself on the mud floor of her mother's godown.

Moonia's mother, chewing betel-nut and spitting, listened to the tale, told with many epithets. When it was finished a shrill argument ensued in which Moonia urged her hunger and her mother the folly

of being found out.

Peace was only restored when Moonia, deprived of her daily meal, began wailing afresh and at last extorted a pice from her unwilling parent which she at once expended on a mass of yellow sweetmeat to assuage the pangs of hunger.

In course of time Moonia grew a little bigger. She did not become any fatter, but her muscles hardened and her back grew strong. Moonia's mother had been the wife of a sweeper, but he continually beat her and ill-used her, gambled away her bangles and anklets, and finally died of a mysterious disease which had remarkable resemblance to the effects of powdered glass.

But Moonia's father did not owe any one anything, and Moonia's mother had a venomous tongue and knew many secrets, so nobody said anything and they continued to live in the bazar that was on the road

to the new city at Delhi.

Moonia's mother worked in the new city. She carried bricks on her head and received cownes every time she passed the overseer; when she had collected a lot of cowries she would change them into But Moonia's mother did not annas. like carrying bricks. She preferred squatting in the sun, chewing betel, spitting and gossiping, so the cownes did not mount up much and there was never any rice for Moonia.

After the hole in the cow shed was nailed up, Moonia went hungry for a long time, and it hurts to be hungry, so Moonia

went and sat on the roadside where the water buffaloes were driven down to the lake and the cows passed on their way home at sunset. Then she collected the refuse from the cattle and patting it with her hard little hands, made small round cakes and dried them in the sun; the bazar folk would always buy them for

Sometimes a big motor-car would come through the gate at the end of the bazar on the road to the new city. The driver would shout at Moonia as she scraped the road with her piece of tin and she would jump like a monkey out of the way and stand grinning in the dust as it flew by.

One day a phitton-gari came through the gateway. Moonia did not jump away so quickly that day. The driver drew up and Moonia lay on the ground howling There were three ladies inside the phittongari who talked belaiti talk to one another and said "how dreadful" and made the coachman's mate get down and pick up the little girl. At which Moonia wailed the more.

The coachman's mate could talk a little of the Memsahibs' talk and said that bucksheesh would help the chokri to get better, but she would not go to the hospital. He knew Moonia, and he also knew she wasn't hurt because she rolled over and commenced crying before the horses touched

So the Memsahibs gave her two rupees and went on, and Moonia had a silver bracelet on each arm which she bought at the silver-smith's shop at the corner of the narrow lane branching off the Chandni Choke in the old city of Delhi.

Moonia earned more rupees in this way, but the parauallah at the gate always made her give up half afterwards. So Moonia stopped being knocked down and went and carried bricks and earned lots of cowries, because she couldn't keep still for long.

When Moonia started carrying bricks Moonia's mother ate more sweets and chewed more betel-nut and didn't carry any more bricks So Moonia went to the hole in the earth floor where she had hidden her money and found one pice When Moonia asked her mother what had become of the money, Moonia's mother had just got drunk on the last anna and she beat Moonia very hard for asking

So Moonia sat on her haunches outside the house all day long and didn't go and carry bricks, and Moonia's mother would have liked to know whether she was going to work at the new city any more, but Moonia was silent and she didn't like to ask any more questions because Moonia had torn her hair and scratched her face when she leat her

But the next day Moonia went down to the city and carried bricks on her head

and earned many cowries

CHAPTER II

On the Danga Gunge Road there stands a Mahomedan mosque not far from the great fort and close to the city wall. When the river was up its waters lapped below and when the sun set it painted the black and white marble dome with gold

Inside the courtyard, rank grass grew six feet high and the red sand stone floor was broken in large gaping holes, hiding places for snakes and homes for rats, while sourrels made their nests in the arches

The mosque faced the river and nothing could be seen from the road. High walls surrounded it on every side and the old gateway was blocked up. A narrow stair case of stone led to the little path that wandered across the marshes where the mosquitoes hummed and dragon files flashed in and out of the pampas grass and tall reeds.

The mosque was deserted and empty No one worshipped there because a long time ago during the Mutiny soldiers brought mules and donkeys and dogs and it was defiled

The red steps were very steep and broken and Moonia was a long time getting up, but at last she reached the top and sitting on the marble floor of the mosque she undid the corner of her sar; and counted her come. It was getting dark and Mooma started when a squirrel ran close to her squeaking she scrambled up and went inside to look for a hiding place

Moonia had heard many tales of the evil spirits that dwelt in the mosque, but as long as the sun had not set she was not

afraid

A pillar had fallen down on one side and a lot of loose stones and earth had collected round it Moonia scrambled over the pillar and found a room with a painted ceiling It had no door but the pillar and mound of earth made one and it was almost dark inside Moonia clapped her hands in case there was a jackal inside and peered about looking for snakes, but there was only the buzzing of endless mosquitoes and the croaking of many frogs so she dropped down inside A little light crept in and feeling carefully round the wall a piece of marble worked loose in her hands Moonia pulled it out and thrust her money tied in a rag inside the hole. Then putting the marble back in its place she turned round and hurned off

Mooma's mother scraped up the floor of the godown in several places. She nearly brought its mud walls about their heads in her endeavour to find her daughter's savings but Mooma appearing in new anklets remained unmoved at her mother's reproaches and continued to lead a free and untrammelled evistence.

There was a good deal of modesty about Mooma but no innocence, her body had lived fed and even thrived a little in the gutter and her mind had the same cradle. But she gave the impression of being fragile and delicate and not the build for a money earning wife so that her mother s matrimonial schemes did not come to anything, and Mooma having no illusions steered clear as much as possible of male relatives or a possible husband of her caste

Sometimes Moonia would go with other girls to the river, where she would wrap a piece of dirty cotton round, just covering

her slm body from armpits to knees Then she would stand in the water up to her waist and wash herself and her sari

and her thick black hair

While the fierce sun dried their garments they would sit on the banks of the river in a group and chatter of pice and food and babies and scandal Moonia was a favourite for she had all the city gossip at her finger ends and many another maid envied her in secret her freedom

To add to her small store of money, Moonia would steal flowers from the cantonment gardens at night and sell them to tourists driving to see the famous Fort, or Ridge or looking at the huge bullet riddled globe in the Protestant churchyard With their queer clothes, floating veils, and red guide books, they were a never failing source of amusement to Moonia

Some days she would carry odd bundles for the dhobies when their little hill pones or small Indian cows were already overladen. She used to lift the heavy bundle on her head and steady it with one hand and extend the other to balance matters. Placing her small feet one in front of the other she would join the procession with their shouts of "Hut1 Hut1" or the

long drawn out " Aré"

Moonia was about fourteen when she first went to the mosque-about five feet tall and very slimly built. She stared at the world through large brown eyes, her nose straight, finely cut and sensitive and the white teeth and red lips often stained with betel nut Round her neck, she wore a string of blue and yellow beads. Supporting her breast was a bodice of cotton, woven with every colour of the rainbow, which time and dut had mellowed to softer shades, it had short slevees and left the upper part of her body bare, the san was dark red with a yellow border, rather ragged and many vards in length, it was wound twice round her waist and so formed a full skirt and the remainder was brought up over her head Two silver bracelets one on each arm, a white metal anklet, and a toe ring completed her costume

Moonia's hands were small and delicately made the fingers long and slim, her wrist and ankles smaller than any European woman's and her joints could twist and turn and compress like India rubber Moonia's best friend thought her rather wealthy, and went with her to the city to huv the glass bracelets

The two girls squatted before the piece of matting spread with bingles of every description. Moonia held one arm towards the man, the bracelet she had chosen being hardly bigger than a napkin ring. The seller of bracelets pressed Moonia's thumbinto the centre of her palm and her little finger to meet it, then he worked the flesh slowly through the glass circle till the bracelet was on

Then another went on the other am and Moonia had a vivid green bracelet and a delicate shell pink beside the silver ones and her movements were no longer

noiseless

CHAPTER III

Tite fierce tropical sun beat down on the dusty iron baked earth of the new city at Delhi. The monsoon had not broken and hot winds burnt every blade of grass and scorched the skin. Even Moona felt the heat but she carried many bricks that day for soon the rains would come and then the work would stop.

The sun had commenced to set as she hastened homeward, the precious annas tied securely in a corner of her san and tucked into her waist. She hurried along the fort wall walking where she could on the short burnt grass, but a sharp stone stuck her foot and she had to pruse. A nasty cut showed on the pad, so wrapping a scrap of dirty rag round the place she limped on, casting an uneasy look now and then at the red ball of fire sinking behind her

The eastern twilight is all too short, and the mosque almost in darkness, Moonia had never been so late before. The moon would not rise for some time, it was stiffing



ZIKR (IN MEDITATION) BY W. C. HOSSACK M. D.

(Zikr or meditation on God is a rel a ous duty among the Sulis.)

her slim body from armpits to knees Then she would stand in the water up to her waist and wash herself and her sare

and her thick black hair

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Then another went on the and Moonia had a vivid go and a delicate shell pink best ones and her movements we noiseless

CHAPTER III

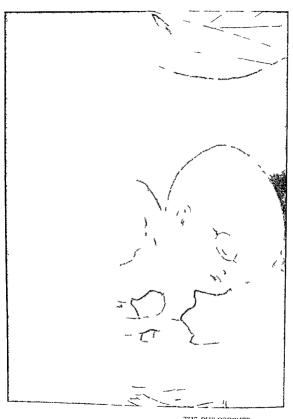
THE fierce tropical sun beat the dusty iron baked earth of that Delhi. The monsoon had and hot winds burnt every bla and scorched the skin. Even I the heat but she carried many day for soon the rains would then the work would stop.

The sun had commenced to hastened homeward the precuted securely in a corner of her tucked into her wast. She hurr the fort wall walking where she the short burnt grass, but a sha stuck her foot and she had to p hasty cut showed on the pad so to a scrap of duty rag round the plumped on cristing an uneasy look in then at the red bull of fire sinking her

The eastern twilight is all too and the mosque almost in darkness had never been so late before. The would not rise for some time, it was st



THE CRITICS
BY
GOGONENDRA NATH TAGORE.



THE PHILOSOPHER
BY
ABANENDRA NATH TAGORE



hot and now and then a mosquito being very hungry bit Moonia. A bat flew in her face and squirrels fled at her approach.

As Moonia dropped into her hiding place, it was too dark to see, so she felt for the marble slab and hastily thrust the coins she had brought among the others.

She had no time to waste, and would count them all together another time. a nervous fear possessed her to be gone.

All around was silent, save for the pecuhar throbbing of millions of invisible insects. the distant call of a jackal, and the chirping of crickets.

Moonia was scaling the fallen pillar when a sound came through the stillness that made her crouch back in the dark silent as any dead thing. Imperceptible to European ears her instinct recognised the almost noiseless pad pad of her country-

man's footsteps.

The beating of Moonia's heart shook her whole body. As she listened the sounds became more distinct, feet and hands were feeling for broken places and foot-holes in the steps and whispers faint as a breeze reached her. Moonia could see nothing and dared not raise her head, but, from the sounds, two men appeared to be coming towards the mosque as she heard the more distinct slap slap of bare feet on the marble floor quite close to her.

Within the mosque it was pitch dark. and Moonia dared not raise her head to see what took place, but lay mute in the corner listening to the rustling of paper money and the chink chink of coms. Faint murmurs continued, and the bodily fear that possessed Moonia subsided a by and gradually the moon sent a faint

blackened the distance and the very air seemed thick to breathe. Animals panted with swollen tongues choking their throats,

dragging their starved bodies over the

little: wondering idly what they talked of, she dozed, and outside the minutes sped silver light to herald her coming. When Moonia woke, the mosque was empty. A terrible haze of heat hung over Delhi and obscured the sky. Dust storms

parched ground in search of a blade of grass or drop of water. Donkeys and sheep chewed any scrap of sacking left by the roadside and munched dead leaves. branches, paper, anything that would stop the craving of their empty stomachs. By midday the rain broke, the first rush cleared the dust-laden air, it swamped the gutters flooding the roads and drains, pouring in torrents down the evil-smelling alleys It uprooted trees, and many a stray goat and sheep bobbed swollen and hideous on the swamps by the banks of the Jumna

For three days the Heavens opened and poured down their purifying flood, but one morning it ceased for a few hours and Moonia, who, possessing only one garment. had been forced to remain in the godown stretched her arms in relief and sallted

forth.

In the Chandni Choke Moonia greeted a friend, and the two set off to find if there was anything to amuse them and learn the news of the day. They were joined by another friend who carried a baby on her hip. All three seated themselves on a dry spot on the pathway and commenced eating sweetmeats. The baby was given a piece to keep him quiet while the mother retailed her news. The money-lender who lived at the corner by the Dawai Khana had been robbed, Chotic, son of the basketweaver, had seen and heard all, but he had hastened to fasten the door and knew nothing if the police asked questions The Dak Wallah and the Dak Wallah's brother had been passing when the money lender had thrown open his shutters and called for help, but they had hidden in a doorway when the men who had robbed ran out of the house and down the Chandni Choke.

The money-lender had been robbed the day before the rains broke, and he beat his breast and called on Allah and the

police Salub for three days.

Moonia was very silent while the tale was related, and when there was a pause, asked if any one knew who the thieves were? The friend heard the basket-weaver's son say that Buddu, son of the dyer, who

The new city at Delhi was not finished may years; hundreds of coolies bricks to and fro every day beneathing sun; children playing in the ed and laughed, and the women abies and chattered when the is out he day a palanquin, him he had a palanquin, across the plan ali-made roads.

As it swayed from side to side on the shoulders of its bearers, a small jewel-laden hand pulled aside the silk curtains and a pair of soft, liquid, brown eyes looked out.

The curtain fell again when too inquisitive eyes peered at its occupant and inside on the soft cushions, wrapped in finest muslin, jangling the gold bracelets on her rounded arms, lay Moonia laughing

THE TIGER.

BY

S. A. SMITH.



palm trees grow
s of Sunder,
te and slow,
alow,
d wonder;

with regal air away from there.

lot !

rying l
he's not—
be shot,
the of dying;
utal men
him now and then.

had a scar on his cheek and only three fingers on one hand because he had talked with the money lender's niece at midnight, had run from the house his pugarree gone

and dhot: flapping

Moonia listened eagerly to the tale and

then became thoughtful

She no longer wanted to gossip in the Chandni Choke or hear news in the Bazar, but wandered away and going to the city wall, perched herself on the top where she could see the mosque and the grassgrown courtyard

It looked empty and Moonia wondered if the steps would be very slippery She badly wanted to get to her hiding place and remove her treasure Soon the rains would begin again and make the mosque

difficult to reach

She shd one leg over the wall and began to creep down The sinking sun cast a redgold glow over the mosque and on the roadway beside it A string of coolies passed by the wall, chattering Suddenly Moonia drew back, there was hesitation and then their voices ceased

Moonia slipped down and ran to the roadway Five police wallahs and a sergeant advanced towards the Mosque Chained to the first two, dirty, unshaven, bleeding, and without his pugarree, was

Buddu son of the dyer

Moona with shaking limbs followed them, she crouched hidden in the sodden grass watching, and her little heart bursting with futile rage and disdam. The party halted in the courtyard, and then three of them went forward to search the mosque

Moona gazed at Buddu with wide open eyes. The chained thief stood motionless staring before him in silence, while the men in the mosque turned over every stone and thrust their lathies in the holes and corners. Their heavy boots rang on the marble floor as they moved nearer and nearer to the fallen pillar with each step. There was a dull thud and Moona turned swiftly, the sergeant stepped from behind the mass of fallen stone. In his hand he held all her small fortune,

The police-wallahs dragged their prisoner up the steps and forced him on his knees. They beat him and he lay howling on the floor, "Bus, Bus!" he shrieked "There is no more"

Their steps died away when at length they left the mosque, dragging their prisoner between them, leaving Moonia rocking to and fro in an abandonment of grief

A slight drizzle began to fall, and Monia, cold, weary, and miserable dragged lierself into the mosque for shelter, her grief was terrible and she lay a limp, slent figure, huddled against the wall all through the long dark night

The ram had ceased and a watery starcely able to rise opened her eyes and looked round

The air was damp and chill and her garments clinging and wet, as she raised her airn to pull forward her sair a bracele broke against the wall and fell off, Moonia picked up one half and began searching for the other, a piece of wire might mend it

The half circle of pink glass had fallen into a hole, Moonia inserted her fingers. They were just too short to reach it and the hole too small to admit her hand, she pulled at the crumbling stone and

made a bigger gap

The half bangle lay on a pile of drty rays, Moonia pulled at them and they gave way disclosing a striped cloth with the ends knotted together. Money and notes far beyond her knowledge lay in her shivering hands. Oblivious to damp and hunger, trembling with excitement and joy, Moonia daughter of a drunken sweeper, unwanted scrap of humanity in the tast city of Delhi, thrust bundle after bundle of the sodden paper money against her starved body, the rupees she tied tightly in the end of san lest they should clock together and betray her, and grasping it firmly in her hands fied from the mosque.

The new city at Delhi was not finished for many years; hundreds of coolies carried bricks to and fro every day beneath the burning sun; children playing in the dust shouted and laughed, and the women fed their babies and chattered when the day's work was over. One day a palanquin, painted and hung with rich trappings, was carried at a jog frot across the plain and up and down the half-made roads

As it swayed from side to side on the shoulders of its bearers, a small jewel-laden hand pulled aside the silk curtains and a pair of soft, liquid, brown eyes looked out.

The curtain fell again when too inquisitive eyes peered at its occupant and inside on the soft cushions, wrapped in finest muslin, jangling the gold bracelets on her rounded arms, lay Moonia laughing

THE TIGER.

BY S A. SMITH.





In India, where the palm trees grow

F-1 Along the Bunds of Sunder,
The Tiger walks sedate and slow,
His head aloft, his tail alow,
A sight of joy and wonder,
Though when he comes with regal air
One feels obliged to go away from there

Alas, how beastly is his lot!

His life how sorely trying!

We think him surly when he's not—

He hates to let himself be shot,

And loathes the thought of dying;

And yet there are some brutal men.

Who simply yearn to plug him now and then.

They hunt him from his homely haunts,
They follow in his traces;
And when he goes on peaceful jaunts
To seek the simple food he wants,
All trembling in their braces
They fall upon him with a shout,
And suddenly proceed to lay him out t

The villagers dishke him much,
They think his ways intrusive;
And I have often witnessed such,
Their tempers rising at a touch,
Get needlessly abusive,
When on the slightest provocation
He comes and masticates some near relation.

Poor beast, he takes some dusky dame, Or stalks some village Hampden, Nor does he count himself to blame When he has once despatched the same Within his somewhat damp den, Yet folk declare "why, dam it, he Should be interned for this calamity!"



And so officious fellows who
Regard him with disquiet,
Rise up and clap him in a zoo,
(A thing no gentleman should do)
And supervise his diet.
Alas, whene'er the heathen rage
The paths so gory lead but to the cage.

To think that one so fierce and wild, With so much furious flesh on, Should come at last to be beguiled, By man and woman, babe and child, In one long awed procession! Yet there he sits, supremely sick, Nor heeds the insult of a walking stick.

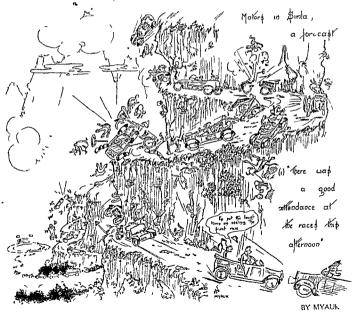
THE MOTOR CAR IN SIMLA

A PECP INTO THE NEAR FUTURE

As portraved by India's leading Cartoonists

The ancient headquarters of the Government of India—ancient? well its years older than New Delhi anyway—has been gently excited by influential proposals to introduce the motor car on to its wooded and precipitous heights. The four cooler rickshaw is to be replaced by the twenty horse power six cylinder run about and the hil side is to be contact in time with those simple yet pathetic crosses which indicate the spot where two Members of Counc! having met one another six thousand vertical feet above have descended rapidly together each reproving the other during the descent for the other's lack of sactor fare in driving.

What will happen when the motor-car armes? Not one at a time but in thousands? From a Viceroy's Rolls Royce to the Red Chaprassi's shumble yet completely lethal Ford? Nobody knows but everybody can guess. All the budding Barnsfathers of India have been invited to give their opinion in black and white and the results are to be succeeding pages. That almost all of the artists have never seen Simla at all has not checked their ardour. We have the advantage therefore not only of seeing what the motor will do in Simla but also of seeing Simla not as it is but as it ought to be if it could be made itself according to artistist canons. So here are the pictures.





"There was a good attendance at Annandale on Saturday afternoon "—Extract from daily newspaper BY RIDGEWELL



First Monkey to Friend George we'll have to leave Simla it's getting too full BY VINCENT J ESCH

BY MYAUK

OXFORD IN THE NINETIES.

BY

OTTO ROTHFELD, I.C.S.

ARE there many, one wonders, who at this time of day can still feel as something fresh and real the charm and pleasure of the early and middle Nineties? Perhaps—ever to have felt it—it was necessary oneself to be young in those years when life was cultivating at least a charming manner, to be young and have caught a little of that pose of youthful arrogance, of careless ease and indifference, of—what shall I call it?—Je m'en fichisme—which was so markedly the tone of the period.

A younger and a sneering generation-I hope I may be right if I call it also envious -has spoken of the "naughty nineties." But an apt alliteration seems to me to have more to do with the epithet than any essential verity. The age was on the whole too tired to be really naughty. There was of course on many sides the desire-natural enough in those who had themselves seen the horrors, almost unimaginable now, of the Victorian age-to epater le bourgeois, to be unconventional and advanced and non-moral, to thrill and to shock. But to be naughty implies something wild and child-like and boisterous and untrammelled. And a naughty child is often sorry afterwards. The men and women who made the Nineties were far too deliberate to be naughty in any real sense. It was a mannered age.

No, naughty is not the word! What there was was a studied flippancy, a premeditated persiflage, but above and beyond all things a sense of growing freedom, of relief from horrible commercial calculating moral codes with tables of rewards and punishments, and especially a sense of the rights and needs of beauty. In art it was mainly for what was curious and out of the way that anything like enthusiasm could dare to be expressed. It was allowable

to speak with fervour of the merits of a book like the Hypnerotomachia.

In the world of society the spirit of the times showed itself of course in many forms, more complex and less easily analysed than in the simplicity of a University. one thing, the age of the "professional beauty "was passing or had passed. Those mantles were slipping which had rested upon three glorious backs, to be caught and cut and trimmed by many fingers, especially of the beauties of the stage. Then society was daily taking more to travel, easy and free of convention, as an annual remedy; and bringing back with it more and more of the habits and even the thoughts of the continent, especially of France. Interest too was growing gradually less in Parliamentary politics. though still of course greater than it is in the present day when the old forms are definitely outlived. Most marked of all was the general desire to be lively and amusingly intelligent, to talk of all things neatly, and wittily. There were men who dined everywhere on the strength of an epigram and wit had its followers in every set. No doubt it was this desire for intelligence and cleverness which led to the predominance of the young married woman in the society of the day. Girls had not yet been revived and were chiefly seen sitting round the walls while their chaperones danced and flirted. The "flapper" was happily as unknown as her name. It was only men of sixty who took the trouble to be nice to girls.

At Oxford of course the note was more forced than in the larger world. At all times it is said, chiefly by those who dislike it, there is a distinct Oxford manner; and in the early Nineties it found itself at home in this easy indifference and indolent

"Town and Gown Row ' and the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales By some prescience and inner premonition when it was announced that the Prince of Wales, later to rule with excellent wisdom and lofty sovereignty as Edward VII, was to open the new Municipal Buildings of Oxford, there was not a man who did not feel that the event marked, by a sort of personal congruity, the spirit of a time that was already passing The Prince was greatly beloved especially of young Oxford So for days it was tacitly determined as it were, that the celebration should at once express enthusiasm for the person and be a climax to an epoch Even the Magis trates were reached by this silent current of emotion and felt uneasy in the founda tions of their new civic respectability They sent for a body of Metropolitan Police,

and the result was the grandest and liveliest row that had been seen in Oxford for many decades, the last probably that it will ever see What began as a friendly, good humoured "Town and Gown" ended in being a violent struggle against police batons and mounted charges The unfortunate police suffered an unmerciful pounding to the ill disguised amusement of the local force sensible fellows who knew and liked the undergraduate and who had felt sore enough at the importation of superior London constables The row splendid and with it the Nineties came to a glorious end in Oxford

For by this time the signs of decay were becoming more and more visible Nothing perhaps marked the transition so sharply in outward form as the coming of the gray

flannel trouser

LIKE CHAFF BEFORE THE WIND.

RY

CAPTAIN CECIL WEBB JOHNSON, R A M C (TF)

(Author as d composer of 'Till you return to me In the Hush, '" Brown A,B,' 'The
British Drum etc etc

The Life which God saw fit to grant
To you and all mankind
Dissolves, a poor and sickly plant,
Like chaff before the wind

The Aims for which men live and die Which, found, are hard to bind Float down the tides of Time to fly Like chaff before the wind

The Friends we hold so good and true When trouble comes, you ll find, Are apt to turn and flash from view Like chaff before the wind The Things we treasure most on earth Leaving but pain behind, Elude our touch soon after birth Like chaff before the wind

The Truth which Pontius Pilate knew And strove to have defined, The Huns have scattered in our view Like chaff before the wind

The Hope Pandora once possessed And safely kept confined, Flees, meteor-wise, with all the rest Like chaff before the wind

When danger, worry, grief, and fear Make life grotesque and blind, Tis Love can make them disappear Like chaff before the wind

THE MUNSIFF AND HIS INCOME.

BY

THE HON BLE MR J RICHMOND

THE facts of the following case which was quite sensational when it was tried illus trate how, sometimes, persons perfectly innocent find themselves within the clutches of the Criminal Law and the outlook looks very dark for them A first grade munsiff who had lent out some of his savings on some mortgage bonds in his own village collected some interest Nevertheless he sent a nil return under interest in his income tax return A few years later he filed a suit on some of the mortgage bonds and in the plaint gave credit for the interest received by him Some mischief maker then sent an anonymous letter to the income tax authorities with the final result that he was reported to Government who after taking his explanation, directed lus prosecution before a magistrate plaint was clear evidence that he received the income in question and the munsiff did not deny the receipt of the sum at the It looked as if nothing further was required to ensure the accused's conviction I was retained by the munsiff to defend him at a late stage, and there was no material placed before me in support of his bon i fides except the munsiff's repeated assurance to me that he was innocent and that he did not intentionally send the untrue He thoroughly realized his position and I, almost in despair embarked on a line of private cross examination of my Eventually I discovered that the munsiff had about that time renounced his own Hindu religion and embraced Christianity with the whole of his family His son in law went into the civil court and instituted proceedings in connection with his wife whom the munsiff wanted also to become a Christian Suffice it to

say that there were several proceedings in the civil court, applications for injunction and such other interlocutory proceedings I called for all these papers and I found the unfortunate munsiff had signed his income tax return which almost proved his death warrant on the day previous to the hearing of an important application The charge was already framed against the accused when I was retained and the difficulty I felt was that the defence that the munsifis mind was in a troubled and perplexed state on the date of the alleged offence was not previously suggested in cross examina tion and the circumstances now relied on were not put forth by the accused in his departmental evolunation The documen tary evidence supplied by the civil court proceedings however, strongly confirmed the position taken up by me that the accuseds representation in the incometax return was not an intentionally false one and that the accused who had forsaken the religion of his fathers and accepted Christianity with one hand out of no worldly prospects was not likely to defraud Govern ment out of a few rupees by the other The accused was honourably acquitted and he was restored to his appointment with all arrears of salary, and he continued for several years afterwards to dispense justice on the bench Like other officers in his position, he had a large amount of friends and admirers and an equal number of enemies in disappointed suitors and others His friends had given him up as lost and there were few who stood by him in his trouble, but they soon rallied when he went to the bench again I believe he was a good judge, but I never had the honour of appearing before him





These originals are for sale. Apply to Editor Indian Int.

"VICTORY—BE IT SEEN!"

WILMOT CORFIELD

(" DÂK ")

I know an old red fortress set To guard a sand girt town, Along the crumbled parapet Rubbed rust-bit cressets frown Jehangir's sire the fortress planned, Great Akbar (to him praise 1)-The Mogul Lord of Kabul Land In Tudor Englands days

To Amarkot, to Amarkot, The Mogul fled to Amarkot, To Marwar's dust clouds driving hot Along the desert edge The clouds that eat the rocks away By warm wind fevered night and day, Where pestilence walks dark alway

Or lurks on scarp and ledge.

'Twas Amarkot, 'twas Amarkot,-So fate fell out, twas Amarkot. A leafless, grassless, graceless spot Gave forth a man to see

For there was born in hour of need Royal Akbar of the Mogul breed Wise dreamer of a strengthless creed-"Din Ilahı" to be

I know an old grey fortress brave Since England's Roman morn The Red King wrought its architrave, Steel helm'd a Norman born Pale shades of queens the ramparts pace Who died a Tudor's death With one chin ruff'd in swaddled lace,-

High soul'd Elizabeth

Eliza spuir'd from London Town, From steeple reeling London Town White palfrey'd stiff in bodiced gown, Sell'd high, of regal mien-The culverins shake, the pikes a row In close set ranks sun sparkling glow

Where loud th' uplifted trumpets blow At Tilbury round the Queen

The dust red fortress lingereth yet Rock wall'd a lizard haunt. All serpent slimed in silhouette

For night bats wheeling flaunt The cresset flare for ages fled

The babe and queen forgot And Dara Kutluk, Fazl dead With moon kissed Amarkot

But where the Tudor's Tilbury sits Beside the English tide

No lizard sleeps, no owlet flits-The world's sea rovers ride

Still, still high sell d Eliza bold Bids sons of London Town

To battle as in days of old Though realms be falling down

Of Amarkot of Amarkot, Bereft, of warring world forgot

The tale rings true— its bravery s lot To win-so blade be keen

Of London Town and Rufus' Tower, It rings as true-to God in power

Lift prayer and blade in danger's hour-So 'Victory-be it seen'

THE MULES THAT CAME BACK.

ву S LUPTON

This is a true story. At any rate the essential facts are true, and the little embellishments that are added here and there are like the deft touches of a photographer's pencil. They heighten the effect, give proper light and shade, and make an artistic whole to a picture which might otherwise be somewhat crude in its inessential details.

The scene is somewhere in India, the time, during the war, and the dramaits persona are officials who still languish beneath the suns of India They will be introduced as they take their cues in the little comedy which the forces of Nature imposed on their serious, unbending soulsfor the humour of the comedy is increased by the fact that few of the actors themselves appreciated that it uas a comedy them it was a rather unpleasant episode which disturbed the even tenor of their placid well-remunerated lives. Each was perfectly serious in his efforts to shift the responsibility of dealing with an unsavoury and unexpected situation upon the

shoulders of somebody else-anybody else-As the humour and this little comedy is inherent in the action and does not consist in the actual conversations which took place-the dialogue between the principal actors-no effort is made to record these conversations. In any case they could only be imaginary, for Authority in India does not transact his business or slide it off on to somebody else in the presence of a mere scribbler. Besides, even the most irreverent would not expect any wit or any humour in actual sayings of Authority in India. He is too solemn to descend to anything which could be construed as humour-that is, intentional humour. I relate the little story in the form of a series of spasms.

SPASM I.

A slup arrives at an Indian Port heavily laden with mules, down to the bottommost hold Heavy weather had been encountered: the mules stampeded, or tried to, and the natural consequence was that a goodly number, some seventy, departed this life for that happy sphere where every mule has hay and corn and green grass and carrots every day of its life, and where there is always somebody handy (or feet-y) to kick, who cannot retaliate. To put it bluntly, seventy mules died, and since, owing to the construction of the ship and its overcrowded state, it was impossible to give them the decent sepulture which even a mule has a right to expect-well, the seventy mules came to life again They not only came to life again, but as was to be expected they became perceptible to a sense other than sight.

SPASM 2.

The ship arrived in Port. (It only arrived once really. The arrival in Spasm I was merely a facon de parler. It made a good opening, which means quite much in a comedy, on or off the stage.) The live mules were off-shipped, the temporary fitments removed, and it became possible to reach the seventy down in the lowest depths. Here enter the crew-or rather they didn't enter. In chorus they refused to assist in the process of raising the seventy and their companions. Persuasion failed and finally the officers of the ship, assisted by a few wharf labourers whose distaste for the job had been overcome by the promise of liberal bakshish, and headed by the captain, donned poison-masks and descended into the depths, wrestled manfully with the dragons, and eventually

deposited the whole seventy in a barge alongside. Here ends Spasm 2 [These two spasms are really the prologue, or perhaps we had better say curtain-raiser, for no self respecting comedy ever has a prologue !

SPASM 3

The barge with its burden of dead mules was towed out across the bar into the open sea by a fussy little tug—not so very far—and the sailor men who had had the unwelcome task thrust upon them consigned the remains to the deep without funeral ceremony or requiem more solemn than solemn and entirely heartfelt curses

This is where the story ought to have ended But if it had ended here it would never have been told for the little episode had been kept very quiet and nobody beyond those immediately concerned, and those within nose range knew anything about it Of course, if the story had ended here it wouldn't have been a comedy at all, for there is nothing essentially comic in the premature demise of a few dozen mules Nor would it have been worth chronicling, for, though it is said that nobody has ever seen a dead donkey, there are quite a number of people in existence who have seen a dead mule-just as there are many who have wished to see dead a particular one that was too much alive

SPASM 4

The mules came back. The port, or rather the town of which the port is a dominant feature (far too dominant and dominating, some people say) possesses a stretch of sandy beach a mile or so away. The beach is a pleasure resort—or at any rate it would be a pleasure resort if the municing pality were sufficiently enterprising to appreciate its possibilities and if the port alongside had not tried to convert the sandy beach into an imitation of a mangrove swamp without the mangroves by discharging all the liquid mud secured by dredging operations at such a place that

it could be conveniently deposited on the beach. At any rate the beach is a resort—a resort where jaded workers and equally jaded non workers go in the cool of evening to breathe the life giving air from the ocean and to rovel in the fresh sea brease.

The mules came back. The ozone acquired a more pungent flavour. The breeze still blew. The resort ceased to be a resort.

SPASM 5

Enter the Municipal Panjandrum with his attendant satellites Goaded by the remonstrances of certain of his councillore who stoutly declared that something must be done about it the Municipal Paniandrum went to the beach in a hurry in the motor car provided for him by a grateful munici pality Oculai demonstration told him that the mules had come back-though he wasn't sure that they were mules or that they had ever visited his district beforeand he became convinced at a distance that mules were dead His cautious disposition however led him to observewith gratitude-that the remains were reposing on a spot which was below high water mark He breathed a sigh of relief His purisdiction ended at high water mark The affair was no concern of his The mules staved on the beach

SPASM 6

The existence of the mules was notified by the Municipal Panjandrum with fit and proper ceremony and phraseology and with a lavish use of expensive notepaper, to the Collector of the District The mules remained on the beach

SPASM 7

After the customary delay, and with the customary elaborate phraseology and lavish expenditure of expensive stationery the Collector replied to the Municipal Panjandrum that he as Collector, had nothing to do with the beach as there happened to be a Port Authority in whom

the control of the beach was vested. The mules remained on the beach

SPASM 8.

The Municipal Panjandrum wrote to the Port Authority describing the site, location, and condition of the mules, and suggesting that immediate steps be taken to remove the offending, and decidedly offensive, animals. The mules still remained on the beach.

Spasm 9

The Port Authority, after the usual official delay, in the usual elaborate phraseology and upon the largest, thickest, and most expensive notepaper obtamable. replied that it was no business of theirs. They were concerned only in the condition, that is, the maintenance, of the beach. They had nothing to do with what might be cast upon it. As a mark of gracious condescension, and purely with the view of doing a good turn to the insignificant mortal who controlled the town which was an entirely unimportant appanage of the Port, they made the suggestion that the Custodian of Wrecks might be approached in the matter. The mules stayed on the beach.

SPASM 10.

The Municipal Panjandrum—who was really beginning to get rather worried over the affair, as one or two of his municipal councillors were, or had been, frequenters of the resort—in his best official phraseology and upon a sheet of expensive notepaper large enough to cover a ceiling, wrote to the Custodian of Wrecks requesting his attention to the obnoxious visitors. The mules stayed on the beach.

SPASM II.

The Custodian of Wrecks replied that, after consulting all available dictionaries and law-books bearing on the point, he had been unable to find a definition whereby

defunct mules could rightly be classified as wrecks. He hinted that there was a possibility that the said mules might come under the heading of flotsam and jetsam, and in that event it would be necessary for the treasure trove of the sea to be delivered to his custody, after which-as by law required-he would keep it for a certain number of days before disposing of it by auction to the highest bidder. At any rate he was clear that though he was rather good at collecting, being at odd moments, when not engrossed in his task of custodianising wrecks, also Collector of Customs, it was not his duty nor his privilege to collect those mules. The mules staved on the beach.

SPASM 12.

The Municipal Panjandrum replied eagerly that he would be only too pleased to deliver the débris of the mules to the Custodian of Wrecks, although he had no funds available for the purpose. The mules remained on the beach.

SPASM 13.

The Custodian of Wrecks replied coldly, in the most polite and elaborate phraseology, to the effect that he was not taking any. The mules still remained on the beach

SPASM 14.

Having exhausted the list of official personages who might, could, would, or should be responsible for the disposal of the exceedingly inconvenient residuum of departed mules, the Municipal Panjandrum took a heroic resolve. No matter what the cost, no matter what the Government Auditor might say in the distant and distastful day when the municipal accounts were put beneath the microscope, he would remove those mules himself.

In a state of exaltation, and of course in the luxurious motor-car provided for his personal use by the grateful municipality, he hastened to the municipal depository,



THE MOUNTAIN PATH BY J D WESTWOOD







STRICT CORNER OLD GYYA

collected together an army of coolies, a regiment of bullock-carts, camel-carts, mule-carts, horse-carts, and traction engines, a forest of spades and shovels and rakes, another forest of timber, a mountain of disinfectants, and an ocean of petrol and parafin. He put himself at the head of the cortege, having first made his will, and before long the weird collection of men and material arrived at the beach.

The mules were not there. A benign Providence had taken pity upon the puny efforts of man and had sent a high tide, on the breast of which the mules had gently

departed.

SPASM 15.

The cavalcade returned to the town depôt, somewhat crest-fallen, but on the whole well pleased with itself.

SPASM 16.

The mules came back. On the crest of the next tide they returned to the beach which had been so much more restful than the surface of an Indian sea.

SPASM 17.

The municipal army returned to the tray. They made burning ghats, gathered up the mules—what was left of them—and there was a mighty holocaust. That ended the mules.

But it didn't end the story—indeed, the story is not ended yet, for there still remains the question who is to pay for the picnics to the beach and the wood and the paraffin amid which the mules found a glorious end. The Port Authority, which had an uneasy feeling that it rea., yhad something to do with the case, made enquiries and discovered the origin of the mules and their visit to the beach. The Ship's Agents were drawn into the matter, and probably by the time the war is over it will have been decided who was really responsible for removing the mules that returned.

A PERSIAN CONCEIT.

BY

LEO C. ROBERTSON.

Upon the brink of the lake of Night The Diver Sun a moment stood. He plunged.—And from the depths there came Of pearls a t.arry multitude!

THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.

BY

MARGARET D ALLISON

'Mid musings sweet and tender I slowly turn each page Though the volume's far from slender And has a look of age What memories come o'er me When I see revealed before me The parents who adore me, On Liverpool landing stage!

In space precisely measured Are glimpses of my home With school friends, dear and treasured And startling views of Rome There's "A Picnic on the Water", "My dog" the day I bought her, And "Rose the Vicar's Daughter", Beside St Peter's dome

There are "Clouds on Alpine Mountains',
"Jane," in her fancy dress,
'The Famous Versailles Fountains",
A Life boat in Distress"
There's the girl I loved so madly
And parted from so sadly
But now would thank her gladly
For failing to say "Yes"

With glee my cheeks are swollen To see before me there Those funny snapshots, stolen I'rom sitters unaware By road or pathless ocean Things lifeless and in motion With many a curious notion I've culled from everywhere

For scenes so interesting
I feel without a doubt
The public me requesting
To view my work will shout
But, from my dream I waken
With hopes all sadly shaken
Tor they're all the things I've taken
Which alas! did not come out.

CATASTROPHE.

BY

LEO C ROBERTSON

She smiled—and forth into her Dimple's well, Wherefrom is no escape at all—I fell

THE DELIGHTS OF KASHMIR.

RV

LADY CHITTY

In these sophisticated days of motorcars the journey into Kashmir is a most cheery and swift affair, and it only took us a few hours to reach our half-way house, Domel, from Pindi, and there we spent a

comfortable night

But our recklessly gay career next day landed us somewhat suddenly on to the butt end of rather too narrow a bridge, and the delays consequent on negotiating the following series of sharp corners with an axle which declined to steer to the left, and then three hours spent in the smithy at Uri, resulted in our being caught in a heavy storm and pitch darkness on the last straight run to Srinagar, and finally passing our second night at the bottom of a muddy ditch!

But "all's well that ends well " twenty stout villagers pulled us out, and the next morning we did reach Srinagar, little the worse for our experiences, and eager to enjoy every minute in this most enchanting

of all lovely lands

The first thing to be done is to engage a private conveyance in the shape of a "shikara," the flat-bottomed boat of the country, a cross between a canoe and a gondola, I believe its survival is entirely due to the fact that it needs at least four stalwart paddlers, whereas an ordinary English boat, with twice the accommodation would easily be rowed by one pair of arms

The summer visitor certainly is the "Ma Bap" of the Kashmiri household

The Jhelum flows placidly through the wide valley, and as you glide down with the current past the high "bund," raised to prevent a recurrence of the disastrous floods which have several times devastated the low lying plain, you could well believe yourself transported into fairy land—so ideally beautiful is the scene

The banks, fringed with grey green feathery willows and slim poplars, above which the giant chenars stand out against the clear blue of the spring sky, as a background, on your right, the rugged battlements of a rocky barrier which rise close at hand, on your left, the distant violet foot hills of the Pir Panial, showing out clear against the dazzling snow peaks, which tower, range on range, behind them After passing serried rows of house boats and matted "doongas" moored below the picturesque English buildings, cottages, club, and residency, each enclosed in the most lovely gardens, you reach the city There is the Palace, a rather aggressive modern façade, reflected in the swirling eddies of the first of the seven quaint log bridges which span the river, and after this each bank is crowded with the carved brown wooden houses their overhanging latticed balconies lifted on tall slender poles sheer out of the deep water narrow alleys wind up into the dark little streets above, here and there are wide irregular flights of grey stone steps, where the brown babies splash and play, while the beautiful women, with their Grecian origin written on their level brows and delicate features, wash out the clothes

One problem, never yet solved, arises How is it that, where every woman is apparently occupied in laundry work, the garments of neither man, woman, nor child

bear traces of the process?

It is hard to choose any one spot in this charming water way which is more worthy to be immortalised than another, but the accompanying photograph gives a very characteristic view of the river, the crowded dwellings and the beautiful Hari Parbat fort which is such a feature of Srinagar, as it sits aloft on its isolated

hill, visible from every corner of the great

valley and surrounding heights.

When you have explored the city you next turn your attention to the Dhal Lake. You paddle back up the Ihelum by a side channel, pass through an archway in another high "bund," and find yourself in a crystal clear stream, bordered by emerald green rushes and stretches of floating gardens, where the amphibious population grows melons and tomatoes on the luscious mud delved up from the bottom of the lake.

Your water alley suddenly opens out at the foot of the Tukt hill, which is crowned by a temple credibly said to have been built by Solomon on one of his visits to these parts, and there before you is a wide stretch of lake, a great mirror reflecting the rocky summits of the nearest mountains which rise steeply above the gauzy velvet of the grass slopes, sharp snow-peaks showing here and there where the valleys run back from the water.

The Fort dominates the near horizon on your left, and above and beyond that tower the monsters of the Pir Panjal range. Below the gleaming surface of the water you look into a miniature forest of warring tree tops and mossy dells, where fish swim in and out, safe enough at that depth from the ever-watchful king-fishers which flash

and quiver like jewels of turquoise and sapphire over the lake.

After paddling on for some three miles you make for the right hand shore: pass under a high narrow archway, which pierces a raised causeway, which is carried right across this part of the Dhal, and find yourself in an enclosed piece of water, faced by one of the old Moghul Shalimars, "Gardens of Delight," a fascinating place of marble pavilions, grey flights of steps, grassy terraces, great avenues of chenar trees, masses of roses, lilacs, pansies and iris, flowing streams, and dancing fountains

Truly one is tempted to repeat the oftquoted lines:

" If on earth there's a bower of Bliss, It is this-it is this-it is this"

The photograph shows one of the pavilions and the high wall at the entrance, and when the lilac bushes here are in blossom it is difficult to imagine more entrancing picture, and our unwashen Kashmiri is a decidedly

picturesque adjunct.

One could write reams on Srinagar and its surroundings alone: volumes would not suffice if one embarked on a description of the valleys and mountain passes, the further reaches of the Ihelum, and the other lakes; but space is limited, and the per of a most willing writer must reluctantly be laid down

MY CONTEMPORARY.

From the French of Beranger.

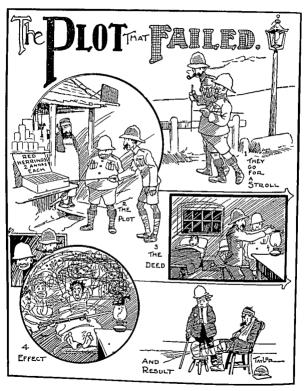
BY

JAMES H. COUSINS

You vaunt your age with mine is equal! Love shakes an unbelieving head Of ancient Fate we are the sequel That mixed with mine your being's thread; And in such diverse union wrought them, Our years have flown on double wings, I had the winters and the autumns; You had the summers and the springs.



NIGHT ON ROYAL LAKES RANGOON BY CAPTAIN W J P RODD



BY A R TAYLOR



The Battery Sergeant Major - "Now then, me lad, pukkerao his head, he won't kick you."
The New Draft Recruit (learning to love a Waler) "No. Sir, and if I pukkeroes 'is tail, 'e
won't bite neither."



A BREAKER OF HEARTS—BURMA - BY MYAUK

MR NIRR.

RS

MAEVIUS

THIS is the brief story of a man whon! I have known but four years but whom! have come to look on almost as a friend quite as the criterion of English manhood. He passed across my sky like a comet, a transitory flash of beautiful brightness he came from darkness and into darkness he has gone, and yet not like a comet whose path is clear from the first to lastical variation, maxima minima comparative as a fire-fly whose path is of intermittent flashes of which the dark intervals must be filled by deduction and imagination.

We met first at Lady Z-'s dance in that column of the Daily Mail devoted to the doings of Society. He must have been an old stager in London's Upper Circles then, but I had never had the fortune to run across him before personality struck me at once handsome, distinguished no doubt, and probably about 28, he was always I found in the company of ladies disting gushed for beauty and wit, and no less did he attract me, for the fascination of him and his name made me follow from the first moment his career with avid interest At once I must confess that I have never met him face to face, but my sole authorities are the files of the daily and weekly newspapers that so eagerly recorded his smallest action While these brief entries have shown me the attraction he had for the ladies I am sure that he was also a great man's man He must have been a good billiard player or at least very keen, for, through the Sportsman I met him once at a match between Gray and Stevenson Cricket he would often favour and was always at the 'Varsity and Eton and Harrow matches Charming company, too, he was I can

imagine in the smoking rooms of the country houses in which I so frequently met him, through Country Life, the roars of laughter occasioned by puns on his name, which would never disturb his unfailing suavity and his calim retalation on Lord Dane Martin with an allusion to Cherry Blossoms or his turning on Sir George Castle a question about Elephants

In 1912 when I first met han be descret a great deal but the Tango shocked him and in rora the Lady recorded his only ball, where he danced I suppose but his two duty dances Once at Epsom in that year I nearly met him face to face when he appeared in the Bistander with Mrs and Miss Burnam Scholdham styled simply a " friend, as if forsooth that tall upstanding figure should be taken for Mr Burnam Scholdham when that family are so notoriously small! In this photo my hero had his back to me but in the light of subsequent events and with the fact that the Ladies' Field said that he was at a house party for the races it could not have been other than he After this he appeared everywhere with the Burnam Scholdhams He watched polo at Ranelagh and he staved at a shooting box in Scotland with them as the Court Journal and the Queen published I was beginning to get nervous for Nibb then I turned up that page in the Bystander and examined it fearfully again and again I traced in the smiling face of Miss Burnam Scholdham the lines of a coquette, a huntress of men My fears turned almost to certainty when, in September, 1913 I met Nibb at a meeting of the Royal Toxophilite Society in the Field He was certainly no archer, I do not suppose he had loosed an arrow since

he left sailor suits. He was at the very bottom of the list with a score of only half that of the next above, and I blush to say that he did not score one "gold"

Why was he there? Why did he take his shiny silk hat, his marvellous boots with the fawn uppers, his elegant morning coat to a mere archery meeting? It was that hussy Miss Burnam Schold ham and her intriguing mother! Them I had often seen at these affairs where they performed with no mean skill and they had invegled my old friend down where Cund shot an arrow with deadly accuracy

After that-perhaps my heart was too sore to search the papers with my usual care-I lost sight of Nibb for a long time, in fact until the following April, when he was at Brooklands on a motor-bicycle as the organ of those locomotives informed me. This was the resurrection of my dead interest and I searched feverishly his former haunts, but in vain I could find not a trace of him I cudgelled my brains for a solution. and came on nothing satisfactory Could it be that before they would consent to anything definite the Burnam Scholdhams had insisted on his changing that distinguished nomenclature for a long-winded, double barrelled loud cymbal of a name like theirs Surely I could recognise him under so slight a disguise-"A Nibb by any other name-"

The Morning Post would never have missed his engagement or marriage Had some dreadful secret been discovered?

Had they eloped? Then why were the

I was mystified and in despair when in June the Police News in the Globe gave me a clue. Miss Burnam-Schold ham was still single, she was a militant suffragette and had just been given three months for window-breaking and assaulting the Police. For the next few days my efforts were unceasing. I read every paper with an eager tireless eye, and then I found him and read the story like a book. When he discovered Clara's opinions.

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page of the Garden

What remains is in the nature of an epilogue, for when the war is over he will of course return to what he has nobly made his life's work. When the war started my first thoughts were how would this affect Nibb In the first turmoil and upheaval I could get no news of him I studied the gazettes for his com mission without success, but I had no fear of his failing England at such a time He had however, elected with his charming humility to serve in the lowliest capacity, and I am now content to bid him fare well where the Daily Mirror has shown him-fourth from the left-driving our eager soldiers to the trenches in a Vanguard bus

UNDER THE BANYAN.

BY
IAMES H. COUSINS

Under the Banyan thickly lie Leaves like an autumn newly shed, Yet keen against the sapphire sky The green of spring breaks overhead So closely neighbour birth and death, It seems the all-pervading sun Holds in a trance-like pause of breath The past and future blent in one

Yea, folded in deep calm beside Our shallow fret of joy or ruth, Back on itself the living tide Augustly flows from age to youth, For Age in wrinkles witch-like stands, And leans great Wisdom on her crutch, Yet pushes forth adventuring hands Earthward for youth to spring at touch

Had we thy secret, ancient child! Our hearts might lightlier pay time's toll, Count years behind, not on us piled, Each hour the birthtime of the soul. So might we thy large saneness share, Root proud in clay, and fruitage skyed Not wholly thinned to fire and air, Nor in earth darkness wholly tied

Unto which end our prayer is made That we, from deeper vision won, Here, where the night-like slumbrous shade Is cast and mixed with noonday sun, May glimpse where fast the shuttle gleams, Flyng to weave in mystic ways Something of daylight in our dreams, Something of dreaming in our days

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'A Nibb by any other name-" The Morning Post would never have

missed his engagement or marriage. Had some dreadful secret been discovered? Had they eloped? Then why were the People and the Star so silent?

I was mystified and in despair when in June the Police News in the Globe gave me a clue Miss Burnam Schold ham was still single, she was a militant suffragette and had just been given three months for window-breaking and assaulting the Police For the next few days my efforts were unceasing I read every paper with an eager tireless eye, and then I found him and read the story like a book

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HOMEWARD BOUND

(Hurried sketch of Anglo-Indian celebries at boat drill in the Med terranean)



These originals are for sale Apply to Ed or Indian fok

BY FRANK LEAH

Left to right —Major Carter 134.5 the Lord B abop of Med as Captan Swanson Surgeon General Ha haway Mr Jatice Balewell (Mad a) M Justice Chapman (Bank pore) Mr Moore 1C5 (Pumph) Surgeon General Matheeste and Mr Darks 1C5 (Napre)

THE TALE OF THE MATTI.

BY

ROSAMOND NAPIER.

SUDDENLY a Shama carols through the tense silence of the jungle. Clear, and loud as a blackbird, passionate as the

nightingale.

Butterflies large as birds and birds as small as butterflies flicker and reflicker through the razor-like edge of sun, and shade. There are bamboos gushing a hundred feet into the blue, like exquisite green fountains. There is the Nandi tree with its silvery foliage and its glistening silvery trunk for ever scurfing and peeling, the Kindal reddened with blossom, the teak with its enormous leaves arrests the attention is the Matti tree.

Strong and tall, with bark fough and ribbed as an elephant's hide, she stands sentinel-wise. Dignified she is, although her limbs are suddenly monstrously swollen, as from suffering made visible. Great bosses project from her trunk and her branches, often in rude resemblance of some wild animal's head. Scarcely a Matti tree that has not her deformity. Hack into one of these swellings, hew off that grotesque head, and the Matti will drip water bitterer than any tears.

Yet once the limbs of the Matti were as shapely as those of some bright-lipped young girl leaning into life, her bosom pressed by the casement, her shy eager eyes darting, poising, glancing. And as life will seam the skin and gnarl the heart and limbs of woman, so it has seamed the bark and gnarled the heart and limbs of

the Matti tree.

For untold years there have been cattletracks through the secret haunts of the Kanara forest. And near to one of these tracks there sprang, long long ago, a straight young Matti tree. Against the soft brightness of the bamboos, her trunk

gleamed out a full twilight blue, which in the varying hours paled to lilac, to silver, or dulled again to heliotrope.

In the middle of the cold weather the nights are chill and dewy, the fire-flies leave streaks of green fire amongst the bamboos, the whole jungle glitters with a thousand watchful eyes, mysterious motionless eyes, where the moonlight is striking dew-drops on the leaves; and the mornings burst as fresh and spontaneously as a child's laughter. On just such a radiant morning, the Matti tree heard in the distance the chiming of many bells as fairylike, as sweet in that crystalline purity of air as the dew-drops twinkling in their

rainbow thousands on every tree.

In the topmost branches of the Matti was Kes Annalu, the big Kanarese squirrel, gleaming auburn and crimson in the early sunlight, her hanging tail like a golden plume of pampas. She had been cramming young leaves into her mouth, but at first sound of that fairy music filtering through the bamboo thickets she dropped the young shoots that she was holding in her little thumbless hands; she gripped her branch, crouched rigid, with fixed golden eyes, and furiously grinding teeth, suddenly let fly her ringing, quickly repeated cry, twitched convulsively into the air, cried indignantly again, rippled down a horizontal branch, sprang a flash of redgold through the blue and lo! the wands of the bamboos twenty feet away were convulsively shaking.

And now the Musya, the sacred, blackfaced, black-handed people were crashing from tree-top to tree-top with humped back and tail. Many had little ones clinging from their neck. "Whoo...oop Whoo..ooop "they joyously shouted to the

HOMEWARD BOUND

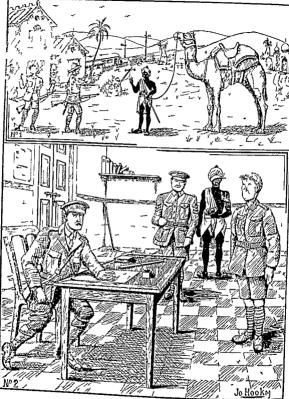
(Hu ned sketch of Anglo-Ind an celebries at boat drill in the Mediarranean)



These orginals are for sale Apply to Ed o Indian lak

BY FRANK LEAH

Left to right—Major Carter 1MS the Lord Bahop of Mad as Capta n Swanson Su green Cross al Hathaway Mi Just ce Bakevell (Mad as) M Jus ce Chapman (Bank po e) Mr Moore 1CS (Pun al.) Surgeon Gene al MacNecce and Mr Danks 1CS (Vappun)



No. 1 TOMMY ATA 35 (u from Home art es at up-country states) Say you Blokes look ee at the blooms old No. 2 In 1921 to the Barks on your old camel for)

Z Lact (Unde ly room)—O.C. Look here you we just a well at the come y and the fast thing you do use a suit a Camel Wallah What have you got to say for yournell?

Towny Well = like this e lies to the Camel Wallah What just the me up ter the Ba is for?

E see Fore annas 1 see Right oh! Then e see Ecchol and the bloom a Camel turned nad sad

advancing bells. They had nothing to fear. And was it not in any case the hour to troop to the forest pool where the tall bamboos clustered round to gaze at their own delicate beauty, and the lotus blooms lifted their long necks out of the water to smile up at the sky with the lovely candour of a child? 'Whoop! Who...ooop!"

But little stripy grey Alalu whisked across a patch of sunshine, and fled up a Nandi tree shricking, and jerking his tail at every shriek. A Golden Ornole flashed into the cloudy undergrowth of bamboo, screaming parrots flew like a necklace of emeralds whose thread had snapped a jungle cock, hidden with his little harem

crowed, "Korrk..kok...."

The whole jungle was in an indignant uproar at the approach of humanity.

But the Matti tree dreamed happily. For were not the ploughs of the Haviks fashioned from her strong wood? To her the sound of the approaching bells, "tink, tonk, tinkle-tinkle, klink, klonk, klonk,"

was very friendly.

The track turned sharply away to the right, and now round by those bamboos still unwarmed by the early sun there came the Korcharu with their string of pack buffaloes, and bullocks laden with rice, with betel-nut, pepper, chillies, and cardamoms. Leaving bright tracks where their slow feet had brushed the grey dew from the golden grass, they emerged one by one into the sunlight, the dark buffaloes burnishing instantaneously into silver, the milky-blue and brown bullocks into dazzling white and copper. And all the while rang the mingling voices of those bells about their necks, which had scared the savage beasts of night, and now sweetened the morning as running water sweetens a country side.

The caravan was on its way down to the coast. The Korcharu had travelled all night, and now they would halt during the heat of the day. The women in their unbleached calico skirts girded above the thighs were unloading the cattle. They were thick-set and swarthy, and wore no bodice, but ropes, and ropes of beads, black and glistening as blackberries, fell down over their bosoms, and rose up to their very ears. The men were fashioning little huts with palm-leaf roof and walls, and children of seven and upwards were lighting fires, and preparing "asi." The whole glade rang with the cheery "klinkle, klonk," of the bells, as the cattle slowly dispersed amongst the bamboos and other trees, plucking at the burnt grass as they went.

Hori was not skewbald or brindled as were the others, but flawless white like the Mogra blossom with which the little Hindu bride is crowned. His wrinkly dewlap swayed far below the knee. His lustrous eyes fringed with silken lashes, and his dewy muzzle were black as brinjals wide horns curving up, and out from the massive head were still reddened from the staining at the feast of Dasara three months earlier, and now from their tips nodded and dangled brilliant tassels. A double row of sky-blue beads looped his brow He swung forward, very slowly and majestically, passing his tongue round his muzzle, and blowing softly. The sun was shining through his ears transforming them into a miracle of rose, and silver fire.

Every leaf on the Matti was trembling. The sap ran leaping through her branches.

"If the Noble One, the Sacred One should come nigh! If he should deign to rest beneath my branches! Oh, what happiness for this unworthy suppliant!" sighed, and shivered the Matti.

There was slade beneath her branches. Here the scorched grass was still gemmed with dew. It was as if a woman, kneeling, had happily cast down her hair for her lord to tread upon. And now the Matti trembled with rapture, for Hori the milk-white bull had singled her out. Horn had lowered majestically on to his knees, and with a loud snuffing sigh of satisfaction lay down.

The butterflies vanished like blossoms shrivelled in the heat. The liquid bubbling

of the Shama had dried. Kes Annalu slept, and all the stealthy hidden jungle

life.

Later when the sunlight began to slant, and the sweet-voiced green fruit pigeons were wistfully calling from the wild fig in which they feasted, Hori rose to graze; but never did he wander far from the Matti tree.

And when only the tips of the bamboo feathers were bright in sunshine, and the trunk of the Matti had long dulled to purple the Korchant continued their journey down

to the coast.

As they wound away out of sight between the shadowed trunks, the shadowed bamboos, the shadowed undergrowth, and brown grass, their bells tinkling, and klonking fainter and ever fainter in the distance. the Matti heard the green fruit pigeons calling half joyfully, half sadly from their fig tree, "He......is gone, is gone, is gone, is gone, is gone, is gone." For there is always something both melancholy and gav in the wandering up and down whistle of a fruit pigeon, just as there is something melancholy and gay in the perfect loveliness of their plumage. The wistfulness of that tender grey and lilac, but then the vivid green slashed with yellow, the little orange feet, and the pleading crimson eyes ringed about with keenest blue!

And so the scorched days and dewy nights slipped by like an ever-moving chain with links of shining gold, and yet more precious platinum. The butterflies flickered, the strange bright birds shricked. and the hidden Shama sang in the bamboo thickets with the sweetness of running water. As the grey hours warmed to gold, the happy Musya people " whooped " away down to the forest pool where the bamboos clustered round to gaze at their own loveliness, and the lotus lifted their long necks out of the water to smile up into the blue with the candour of a child; and as the golden hours cooled to grey the happy Musya people whooped back again, some by the high tree track, others by the low grassy one; for that was their custom. And one evening numbers of them gathered in the Matti tree with angry exclamatory cries. "Ker...uck. Guk. Guk!" and the Matti guessed that Hult the great Striped One was about, or Honagya the yet more evil Spotted One. But the Matti paid no heed to the cries. For night and day was the Matti dreaming of the Return of Hori And that evening Huli struck at Kermadi the deer, and dragging him down, gorged

The green pigeons had stripped ther fig long since, but another tree had fruited close by. And early one dew-bright morning the Matti heard them wistfully, joyfully calling, "He....s here, is here, is here." The Matti tree trembled and

then stood very still.

And as she pondered thus, faintly, faintly on the evening air came cries of "Huli ! Huli ! Huli ! " (Tiger ! Tiger !) from excited human throats, and all at once the earth trembled amongst the sensitive roots of the Matti with the far away thunder of many cattle feet. And a little smile rippled through the leaves of the Matti. Huli seeking for some strayed and enfeebled old bullock or buffalo had wandered right in amongst the cattle of the Korcharu, and they had charged him, as cattle will. The Matti pictured Hori's rush with lowered head, and curved tail..... And presently she wondered if she saw the discomforted Huli creeping past but in that mothy twilight she could not tell.

A great moon climbed slowly into the say and the Matti tree waited for the foot-fall of Hori amongst the great fallen leaves of teak that lay like scattered earthenware. And it was not long before she saw his body shining out in almost unearthly purity from the shadows.....and lo Hori

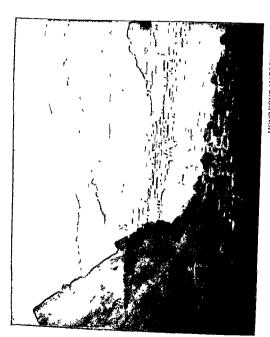
had come to her.

" My Lord....."

Into that perfect moonlit hour Huli crept like some evil thought. And the fur of Huli was golden like the sunburnt grass, and the long slender fitcker of light and shadow from the bamboos was as the long slender stripes on the great warm body of Huli. The teak leaves were softened with



A GARDEN OF THE SUN. BY A. J. OLIVER



HONG.KONG HARBOUR B1 MRS THEODORE STEPHENSON (of the Lyceum Clv l.)

dew, and no longer cracked and snapped like broken earthenware And Huli, crouching there, saw not that starved and most miserable buffalo whose bones were nigh to piercing its poor hide, but Hori noble in gloss, in opulent creasing folds. Hori who because he was seeing naught but the grace of the Matti tree, would fall an easy prev to fang and claw And Huli remembered how Hori had burst his bonds and led the herd against him And Huli's whiskers gleamed like stout white wires. and now his claws were disappearing into their velvet, and reappearing, disappearing, and reappearing But he paused For the moment was very sweet

And all at once there was a stirring in the Mattı tree The Musya people broke

into loud warning cries

Leisurely Hori turned his beautiful head in the moonlight, as one who strives to linger in the fair pastures of dream, and before that happy langour had fled away from his eyes Huli made a short dash ...

From the plunging confusion beneath the Mattı a stripy paw flashed up, and out with fine curved claws bright, and light ... Huli's head with flattened ears was nailed beneath the throat of Hori, creases of loose warm white skin folding about his jaws, and into the green glare of his cruel half-An upward, and sideway shut eves .. wrench, and without'a sound Hori shud dered and sank on the knees of the Matti with a dislocated neck

'O Enemy of Love!

But purring Huli was already beginning his dreadful work

And the Matti cried out to Death to release her from this torment. The tears that she could not shed gathered till the heat and the pain were even more than the heat and the pain of the deer as he grows his antlers And it seemed to her as

it seems to the deer that something was pushing through her very flesh

So then in years to come when the Korcharus with their jingling cattle were wandering beneath the Matti tree on their way down to the coast it chanced that a little naked child glanced up through the tangles of his hair "Ai Nodu!" look," cried he, pointing to the Matti tree For during these slow years the suffering of the Matti had all the while been taking shape, and the shape was even as the head of Hora

" It was here that Huli killed Hori, my father's strayed bull, when I was but a little lad," said a swarthy young fellow, "leaving nothing but the beads he wore across his brow scattered there in the grass " And the Korcharu hewed off the head

of Hori, and when the long imprisoned tears of the Matti dripped forth, little thirsty children dipped their fingers in thinking to drink cool sweetness as from the Water Creeper, but they cried out with wry faces that the Matti gave water bitterer

than tears

And the pity of it all so ached in the Matti trees that they too put forth the head of Hori in remembrance But as the origin and true meaning of certain rites in religion become distorted, so has the story of Hori and the Matti been forgotten And now you may rarely see the milkyblue head of Hori looking from the milkyblue trunk of the Matti Sometimes indeed there is a bull's head but with no horns, sometimes an elephant's with but half a trunk, sometimes a gargoyle's, but more often than all merely a great thickened swelling And the Forest Officers will tell you that the Matti tree is subject to a disease of water swelling, just as the physiologists will tell you that Joan of Arc was an epileptic

INDIAN LOVE SONG

BY

SHIRLEY HODGKINSON.

Last night I heard a woman A-wailing for her dead : I turned to my beloved. And, clinging close, I said: "Death's Angel could not hold you, "Nor any Heaven keep, "You would come back to Lalun " If you but heard her weep."

Brave words and bravely spoken! My lover held me fast .

- " Heaven nor Hell can part us, "The future, present, past
- "Are ours, my sweet, for ever
- "So know no doubt or fear,
 "All mine, all yours, heart's dearest,
 "Hereafter, love, and here!"

For seven years, my lover, We've shared both joy and pain, Our love the gods have lent us, But they-fake back again! I clung to my beloved,

And, sighing soft, I said: "Ah, love, I hear that woman "Still wailing for her dead!"

BALLADE OF INDIAN STUDENT LIFE

W. DOUGLAS.

At a quarter past ten Or a wee thingie man, There's a pickle young men In Cornwallis Square.

Ilka mornin' they're there Stravagin' aboot, An' their heidies a' bare-Neither tammy nor cloot.

Like stirks in a glen They stan' an' they stare Wi' their buikie an' pen In Cornwallis Square.

Foul day or fair Maks nae odds to them-toot, An' their heidies a' bare-Neither tammy nor cloot.

I dinna recht ken Gin it maks their Leids sair, But they wunna come ben In Cornwallis Square

Frae the heat an' the glare. I'm rale pitten oot, . An' their heidies a' bare— Neither tammy nor cloot.

In Cornwallis Square Y'ill see them, nae doot. An' their heidies a' bare-Neither tammy nor cloot.

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CALCUTTA

WE LABOUR TO DECEIVE.

KASR EL NA-IZHA.

I HAD just come back from polo and our flat in the Shariah Dair el Banat was looking particularly cosy, a fireplace in the hall where we had tea, was bright with a wood fire for it was early December, and Cairo in early December demands a fire in the evening I dropped into a chair and shouted to the Suffagi (Khitmutgar) Hassan, to bring me a small whisky and soda when in strolled the Grave-Digger Cairo is a great place for nicknames most of them very a propos In our flat containing three members, each had his soubliquet and what is more, was known by this soubriquet in Cairo Society Of the three of us, Belfield of the Finance Department, was called the Grave Digger he was a rather saturnine person, able and with an occasional mordant wit that was inclined to be savage he took life and himself somewhat seriously, but he was essentially a stout fellow and much liked in spite of his shyness in ladies' society Gibbon the second member of the flat, was in the Public Works Department, he was known as the Historian partly because of his name but chiefly because of his fertile imagination No story lost anything by coming through him he was a priceless person I the third member, scarcely enter the story so any details about myself are

We had a very cheery little flat, near the Turf Club and on the second floor, we jocularly named it the "Maison de Luve" Our bridge dinners were rather the thing (it was long before auction bridge days) and we set our face sternly against ping-pong parties, which incredible as it may seem, raged in

Caro Society some fifteen years ago
Belfield said in a gloomy voice, "I'm sure there's something up I saw that ass Gibbon talking away to Royal Susan at the Khedivial Club-and I overheard the words, 'Now, mind, Mr Gibbon, you must bring him to call upon me

Royal Susan was the imperious wife of the senior Judge, and she exercised a firm control over bachelor flats that we had so far successfully evaded None of us were in her husband's department, so we could go our own way in this respect

The Grave Digger flung himself into a chair, "That woman's a perfect curse," he continued, "she never can leave us alone and I wonder who

the devil the Historian's been yarning about"

He hadn't long to wait wondering for at this point Gibbon burst into the room, he was evidently anxious to see us and at the same time rather nervous We knew what was up as soon as we saw him, another of his infernal yarns had to be

"I ook here, you birds" he began, "I'm in a hole I got nobbled by Royal Susan at the khedival Club after tennis this afternoon, but 'pon me soul it wasn't my fault. The woman had me at her

"You seemed pretty happy when I passed" said the Grave-Digger

"Strategy, you Bey"— Bey is a term of honour— "Strategy Whatever else I may or may not be able to do I can always keep my end up at a heart to heart talk My dear old feller" said the Historian impressively, "she cornered me and asked me why we had given no ping pong parties

"Well, that is the absolute limit" said I "You very naturally told her that the Grave Diggers heart wouldn't stand it"

"I did not, my boy," said Gibbon, "I went much better than that I said we should love to have a game, and we were thinking of asking her, but that Jorkins wouldn't let us 'Who's Mr Jorkins?' The fatuous woman said

"Well, my dear old bird if a woman doesn't know her Dickens to that extent and enquires 'Who's Mr. Jorkins 'she's simply asking for it and I let myself go 'Jorkns,' I said, 'Jorkns—he is an uncle of Belfield's He's just retured from the Bengal Civil Service, and he left his liver behind him those hum there as a keepsake The old gentleman has quartered himself on us for the cold weather, and he is very exacting I asked Belfield to suggest to the aged pro-consul that he should visit Luxor and Assuan but the old thing wasn't taking any, and we have to go very canny with him because he's been in loco parents to poor M Belfield who is an orphan lad 'I was getting quite sentmental and I knew old Belfield wouldn't mind my making him an orphan for the occasion So I was preparing fresh details about Mr Jorkons, I C S (Retd), when Royal Susan caught sight of another cove and left me saying that I must bring him to call on her-and I said I would do my best "

The poor old Historian looked half nervously at Belfield, winked at me, and lit a cigarette After a bit of a silence, during which Gibbon's fairy story had sunk well in the Grave Digger said." It is a pity not to use such an artistic triumph By God, we will pull Royal Susan's leg and teach that worthy a lesson Jorkins is staying with us he is my uncle, he has got no liver Now, what's to be done

"Well, if he's got to call," said I, "he'd better

have some visiting cards printed"

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CALCUTTA and BOMBAY

After a little discussion we decided to have cards which bore the inscription

Mr John Jorkus Irdian Civil Service (Retd.)

Fravellers Club S W These were left round Cairo upon the burra mems of the place and we explained that he was very shy

and not at all fit that a severe and prolong d course of fever had given him a distressing twitch in the face of which he was acutely self-conscious.

The Historian revelled in this he thought out

fresh yarns about Jorkins and very nearly gave the whole show away from sheer exuberance of spirits and flow of imagination | Jorkins became quite the mode not to know him was to argue yourself un known hars in the Club were to be heard saying that they d seen and spoken to him on the racecourse during early morning tides He was asked out to dine but his liver saved us he was invited to the Agency (corresponding to Government House here in India) but unfortunately he had left for a trip up the Nile When interest seemed to wane Gibbon sat down and wrote a letter to the Egyptian Morning News in which he deprecated the growth of bridge playing imong junior Government officers in Egypt point ing out that it tended to sap the spirit of duty this he signed J Jorkins B ngal Civil Service (Retd.) The letter was answered by myself and the Grave Digger in a fierce diatribe against Jorkins and his News which we attacked most vigorously we signed ourselves Mother of Seven 1 brisk little con troversy rose and was finally stopped ly the I ditor But the days of our traumph were nearly over looked forward bless you to taking Jorkins as triumpliantly out of Egypt as we had brought him Suddenly a thunderbolt fell

A letter addressed to John Jorkins Esq. ICS reached us one day there was nothing in this factby this time Jorkins duly post had reached quite respectabl proportion but the contents of the letter_which the Grave Digger opened made us sit up It ran as follows

Savoy Hotel Cairo Junuary 2n l

Dear Sir

As a member of the Committee of the Travellers Club may I ask by what right you print the name of that Club on your card as to the best of my belief you are not a nember Yours faithfully Christopher Ponsonby

Iohn Jorkins Tsq I C S (Retd) I knew it would come said the Grive Digger Jorkins ought to have left sconer than this What's to be done now in any case we shall look pretty good fools unless we can square Mr Christopher Ponsonly? I don't know anything about the feller except that apparently he s on the Committee

of the Travellers -- what the blozes are we to do? Eventually we sat down and composed a letter to Mr Christopher Ponsonby The Grave Digger

wrote it and explained claborately that Mr John

forkins did not exist that the whole story had been a test and he ended with profitse apologies for having used the name of the Travellers Club which he felt sure under the circumstances Mr Ponsonin would excuse and that with renewed apologies he was his very faithfully Edward Belfield

This was despatched to the Savoy Hotel and feeling the need of a little support we decided tod no at the Club and have a bottle of the best The bubbly soon restored Gibbon's optimism but

just as he was talking of good old Ponsonby etc and devising fresh schemes Alphonse the head water brought a note to Belfield He opened it and read it out -

Dear Sir

I am not a member of the Travellers Club Neither have I heard of Mr Jorkins either in life or in fiction

Yours faithfully Chr Ponsonby

So he doesn't know his Dickens either said Belfield

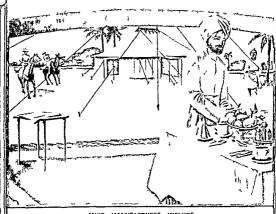
This left us more in the dark than ever except that we realised that our own leg was being badh pulled The rest of the evening was spent in trying to spot who could have found out the Jorkins mith but we gave it up as a bad job and waited for developments

Opposite our flat was another genial chum nery consisting of four hearty souls in various jobs under the Egyptian Government They had displayed a discreet interest in Jorkins and we decided to lay the matter before them, so the next Sund; we invited ourselves to lunch and broke the story to them under the influence of a good meal and much hock cup they rolled about on the ground with laughing especially at the Ponsonby episode at which they nearly bit up the carpet with amusement Eventually one of them Wilkinson said- Look here you deserve it all for not letting us in from the first But is you come to us we will tell you our sik we were taken in by the Jorkins yurn but as we never saw him either coming in or going out of your flat we began to have our doubts. Where you made you bloomer was talking about his early morning rides We set ourselves to watch for him and so we boul d you out instanter for he never came out of your house It seemed a poor effort to go and tell everyone that th whole story was a fake so we thought wed try our own hands at a fairy tale too accordingly Cares and I went off to the Savoy looked for a likely name thought that Ponsonby seemed as good as any so we wrote you a chit frem old Pon onby in a disguised h nd and fairly bowled you out unfortunately that ass of a jorter at the Savoy handed your note to Ponsonly instead of keeping it back for us to work you up a bit more However it was a good effort on your part and here's to old Jerkins

It only remained to break the news to Royal Susan this we decided to do by giving a dinner in Mr Jorkins name to the various ladies who had offered lum hospitality They all accepted and just

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before dinner they were informed that Mr Jorkins had been sudgenly summoned to England and had left that morning for Port Sud deputing his nephew Mr Belfield to do the honours after dinner the real

story was told to them by the Historian in his sunniest manner Royal Susan was inclined to be on her dignity but she graciously pardoned us and Jorkins went to the same place as Mrs Harris

OUR HYMN

BY P C MANUK

Odin and Thor they worship now Teach us great God to keep our vow ! Their mailed fist blasphemes thy name With fire and sword his hosts infame On Belgium wreak his vengeance drear For foiled plans—The end is near Our sons thy hosts are on his path Thy vengeance Lord his aftermath

Their sea lords skulk in land locked bays Our sea dogs sweep the oceans ways With lightning stroke to hurl him back The blood of babes befouls his track Whitby and Scarb rough tell the main How Germans lived to fight again! Grant Lord the prayer our sailors pray Just one clean fight to test the day

The poisoned air the poisoned wells The tortured prisoners in their cells The Lustiania crime supreme The broken pledge the lying theme The chateaux robbed by princely hand Betray the Kultured Vaterland! Bless Thou our arms to right the wrong Set free the weak and crush the strong

The Blonde Beast stalks with appetite Enslave the black oppress the white Our Island Home his secret mark That guard our watch dogs grun and stark That Island spoke just not too late, For this he roars his Hymn of Hate When Huns are vanquished Belgium free We II sing our hymn of victory

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

PERCY SWAFFER

The prevalence in India of abbreviation is so bewildering that the following explicitions of the more popular use of letters for words will not be without value to the new salub. If reductio ad absurdum is observed the author pleads at normal pressure on the pages of this perio lical

I C S-INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE

A Department of Indian Administration noted for the extreme modesty and humility of its officers and their retence to identify themselves with the service The qualifications of admission are a first class knowledge of Philately Bec keeping Naval Construction Baby Incubation Botany Town Plan ning Crochet Work Ophthalmology, and Presbyte

manism The I C S officer is allotted various duties including a few useful ones and his sphere of employment is being so widely extended that in the near future he may be expected to pass the death sentence on conspirators and ride the Vicerov's Cup favourite in the same week The I C S officer is the only man who knows all about this country before he gets here

I M S-INDIAN MEDICAL SERVICE

A disseminated Harley St. Its members give expert advice at most moderate charges have been known to refuse fees and have an immense opinion of private practitioners with whom their co operation is extensive



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C IN C-COMMANDER IN CHIEF

A high social position at Simb which is believed to carry with it certain military duties such as conducting comprigns at a distance of several thousand miles from the scine of operation. At one time the C in C was subjected to crid influence but since this hies been removed he has been able to act with more freedom.

S AND T-SCIPIN AND TRANSPORT

In Ind an Army Department which hoards stores of at the Calcutta and other docks and despatches then to Misopo arma when the accommodation in this country Lecomes limited. Its officers are usually employed in dailing with the only war commodity they ki we nothing about

I A R O-INDIAN ARM RESERVE OF OFFICERS

A number of exchans who have proved that the complete Britsh officer can be turned out in three months. The delay in sending more Indian Arms Reserve Officers to Mesopatama is said to have led to the Includous of the first Mesopotama campaign while kut might never hive happened had one of their many schemes for the relief of it been adopted Mw. Reserve Officers are engaged in the Censorship Department where their knowledge has been of a urrhable assistance in facilitating the despatch of commercial and press resessages.

C I D -- CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION DEPARTMENT

A section of the police which arrests suspects and others for Provincial Governments to release. The returns of both are practically identical so the theory that great minds think alike receives further support.

P W D-PUBLIC WORKS DEPARTMENT

A Government Department which is the last word in rapid road bridge and building construction. The development of the new capital under the P W D since the site was first surveyed in 1909 is but one metance of the rapid husting which permeates he department. Since expense is no object it is further remarkable that the department on the permeater of the permeate

I O U-I OWE YOU

A popular method of avoiding pecuniary embar rissement introduced into India by Vosco ac Gama at Calicut at the accel friend in fifteenth century. Usually acquired within a fee the hours of landing and extensively adopted by European While e man's signature may vary according to his condition when he wrote it it is considered but form to repudate any I O U

presented for payment when recognition or remem brance of it is not immediate

I L C-IMPERIAL LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL

A collection of more or less distinguished Euro peans and Indians whose breathy and simplicity in public speaking is believed to be directly responsible for the case with which new Viceroys master the introduces of Indian problems

I F F -- INDIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

British and Indian troops selected to open up the new holiday resorts of Brist. Lut and Baghdad There is some delay in the completion of arrange ments at Lut and the proneer work at Baghdad but Basra is already hown as the Brighton of Meso p tama. and the first registr on the Tights can be expected shortly. The I Γ I's unanimous in its opinion of the climate. To popularise Mesopotamic visitors, expenses are until further notice being entirely defrayed by the Government.

C I E-COMPANION OF THE ORDER OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE

Britishers in India are almost equally divided the decorated and the undecorrised C I Σ 's contribute largely to the former so much so that the obsence of the Order at some functions is the only sign of distinction. The order is said to be awarded for mentionous crul service in India, but this is strenuously disputed by those not possessing one.

I P-INDIAN POLICE

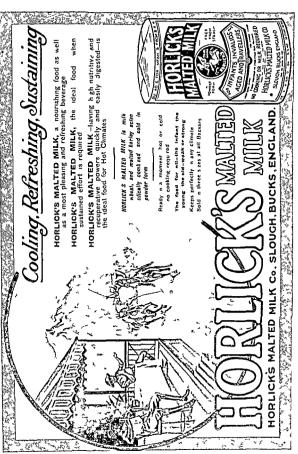
The I P officer is the only serious rival to the ICS officer in modesty and self-effacement. His duties in the moffusual embrace polo tenns, bridge and dancing. The other six hours of the day he has to himself.

B O C-BANDMAN OPERA COMPANY

A theatrical company consisting of numerous ladies and a few necessary men which usits India every winter why the word opera has always been used in the description of the company was not revealed until last season when it consecutively staged such operatic successes as Potash and Perlmutter The Win Who Stayed at Home and Grumpy

R C T C-ROYAL CALCUTTA TURF CLUB

Run on purely democratic lines The primary objects of the R C T C are Social Intercourse Exploitation of the Maidan Litigation Sweepstakes and Racing The qualification for membership is vague but an applicant suspected of owning a rarehorse need not despair of being blackballed



A MASTERPIECE

BV

VLRE M MURPHY

God culled a wan white rose of perfect grace Pure as cloud water is and made your face He caught glad gleamings of gold oreoles Blent them with shadows mirrored in dim lit pools Set in autumnal glades when linger there Reluctant twilights and He wove your hair He stole a bit of Heaven that dreaming lies Low in the East at even for your two eyes He took an Eden fruit that ever drips Sectar for thirsting souls and carved your hips He plucked a white plume from an ange s wing Culled sweetest fragrance for its perfuming-Musk that night breezes bear to tired lands-And framed for comforting your slender hands He stayed a cloudlet that did swiftly fleet To shade a sleeping child and made your feet I star He bid to earth to be your soul And last-lest too divine should be the whole Great masterpiece-too high for earthly needs-He sought a path that to a churchyard leads Found a lone nameless grave and prayed it part With sod enough to shape your human heart

THE LOVE STORY OF JEHANGIR.

В

MAJOR H A NEWELL FRGS IA

Ine child of miracle \under under (Light o. the laith) Muhammad Jehangir (World grasper) was latth) Muhammad Jehangur (World grasper) was born in 1560 at the little vallage of Sikn twenty three miles south west of Agra. Hustlylace is still pointed out a small ground floor chamber measuring 9 feet 6 inches 1 8 feet of highest stone ceiling upheld by a plain central column. The encuring wall are 3 feet thick. The encuring wall are 3 feet thick in the latter of the stone ceiling and the still condition of the still t house is in a dilapidated condition time being no

The story of his birth is itself a romance that will endure though the city that his father Akbar built on the spot is now only a ruin and the Moghuls themselves a memory

Jehangir was thirty-seven years of age when he succeeded to the masnad. He had hved a life of excess he had quarrelled with his father and with his eldest son his first wife- the bride of my youth" -had committed suicide in despair

His second wife was the c lebiated \ur Jehan And here is the story of their love—a curious medle)

of btter wrong and deep constancy

Their love story dated far back to his boyhood day, when Nur Jehan was yet an undeveloped girl in her early teens While Jehangir was still a tiny lor clinging to the clothes of his foster mother and disputing her affection with Sheikh Khulu hi foster brother a young Persian merchant named Mirza Ghias ud-din set out with his wife and small children for India Tales of a relative who had risen to fortune at the Moghul Court tempted him to try his luck also All went well with the hitle Je rty until midway across the desert of Sind Here they ran out of piocisions In this desperate strait the wife gave birth to a little daughter Believing starvation to be inevitable the unhappy parerts laid the infant under a tree with the intention of abandoning her while they struggled on a few more



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Gon culled a wan white rose of perfect grace. Pure as cloud water is, and made your face He caught glad gleamings of gold oreoles Blent them with shadows mirrored in dim lit pools Set in autumnal glades, when linger there Reluctant twilights, and He wove your hair He stole a bit of Heaven that dreaming hes Low in the East at even for your two eyes He took an Eden fruit that ever drips Nectar for thirsting souls, and carved your lips He plucked a white plume from an ange's wing Culled sweetest fragrance for its perfuming-Musk that night breezes bear to tired lands— And framed for comforting your slender hands He stayed a cloudlet that did swiftly fleet To shade a sleeping child and made your feet A star He bid to earth to be your soul And last-lest too divine should be the whole Great masterpiece-too high for earthly needs-He sought a path that to a churchyard leads, Found a lone nameless grave, and prayed it part With sod enough to shape your human heart

THE LOVE STORY OF JEHANGIR.

BY

MAJOR H. A. NEWELL, F.R.G.S., 1 A

THE child of miracle Nur-ud-din (Light o. the Faith), Muhammad Jehangir (World grasper), was born in 1569 at the little village of Sikri, twentythree miles south-west of Agra His birthplace is still pointed out, a small ground floor chamber is still pointed out, a small ground floor chamber measuring 9 feet 6 inches by 8 feet 4 inches, the stone ceiling upheld by a plain central column. The encircling walls are 3 feet thick, neverthal so the house is in a dilapidated condition, time being no

The story of his birth is itself a romance that will endure, though the city that his father Akbar built on the spot is now only a ruin and the Moghuls themselves a memory

Jehangir was thirty-seven years of age when he succeeded to the masnad. He had lived a life of excess, he had quarrelled with his father and with his eldest son , his first wife-" the bride of my youth" -had committed suicide in despair

His second wife was the celebrated Nur Jehan And here is the story of their love-a curious medley

of bitter wrong and deep constancy

Their love story dated far back to his boyhood's days when Nur Jehan was yet an undeveloped girl ir her early teens While Johangir was still a tiny boy clinging to the clothes of his foster mother, and disputing her affection with Sheikh Khubu his foster-brother, a young Persian merchant, named Mirza Ghas-ud-din, set out with his wife and small children for India Tales of a relative, who had risen to fortune at the Moghul Court, tempted him to try him. to try his luck also All went well with the little party until midway across the desert of Sind Here they ran out of provisions. In this desperate strait the unite with the little party little party little little party little little little party little little little party little li the wife gave birth to a little daughter. Believing starvation to be inevitable the unhappy parents laid the infant under a tree with the intention of abandoning her, while they struggled on a few more



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weary miles. However nature proved too strong The mother implored her husband to return at all costs and fetch the baby He did so just as a snake was approaching the tree under which it lay rescued the infant and hastened to the mother Simultaneously a caravan came in sight and their trials were over

It was not long before family influence procured Ghias ud din a position at the Moghul Court foot once firmly set upon the first rung of the ladder the Persian climbed swiftly to fortune From Akbar he received the title of Itmad ud Daulah by which

le is famous in history

Meanwhile the baby born in the desert grew up and her parents gave the name of Muhr an Visa or Scal of Womankind The girl was a favourite with the ladies of the imperial harem. During her frequent visits to them she was seen by the youthful Prince Salim who fell passionately in love with her and ardently desired her for wife It was not to be Akbor refused to sanction their union Instead he married the Seal of Womankind to one of his youngest Generals a Turkoman entitled Sher Afkhan and ordered both off to distant Bengal

Years passed during which no word was exchanged between Muhr an Nisa and her imperial lover She was a mother and a happy wife If she sometimes sighed for the brilliant position which might have been hers she gave no sign Sher Afkhan

had no cruse for jealousy

What of Prince Salim? He too made no sign nevertheless neither time nor absence succeeded in effacing the memory of his boyhood's love No sooner was Akbar dead and Prince Salim had

ascended the masnad under the title of Jehangir than the new Emperor sent word to Bengal com manding Sher Afkhan to divorce his wife General indignantly declined to do The refusal was

his death warrant

In the second year of Jehangir's reign reports real or feigned were brought to him complaining of Sher Aikhan's conduct of affairs as Governor of Burd van Jehangir seized the opportunity to appoint his foster brother Sheikh Khubu Viceroy of Bengal with orders to bring the offender sternly to This the new Viceroy proceeded to do result was a tragedy in which both he and Sher Afkhan lost their lives

By the Emperor's orders the widow and her little daughter were promptly conveyed to the imperial palace Here they were assigned modest quarters in the immediate vicinity of the Empress Dowager Sultana Rukya Begam a Princess of the House of Taimur

As widow the conduct of Muhr-an Nisa was rreproachable She paid every mark of respect to her late husband's memory avoided the Emperor and

deessed with the simple severity of deep mourning
Through a strange whim of Jehangur's the woman
who as a girl had inspired him with such deep affection, was allotted the poorest quarters in the Zanana and only allowed a beggarly pittance with

which to support herself her child and few attendants Possibly the Emperor thought that she might throw herself upon his mercy If so he was mistaken Muhr an Nisa uttered no word of complaint She supplemented her modest means by painting mina tures and doing fine needlework for the Begams

During four years the beautiful daughter of Itmad ud Daulah led this melancholy existence. At the end of that time the Emperor approached ler at a festival in honour of Nau Rauz-New Years Day—and asked why her attendants were better dressed than she? The Seal of Womankind replied with becoming modesty and the Emperor's old infatuation returned with full force Muhr an his was then thirty four and Jehangir in his forty-second year A splendid wedding ceremony was arranged and the two who had vainly dreamed of love in the long ago realised their desire at last In his memoirs the Emperor pays her the high tribute of saying -

Until I married her I never knew what marriage He first gave her the title of Nur Mahal. or Light of the Palace As his affection for her increased he changed this to Nur Jehan or Light of

the World

Possibly no woman has ever wielded such extensive power as that which fell to Nur Jehan in her position of favourite wife to Jehangir The naturally indolent and pleasure loving Emperor was only too pleased to hand over the reins of government to his clever and energetic consort. He declared her capable of conducting all affairs His own ambition he explained was limited to a portion of meat and a cup of wine In this way the Empress became virtual ruler of Hindustan All the business of the vast Moghul Empire passed through her slender jewel laden hands She sat in the Iharokha or imperial balcony, executing justice and conferring with the various ministers of state. Her name was struck on coins and her signature appeared on the scal confirming imperial firmans

With all this no rumour exists to the effect that she was ever anything but what was feminine and womanly She evinced a motherly interest m orphan girls it being on record that she found husbands and provided downes for five hundred

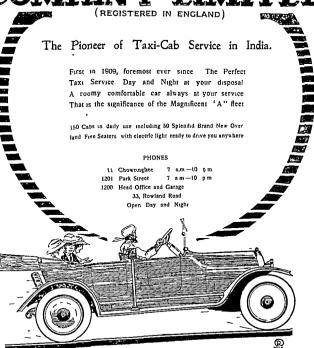
penniless maidens

William Hawkins the merchant venturer who spent two years at the Moghul Court gives a glimpe of the more intimate side of her character He tells how he was waiting one day in the palace at Agra when the order came for all present to disappear out of sight Jehangir being about to return with 1 is Empress Nur Jehan whom he had taken for a country drive in a bullock wagon as any poor man

might have done his peasant wife But although she has been extelled for her beaut) wifely virtues and other excellent qualities Nur Jehan was quite unfitted to the task of ruling the vast Moghul Empire As was only natural she

looked well after the fortunes of her family Despite her wit and ability the country under Nur Jehan became a prey to abuse The government





was corrupt the highways and bye roads ahke infested with robbers and everyone of official status from the Empress and her relations down-

wards was greedy for bribes

The prevailing disorder was increased by constant replications on the part of Jehangur s sons The eldest Prince Khusu was the worst offender in this respect until his father caused him to be blinded. The army was neglected and had a determined enemy fallen upon the country from without the chances would all have been in favour of the invader

chances would all have been in lavoud of the invaced.

Towards the close of his reign Jehangir evinced
a preference for Lahore where he spent most cold
weathers going to Kashmir for the hot season. In
the autumn of 1627 he was returning to the plains
when he called a halt at Bariamklia Hore he
commanded arrangements to be made for an antelope
drive. While he waited gun in hand at the foot of
a steep incline for the herd to pass a beater ventured
too near the edge of the khud immediately overhead

The unfortunate man lost his balance and was killed within a few paces of where the Emperor stood

The accident made a fatal impression upon Jehangir's nerves. He sent for the bereaved another and sought to comfort her with a substantial gift of money but he could not lay the ghost which haunted him. He was obsessed by the notion that he had witnessed a vision in which the Angel Arrel had impersonated the dead beater. He died at Rayor on the morning of October 28th AD 1627 in the

fifty minth year of his age

The Empress caused his remains to be transported to Lahore. Here they lie in a graceful white
marble mausoleum at Shahdara in the garden which
he gave her and in which he and she had ofte
wandered together. For nineteen years she mounted
him wearing the white weeds of a Muhammadar
widow then she too joined him to sleep for a while
in the garden that borders on Paradie.

TO K. OF K.

BY

J M. M D

No stone to mark our leader's resting place. No grave where we might key the laurel crown few by the highest place and the space. The true memoral of a lie had done space. The true memoral of a lie had done had we have a space to be a st words hold we in remembrance dear No last wish' uttered that we might fulfill But every word he spake while he was here Undimmed by last words we have left us still No leader's hand to help us in this hour When most we need him for our help and guide Surely he thinks of us- in new won po ver Praying strong prayers 'that may not be demed

Praying strong prayers that may not be denied.

Oh England in the day we need him most Surely he fighteth with the unseen Host.

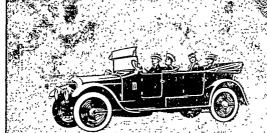
THE REGENERATION OF ROWLAND.

BY

V J BALKWILL

ROWLAND Carteret had been in Calcutta about a the for week when his chummery unanimously decided that di miss something would have to be done about it. In the and or course of that time he had quarrelled with each of aspiring

the four other occupants of 3 4 2 Camac Street had imissed three bearers, twice fallen off his horse and once taken quinine tabloids in mistake for aspirin



After the War-

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Strange to say all five chummery dwellers represented perfectly familiar types of the normal Englishman the trouble was merely that the erring Rowland, having landed in Bombay for the first time two mails ago, was colossally sub janta certain measure of politeness was at first accorded him, due to the fact that he brought a letter from his father who had been Morrison's Chief in the Mincing Lane Office-and Morrison was senior man in the chummery But from the moment of his coming the storm-clouds gathered

'This is Carteret, Morrison announced at Sunday morning breakfast Arrived last meht

"How do?' said three men as one and then

Fordyce presently contributed "where do you hail

Some malignant fairs not invited to Rowland's christening prompted him to utter ' Charterhouse and New " Really !

said Fordyce blinking very hard ' Well I in Fordyce from Fettes, and Morrison's from Malborough and Mincing Lane and Harvey s from Hailey bury and the House (be's been our show specimen till you came) and Blandford came from a bucket-hop-didn't you Blandford but he's sorry now and we never talk about it "

Carteret went very red, but said nothing and conversation was effectually stoppered for the rest of the meal the only practical result of the meeting being that the new-comer was invariably introduced to strangers as "Cultured Carteret"

His spirits were very elastic and the most drastic snub failed to suppress him for long He laid down the law about Overhand Service, about Polo (which he had never played) and Hilaire Belloc (whom he had never read) he complained about the food and he habitually carried a snakebite outfit about

" Of course a fellow with a name like that's bound to come unstuck "Harvey commented one evening when Carteret was inflicting himself for dinner on his burra mem, "but it's time he fell into line a bit What on earth made you take him in Morrison?"

"Well his father's quite a decent old bird,"
Morrison defended himself 'He was awfully nice to me when I was a chokra in the lane How could I know his son was going to turn out like this?

"Anyway, it's high time someone taught him how to behave," Fordyce said "I'm all for trying a httle Chummery Culture for Catteret of Charter house-and New" Whereupon the chummery of 3 4 2, Camac Street, laid its four heads together to

Ensued an exceedingly unpleasant time for Row-Scorpions had a trick of finding their way into his bath-sponge His bearer called him at seven when he said six, and five when he said seven and the chum mery's method of pouring oil into the wound was to suggest that he should learn the Hindustani numerals up to ten in spite of his having repeatedly assured them that he learnt all the Hindustam he would ever need on the boat coming out. When one of the

men was dining out, and there was a four for Auction they doubled him till he and they were black in the fice, and they invariably won (He had karn Auction on the boat too, and they suspected as much but since he chose to declare that he had played ever since it first came in chummers ethics held that it was justifiable to ' do hun down')

"I'm so glad dear Rowland seems so popular his mother would say putting away the hastily scrawled sheet that arrived every mail 'I used to be so afraid that having no brothers or sisters would

handicap him in after life "

"You spoilt him abominably "old Mr Carteret youchsafed from behind the Times, "but perhaps he's had the sense not to let it show."

But being an observant man, he wondered Rowland had certainly let it show at school and Perhaps now he was independent he was finding his level

But the next move in the game was his. The chummery was discussing billiards "Ymrather good at billiards" he volunteered presently

Of course you are dearest Rowland,' Fordion There's no need for you to tell us You learnt on the boat coming out, did you not? Picked it up after watching the cabin stewards do it what?

"There's no necessity for you fellows to ragme, Rowland protested 'I tell you I'm rather good at billiards

"Right O! Fordyce exclaimed Ill take you on a hundred up at the Light Horse Club, whenever you like, for two hundred rupees Are you game?"

It was rather more than half Carteret's pay for a month, but he said he was, and the match was fixed for the following evening at six Morrison had conscientious scruples about the largeness of the sum, but the others insisted that it was time Carteret was taken down a peg about his games. He was always ' rather good '—till he came to play'

So they rolled up to Park Street in force that night, not with any hope of seeing a good game for Fordy ce s skill with the pills was proverbial merely it is to be feared for the joy of beholding Carteret come yet another 'purler' Then a truly surprising thing happened

Fordy ce took Spot, and broke Carteret followed and neatly scored a cannon off the red thereafter pocketing it "Not so rotten," said Harvey, as a couple of cannons added four more to his score An attempt at a Long Jenny however failed and Fordyce chalked his cue He ran up a break of twelve and then, to the disappointment of his backers missed a comparatively easy cannon From Fordyr, point of view, the game ended there for Cartret stepped up to the table and by a series of what looked like the simplest cannons and the easest pocket-

shots in the world, ran right out He played a very pretty game, and Fordyce paid up the two hundred



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rupces on the spot, while the rest of the chummery slapped Carteret on the back, and told him he wasn't such a fool as he looked

The immediate result, unfortunately, was that he promptly became more unbearable than ever, and one week-end when he was up-country with the Light Horse, the Great Scheme was conceived

"I believe he's sent his rifle to S aldah by his bearer," said Harvey cheerfully, "so there ought to be a pretty warm time waiting for him somewhere"

"But that won't make it any better for us"
Blandford grumbled "The chummery wants his
blood and the chummery's going to have it"

There was in Calcutta at this time a certain theatrical company, whose their glory was a bright particular star in the shape of Miss Dulce Lanchester. The fact that she was thirty-seven, adored her husband, and had three tall sons at home, might have shattered the illusions of some of the youngest of her worshippers had they known it. But they did not and at the moment, to be as much as seen in the vicinity of Miss Dulce Lanchester was to write one-self down a Super Knut. Carteret heard a lot about her in the day's following his return from Barapore he went to see her, and decided she had not been overrated. Finally they dared him to ask her to tea at the Saturday Club. "She won't come, of course, but you daren't even ask her," they yeared

"Daren't I." said Catteret, "Why the poor girl will be polly glad of the chance to see a little life." And forthwith sat down and mytted her to tea the following Saturday (which was a Band Night) giving the letter to his bearer to post. She answered quite promptly that she would "be happy to take tea" with him on the date he mentioned and he showed it trumphantly to the others, who promised that they would attend in full strength to see how he got

The was there long before six on Saturday evening more nervous than he had ever been in his life, and rather sorry she had accepted. Three of the chummery turned up at a quarter past—Harvey had said he was fixed up for golf and was very sack at having to miss the fun. Miss Lanchester did not arrive for another half hour, and as he went to meet her his first feeling was one of disappointment. She was badly dressed for one thing—he could not have told you how he knew this, but he did know it—her hat was too large, and she was so heavily vieled that all you could see of her face were her cheels rather thickly rouged and powdered. Other things he

noticed too—that her hands were large and not particularly well kept, and her voice harsh, though she spoke very little. And the chummery was watching him with six Junx like eyes he hoped they were envying him for having the pluck they had lacked.

"You're v-v-very quiet," he stammered presently, after Miss Lanchester had disposed of large quantities of tea and cake, during which process she had

volunteered no single remark

"Oh, do you mind my not talking much?" she said hoarsely "I've got a bad cold and I just love listening to the band'

Carteret wiped his perspiring brow, and ordered drinks, his companion rather to his surprise avowing

a preference for a peg

"Who is that good looking man over there?" She asked at last, looking in the direction of the chummery table 'Oh, that's Morrison" said Carteret disgustedly "Do you think he's goodlooking? He's a frightful fool really he's in my chummery" Miss Lanchester was seized with a paroxysm of coughing so severe at this point that Carteret was alarmed. She said feebly that an Alipore cocktail would do it good and so it (or to be correct, three of it) apparently did But conversation, in spite of all his efforts, dragged His teaparty was a failure He knew it he only hoped the chummery did not know it too Never had he risen to his feet so gladly at the opening bars of "God Tave the King and when he saw Miss Lanchester brazenly exchanging a glad eye with Morrison he began to think he might have been a fool to ask her He thought so still more when as she shook hands she thanked him for "a pleasant evening and plenty of drinks" in the hateful voice of Harvey

and adjured him not to be late for dinner Not being a specialist in character development I cannot tell you why that episode should have proved the turning point in Carteret's career but so it was Perhaps it was more effective operating as it did, at the same time as his Colonel's remarks about giving his rifle to a servant to carry through the streets He may have been a little relieved that he could still preserve his ideal of Miss Dulcie Lanchester intact since she had only been travestied by means of an intercepted letter and the fair and Be that as it may the chummery beardless Harvey take all the credit to themselves for the fact that he is growing into a really nice boy with the prospect of a partnership in the not too distant future and

a very decent handicap at Tollygunge

ADEN.

BY

F C SCALLAN

Aden gut by the unrefreshing sea That in thy shameless pride uprearest high Thy barren cliffs unto a brazen sky. A fit place thy forbidding shores to be Of mutinous souls the stern reformatory Didst thou too, suffer that dread ire that burst Upon Gomorah, Araby the Curst, That thou retainest still such dire sterility? But 1 faint dawning glow of hope appears Thy fire riven crags wait they in grim repose The time of thy deliverance which nears—The time of Life—from—Death foretoid? In those Impregnant ultimate fair millennial years Yea even thy wastes shall blossom as the rose!

DOGS OF WAR.

BY

B J EVANS

Though it is not entirely ignored all too little is heard about the brilliant work achieved at the front



by war dogs. Both as sentries at supreme posts of danger and as indepensable assistants to Red Cross workers they have during the present war covered themselves with glo and themselves with glo and the second one with the Crox de Guerre for saving lives on several distinct occasions when out with patrols at night in "No Man's Land".

He had given warning of the presence of German patrols which no human agency could have detected This cannot be no was an Airedale bred and trained

This cannie hero was an Airedale bred and trained by Major Richardson at Harrow Many kinds of dogs have been tried for war duties at various times but the gallant Major a Airedales have alone emerged triumphant in the present great test. The name of Richardson has won international fame but the modesty of the soldier has thrown a cloud of myster) about his inethods even though he has given the best years of his life to the breeding of working dogs.

After many experiments in the open country around Harrow, Major Richardson found that the Arte-lale was quite the best breed of dog for his purpos. These are the points he sought endurance in all weathers and countries, perseverance the real fighting spirit and the strength to back it up a keen sense of smell and lastly absolute obedence. For ambulance work pure and simple he pinned his faith on the bloodhound but for the riguous of modern warfare he found that the Airedale was its superior even there.

The Boer War first saw the Airedale on active screen Those who were in London about four years ago, when the Imperial Services Exhibition was held at Earls Court will remember that a quartette of Airedales which had been through the South African campaign were on view

The reader who has had no expenence of this wonderful breed of dog will appreciate its value, when its qualities are explained. Sentry dogs can be handled by any men wearing the uniform to which they are accustomed. They are taken to advanced and listening posts. As soon as suspicious sounds reach their keen ears or some foreign scent reaches their no es they give almost inaudible grows. Unless their masters are in danger their work, stops here. Otherwise they join in the fight and invariably kill with a single snap of the jais. On a battlefield Airedales scent out wounded and unconscious soldiers who would frequently be left for dead by ambulance men. They are also useful in hunting out supers.

The Russian Government was one of the first to believe whole heartedly in the war dog and many times has Major Richardson travelled to Petrograd to instruct the Army authorities in the correct handling of the animals he has exported. The French and British Armies are employing as many Airedaks now as the Vajor can supply

After the Borr War he turned his attention to police dogs. The same animal with only a slightly different schooling, is employed for this class of work. In the East End of London many are employed as a regular thing while they are kept at isoluted stations and big prisons throughout Great Birtain.

The Airedale would probably solve Cilcutta scacot difficulty within six months. Policemen take dogs on lonely and dangcrous bests and are immune from vitack while in tracing luding criminals no detective in the world could be so sure. Aired less thrive in India and are so hardy as to need no more than ordinary care. The Calcutt's Commissioner of Police should import half a dozen and give them a trial. They have never jet failed.

THE D. I. G. AND THE BULL.

BY

E LAWRENCE

The Deputy Inspector General was visiting the subdivision Gundinagar in the district of Bokarpur in company with the Superintendent of Police and his assistant. Their object was to watch the prosecution of a Police case which was being tried by the Subdivisional Officer The court was being held in a large tent and the S D O was living in another hard by as his premises were under repair. Within hailing distance was the Police camp and the D I G was reclining in a long chair outside the dining tent with a cigar in his mouth and a peg at his elbow holding forth on the various duties of Police officers to the Superintendent and the Assistant former suffered from malaria and the dearth of promotion prevalent in the Province the two combined had made a cynic of him le consumed a surprising number of grains of quinine daily and managed to exist At that moment he was seated in an upright chair taking his temperature and the position of the thermometer between his lips com pelled him to listen in silence to the Oracle bitterly described his chief in his own mind for he had been super eded himself and was oppressed with a sense of injustice in con equence

The Assistant a youth whose wide blue give gave to his open countenance an expression which had caused him to be dubbed. The Babe attended with an air of respectful deference very sootling and grateful to his chief who full drawn towards the boy and assumed a fatherly attitude addressing him as youngster—which the said youngster scretly recented with all the strength of his ninteen years.

The Superintendent's permunent scowl is me times disconcarting—even if jut down t f v r therefore the D I G discoursed t the jor approaching listener and left the otlar to his them meter.

An obsequious orderly interrupted this advic to young officers—chat with the information that a deputation of villagers waited on the Bua Sahil

The D I G sat up briskly and ordered the deputation to appear remarking to the other two that A Police officer should always be accessible to the

public and ready to listen to complaints

Bally old hand book! was the Superinten dent's silent comment as he read the thermometer scowled more deeply careful; shook if it mercury down to 92 and put the instrument back in its case A small knot of villagers now appeared and after

A small knot of strangers in wa appeared and after the usual salaaning—which was received most graciously by the Liputy Inspector General—the spodesman informed him that they had come to complain of the received of the Liputhinia of t

The Deputy Inspector General Instened attentively, and then in a soothing voice reminded the suppliants that Brahmini bulls commonly wandered about the country, that if he were to shoot this one then?

principles of some people might be offended, that he had never met a dangerous Brahmm bull, and that Salubs did not shoot tame animals. In short he treated the matter lightly and the deputation retired,

obviously disappointed

It was now almost dinner time and the three uent into the tent where two servants were engaged in preparing the table for the meal The DIG resur ed his chair now placed convenient to the lamp-light in this position his head rested against the side of the tent

It is extraordinary how ignorant and superstitious these people are "he remarked, referring to the deputation You may be sure they did not give their real reason of their desire for the destruction of the bull. The amount of damage it does is

probably greatly evaggerated"

With these words on his lips the Deputy Inspector-General was in the act of raising his glass to his lips when a violent pawing and snorting was heard outside and a sudden shock shook the tent D I G jerked forward to meet his tumbler and his tumbler jerked upwards to meet him

The Assistant flew to the rescue The Superm tendent flew to the door and demanded the reason of this upheaval. In the meantime a large body barged up and down against the side of the tent behind the Deputy Inspector General's chair, and sounds proclaimed the presence of the Brahmini bull

While the D I G was being assisted the orderlies succeeded in driving the unwelcome visitor away, but the infurnited beast now made for the tree under which the cook was conducting culinary operations He had just strained the soup through a Jharan whose only excuse was that it was a dark night, and was tasting it with bland satisfaction—" behold I here is soup fit for a Barra Sahib"-when the cook and the hot soup disappeared and the contents of numerous degelies were scattered and trampled

In the darkness nothing could be seen angry bull's presence was very audible, and the Deputy Inspector General could be heard expostulating in the distance From his tones it could be

gathered that he too was angry

One intrepid orderly affirmed that he was not airaid of any bull, and seizing a lantern he prepared to set forth and deal with it In zealous haste he tripped over a tent rope and the lantern flew out of hand and was extinguished Imagining the bull had got lum he proclaimed the illusion in tones

In the meantime the bull, gradually retired and one by one the servants turnelly ventured forth The hungry Sahibs demanded that dinner should be served immediately, and being informed that this was impossible, and why-replied that the cook was a [oo] and if dumer were not forthcoming in five minutes it would be the worse for somebody A few remnants of the meal were rescued from the ground, and the mud washed off them by a resourceful khitmatgar

"Um; I thought they were exaggerating the damage," remarked the Superintendent as he called for a gin and tonic, and made his dinner off that, leaving the other two to tackle the yiands by them

First thing next morning the Superintendent organised a band of villagers armed with lathis to drive the Brahmini bull across the river was done and at eleven o'clock

opened

The court was held in a shamiana which was crowded The trial had reached the stage when a pleader had risen to speak with all the eloquence for which his nation is noted, and he was in the midst of a flow of language when sudden outers were heard

The Brahmini bull had returned to wreak ven geance on his enemies He stamped wrathfully and he charged the shamiana The crowd the bar and the bench, itself disintegrated In the general sauve que beut the prisoner in the dock alone remained In the ruins of the temple of justice stood the Brahmini bull, pawing and snorting and tossing his head triumphantly, monarch of all he surveyed Where were these his enemies? Some had swarmed up trees others got behind them more had flid incontinently The bull worked a little more havor in the court, pulled down as much of it as he could, and then disappeared

Shortly afterwards the Deputy Inspector General cautiously ventured forth from his place of

Where is the prisoner? and where are the Police?" he enquired of a sub-inspector who joined "What explanation shall we give for this?" wrathfully "You leave your posts at the first sign of danger-and what danger can there be to a large number of persons from one animal?" asked the Deputy Inspector General coldly

The sub inspector searched earth and sky for a reply, he did not dare to point out that he and the

constables had not been alone in their flight

"We went to get our guns," said the D I G, pompously,, as though reading the other's thoughts 'It was your business to hold the brute up until we returned and could shoot it, now we have had our trouble for nothing and the prisoner has escaped to boot

"I propose to stalk and shoot the animal now observed the Superintendent, strolling up He

transferred a quinine tabloid to his mouth

"Let us all go I" eagerly interposed the Assistant, who had a new rifle given him by an indulgent father which he was anxious to try.

The news was soon noised abroad and many villagers came to help, but the chase was long and stern, and all the pursuers out of breath before he

was brought to bay
"I'll finish him," shouted the Deputy Inspector The maddened beast, who seemed to have marked the D I G for his own, paused and prepared for

a deadly assault With lowered head and thugdering hoofs he made straight for the interpid gentleman—who meant to fire full the creature's chest. The bull's, cush found him some force of the stepped quickly aside with the interior of ether of the stepped quickly aside with the interior of the stepped quickly aside with the interior of the stepped quickly aside with the interior of the stepped him up. His gun went off and he found himself floundering in one of those deep pools, preuliar to the country, in which mud and water are blended so judiciously. The bull turned and planged into the pool himself. That two shots rang out, one effectually and just in time

The Deputy Inspector General was rescued imp

but indomitable

"I think it was my shot that told i' he casped, as they drew him forth

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'There is only one shot in the brute,' remarked the Superintendent, in an aside to the Assistant, and that is mine'

The prisoner was eventually found amicably smoking a hookali with the wine-ees in the case against lim, and he submitted quietly when re arrested. He was acquitted later, as there was no evidence against him and the D.puit Inspector General was of the opinion that the witnesses had been tampered with. He was also of the opinion that the Iriends of the prisoner land deliberately driven the bull into court but the Superintendent scouted the idea and affirmed that the villagers were responsible with a view to giving the Bara Sahiba practical demonstration of what a Brahmini bull is canable.

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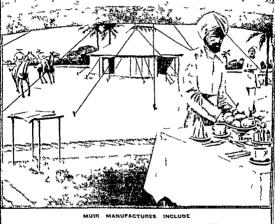
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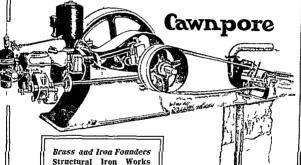
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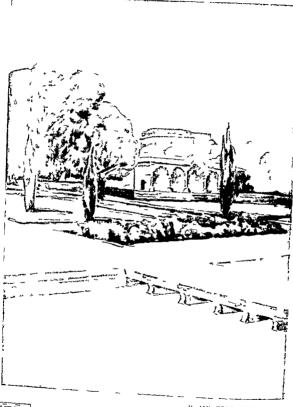
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IN THE FORT DELHI BY F F LADY CHELMSFORD

THE ARAB OF MESOPOTAMIA.

By GERTRUDE LOWTHIAN BELL.

HE Mesopotamian plain which extends almost unbroken from the common mouth of the Euphrates and Tigris in the south to the Kurdish mountains in the north, must be considered ethnologically as a continuation of the Arabian peninsula. It is probable that the uninterrupted trend northwards of the inhabitants of Arabia, which is the salient feature of their history, must be due primarily to climatic causes, and that the gradual desiccation of their own country accounts for the passage of large bodies of its people into the fertile, well-watered region of the 'Iraq and the grass-lands of northern Mesopotamia and the Syrian Desert. tides of migration Semiticised Babylonia and colonized Assyria continued to break in smaller waves, some of which reached no further than the edges of the cultivated area, washing up their constituents like flotsam upon a shore, to plough, to build and to form settlements which were a link and a medium between the nomad of the desert and the highly developed civilization of Syria and Mesopotamia; some, on the other hand, made peaceful entrance, so that before the time of the Prophet we hear of famous Arabian tribes who were established without conquest in the territories of the Sasanian kings The Mahomedan between the rivers. conquest, emptying once more the contents of the peninsula over the rich Mesopotamian tracts, was but one of many similar pulsations. If it was undertaken in the name of a faith, it was rooted in circumstances yet more impelling; it answered to the needs and served the purposes of a race which for 4,000 years had been seeking wider But with fields for development. that invasion, turning point in history

through it proved to be, the northward drift of the Arabian population did not come to an end, nor has it ceased in our own day. Certain of the Mesopotamian tribes have occupied their present position for many centuries, but some are late comers, and there are those who have arrived only yesterday. Arabia is still contributing her quota to the 'Iraq-here an enterprizing family of merchants from one of the interior cases, who found their township-market in tribal lands and rely on their general utility to society to win tolerance and security in the midst of tribal strife: there a patriarchal group, a section of one of the loosely knit confederations of the wilderness, which settles, as its ancestors did before it, takes service with older immigrants and by degrees obtains a footing of its own in cornfield and rice swamp.

The settlement of tribal Arabs is not however settlement in the European acceptation of the term. Until the nomad is gathered by intermarriage or by occupation into the towns and becomes part of the urban population. he remains a nomad at heart. Some of the tribes who have been longest in the 'Iraq, as for instance the Bani Rabi'ah who offered us so prolonged a resistance in the neighbourhood of Kut, still live mainly in the black tent of the desert; the reed shelters which form the villages of the lower Tigris and Euphrates are scarcely less mobile than the tents, and if a Shaikh permits himself the architectural pretention of a mud-built dwelling, the impermanance of the material may excuse his divergence from the custom of his

But in other respects the settled or half-settled Arab of the 'Iraq shows marked divergences from his brother, the Bedawi. That he falls under the religious influences which emanate

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from Karbala and Najaf and changes the Sunni tenets for those of the Shi'ah, is a matter which concerns himself alone Far more important is it for those who have dealings with him that he loses that code of conduct which, imperfect as it may be yet possesses a strong hold over the dwellers in the wilderness the obligations of ho-pitality, the immu nity of those to whom protection has been granted by a leading member of the tribe, the personal security of women, respect for the dead, and having lost it has no other law by which to replace it Neither was any guidance supplied by the Ottoman Government No attempt was made by the Turks to diffuse civilization over the 'Iraq Road and rail, greatest of all humanizing agents were nonexistent or represented only by a few score miles of unmended and unsafe highway, along which the Ottoman Government gathered what dues it could and performed in return as few of the duties of administration as possible There were no means of obtaining education in the country districts or any encouragement to peaceful industry and thrift object of Turkish officials was to line their own pockets and make a speedy departure, with the interests or the progress of their tribal subjects they were not pre occupied acting on the victous adage which connects empire with division, they fostered feud and intertribal strife, stirred up enmity between paramount chiefs whom they could not control, and did their best to undermine the power of any who promised to be able to fill up their deficiences with his personal authority over his tribe or confederation And from time to time, with a fitful show of energy, they fell upon the tribes with savage reprisals These were not methods which tended to inculcate humane

In fact, even if they were no more than a few miles distant from the main lines of communication along the rivers, the tribes remained remote from every civilizing influence. They lodged in inaccessible swamps, ignorant, and profoundly mistrustful of the officials of a Government from which they had never reaped any good

This was the situation at the outbreak of the war Suddenly with out initiative on the part of the tribesmen they found themselves caught between opposing forces the cause of whose quarrel they did not and could not understand sole interest in the business was to save their own skins and incidentally to gather booty but unfortunately for them they were not in a position to gauge the respective strength of the two parties, and they could not (nor, it may be observed, could any other observer) be certain which was the best horse to back It was not surprising that they should plump for the Turk in spite of his traditional misgovernment He was in their midst and able to constrain them, he had held the 'Iraq for four hundred years, had acquired the habit of command, and his defects though they were many, were at least familiar The English were unknown and might well prove worse than the Turks Moreover they were infidels and the cry of the Jihad, which had fallen flat in Syria and Asia Minor, roused a more penetrating echo in primitive and ignorant Traq religious argument still works Gilded with Ottoman sovereigns to a highly persuasive colour, it runs among those tribes who are within reach of such attractions, and among those in the battle area to whom there seems little to choose between one army and another, both trample your wheat fields, and 10und up your sheep and

Tre as likely as not to burn your tents
But from the first while the wild
tribal levies were swinging downstream

to drive out the English and calling on God to help his people and his faith, innate love of excitement and the prospect of loot played a larger part in their enthusiasm than any expectation of heavenly reward When affairs began to take satisfactory developments the great landowning tribes. men of stance, left the Turkish standards and made the best of their way home As we advanced up the Tigris the Shaikhs along the river came in to us without reluctance, and for the last two years they have been as good as their pledged word They have furnished labour for our lines of communication and tribal guards to protect them, they have paid their taxes and kept the peace, and on the whole, so far as they can be said to like any government. they are satisfied with ours Even on the Euphrates, which had been for the last 15 years of Turkish rule a scene of the wildest anarchy, the tribes have accepted British administration Habits of order are not learnt in a day.

but the foundations have been laid, and improved communications, together with the profits which are to be won under an efficient rule, will do the rest

The Mesopotamian campaign is like the shield which was blazoned on either side. On one of its faces is portraved the marauding, tribesman who mutilates the wounded on the battle field and, tackal like, digs up the dead On the reverse the tribal labour corps works for us on road and rail, the tribal guard stands to his post and the Shaikh (not perhaps, without a few reminders) brings in his dues I will venture to assert that it is the second picture which will survive With his pheno menal quickness and adaptability. and let it be added, with his eyes directed unblinkingly to the main chance, the Arab will seize every opportunity of advancement which the future may hold, and in so doing will be converted automatically from a lawless freebooter into a wealth producing citizen

THE FISHERMAN.

By LEO ROBERTSON

Often when the large red sun has set. And night waves flood the depths of darkening sky. I've watched the fisherman divine, as he Flings out and out his vast star knotted net With master sweep athwart the black night sea And he is patient too, exceedingly, For the long hours thro' his watch he keeps Nor does he draw in till th'encroaching light Of Dawn dispels the Dark, as low it creeps Over the East —And often does he get The big full moon into his wide spread net And hauls it all across the void to where In loneliness he stands, only to throw It back again to wander in the air, For it is not the moon he wants, I know— That crafty fisherman divine -O no! For what would he with that big silly moon? It is the earth he waits for patiently, Nightly watching by the silent sea-And who can tell?—perhaps he'll net it soon!

far side of the creek, waiting to unload merchandise from a mahela (barge) that is coming up the creek. They form a laughing cheery crowd who belie their name, for these are the Ulharat-ar-razina or Sisters They are Arabs from one of Famine the tribes of the near Interior who. the story goes, were driven by famine years ago to seek labour in the city and, finding it a profitable occupation, have continued the practice come into Basrah and work for a time at manual labour until they have collected as much money as they want and then back to their hamlets inland

The Sister of Famine wears an over-all of indigo-dyed cotton, as a rule tied around the waist so as to give freedom to her limbs Her favourite ornament is a string of silver Persian coins with which are sometimes threaded other odds and ends, beads and bits of ony and amber. This string is fastened on one side of the head and thrown across to hang down on the other, partly perhaps with the idea of keeping the head-covering in place by its weight Of graceful upright carriage, often with good features and an attractive touch of colour in her brown cheeks, cheery, and ready of tongue with gibe or jest for the passer-by, she and her sisters compose a pleasing item in the picture Just now the mahela has drawn to the bank, and there is a rush forward. each eager to throw her cloth over, and thus claim for her share what appears to be the lightest load. But you will libel them if from this you conclude that they shirk hard work.

Removing large bales of piece goods from an adjacent barge are some colies of the opposite sex. Less picturesque and less industrious than the women, the most noticeable thing about them is their characteristic equipment for porters' work. Unlike their sisters, who always carry things on their heads and therefore cannot

deal with very heavy or bulky articles, the men carry their loads on their To this end the hamal wears a thick padded sleeveless jacket of sacking or course cloth, and makes use of a long strip of stout webbing, a few inches wide, to support the bale of goods which, with the assistance of a comrade, he hoists upon his back does so by passing the webbing round his forehead and round the bale upon his back, the two ends of the webbing being brought forward again in front of his face to be held by a hand on each side of the head It is a method which I have not come across elsewhere and one which must call for considerable muscular development of the neck

An intruder from a different world is the British corporal who, on customs duty, is engaged in checking the goods as they are landed; while several small boys playing king of the castle on a number of bales piled against the wall behind remind one that child nature is much the same all the world over

It is in the waters of the creek however, that the kiddies find their supreme joy. Now in the hot weather you may see them splashing about in the cool water for hours together. quite untroubled by the hot rays of the sun upon their dripping heads the great game is that of the fortunate few who possess quaint little tin boats of their own What greater joy for two naked imps of eight or nine years old than to paddle about in a little toy vessel four feet long which will just hold the two of them comfortablythe final acme of bliss, to be upset in a frantic effort to get out of the way of a balam full of Tommies taking cance exercise in the evening air! "Good morning, go an!" screams the delighted youngster to the friendly soldier who ducks him with his paddle "Go on" is the as he passes by. expression which Thomas Atking is credited with always using when trying to get a move on a gang of

FROM A BASRAH WINDOW.

By A. H. E. M.

T is a wide projecting window which overlooks a foot-bridged across the Ashar Creek. That is the Secret of its fascination, for it is a varied people which uses that bridge and the creek that flows beneath it from the great river three miles distant. So come and sit with me awhile and watch to

see what I can show you

First I would have you take in the general setting of the picture The creek is some thirty feet in breadth, varying in depth with the ebb and flow of the tide, although the mouth of the Shatt-al-Arab is a hundred miles away A much used thoroughfare-except when the tide is at its lowest-between the City and Ashar, the busy port on the river front, its waters are, it must be confessed, no cleaner than they should The bridge is a wooden structure, ten feet wide Along the creek, on the near side, is a foot path below us, on the far side a broader road which will just admit of wheeled traffic, another road leading away at right angles into the city. The houses bordering the creek are mainly of brick. and two-storied. The one immediately opposite catches the eye with the characteristic construction of its upper windows There are three adjacent rooms, each with wooden latticed windows the whole of their width, tacing North, but, possibly in order to get the breeze from the East blowing into each room, a projection at the eastern end of each provides for a side window. There is no such projection at the western end, so that the windowed front of each room is at an angle to the general front of the house The resulting picture is one which, if accurately drawn, produces in consequence an effect of distinctly bad drawing! I doubt however whether

an increase of fresh air is really the object aimed at, for, apart from windows, one comes across peullar angles and variations in thickness without any apparent reason, in the walls of many of the Basrali houses.

The occupants of this particular building are a Jewish family, the ladies of which are frequently in evidence at their windows next house, the other side of the city 10ad, another Jewish lady at her window at this moment is playing with her babe, kissing it with smacks that resound across the creek! But our attention is diverted from her to a quaint figure approaching over the bridge, a little old man of obvious negro blood and wearing a scraggy white beard He is dressed in two ragged pieces of cloth-you cannot call them garments-one black and one white, wrapped about his body and tied with a strip of cloth round his waist On his head he hears a cloth in which is tied up a bundle of fuel composed of dry date fronds and reed straws which a patch of similar flotsam on the flowing tide below suggests is treasure trove from the creek.

A striking contrast is afforded by three women who follow, on their way to the Turkish baths on our side of the creek First two ladies of the demimonde, apparelled each in a gown of brilliant blue, above which a loose black garment falls to the ground The latter is worn over the head leaving the face exposed to view, but can at any moment be drawn across to avoid an unwelcome gaze We catch a glimpse beneath of a chain of gold medallions hanging on her breast. In attendance behind a servant carries on her head a large light metal vessel in which is contained a change of clothes

Of a different type are the coolie women of whom a bevy clusters on the

far side of the creek, waiting to unload merchandise from a mahela (barge) that is coming up the creek. They torm a laughing cheery crowd who belie their name, for these are the Ill havrat-ar-raging or Sisters They are Arabs from one of the tribes of the near Interior who, the story goes, were driven by famine years ago to seek labour in the city and, finding it a profitable occupation, have continued the practice come into Basrah and work for a time at manual labour until they have collected as much money as they want. and then back to their hamlets inland

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coolies in his charge, while the Indian sepoy says "Chalo" Hence it comes about that the British soldier and his Indian comrade are known respectively as the Ahl go-an and the Ahl chalothe 'go on folk' and the 'chalo log'

Our observation of the small boys in the water is interrupted by a loud bray Nearly opposite, a couple of bhistis are filling their water-skins to be carried by a couple of hitherto patient donkeys One of these has just been roused from his reverie by a meeting of some of his brethren on the bridge Coming towards us, with a load of lucerne on his back, is a fine specimen of his kind, a big white ass of the Bahrein breed, while crossing in the opposite direction are two much more ordinary little mokes each with a youngster on his back, and each, strangely enough, lacking the upper half of his left ear! I am not sufficiently learned in the language to judge whether the bhisti's donkey is giving utterance to a respectful salutation to his more aristrocratic relative, or is commiserating his humbler brothers on their unfortunate mutilation · I fancy the latter, he does not sound very respectful, and I suspect him of democratic tendencies

As the donkeys disappear the figure appears on the bridge of a typical Arab of the better class, in the characteristic garb of his race shoulders are covered by a brown abba, the regulation cloak woven of camel's hair, with an edging of gold embroidery round the collar and down the front On his head the kefinah, a large kerchief of chequered red and white. hanging down on his shoulders and fastened round above his forehead with the aghal-a sort of rope of black camel's hair thread with a transverse hinding of gold braid The origin of the aghal, by the way, is simply the rope with which the Beduin was accustomed to hobble his camel, and which, when not in use, he found it

most convenient to carry wound around his head Sandals upon the feet complete the Old Testament savour of

a picturesque dress

A more modern outfit is that of the next comer, also an A1ab, a youth who is clad in a khaki drill coat, with a skirt of chintz of a pretty green and white pattern obviously intended for a window curtain He is shod in European brown boots and wears a crimson fez upon his head Turkish fez is nowadays much favoured of the young bloods, although it has likewise become the almost universal head-gear of the despised In Baghdad, on the contrary, where the hand of the Turk in wartime has been more than heavy, and things Turkish have become anathema in consequence, there has been, I am told, since the British occupation, a remarkable reaction against

wearing of the fez At this point the gentler sex again claims our attention, as a trio of Chaldæan Christian - ladies beyond the bridge, all enwrapped in a voluminous garment of a thick heavy This is worn in various light shades of colour and forms a hood over the head. Fair of skin, few of them - are really good-looking, and they have not the graceful carriage of the Arab women A few of the girls in their teens go in for European costume, as do most of their men folk, but some of the latter dress in Arab style A number of our interpreters and clerks in Government employ are taken from this class by reason of their possession of some knowledge of English

The Jewish lady who follows her Chaldean sisters still goes veiled as to the upper part of her face, eyes and nose being concealed by a stiff rectangular projecting peak which is edged with silver braid More attractive are a pair of little Arab maidens arm-in-arm under a single semi-transparent abba; they make a

THE COLOUR OF THE EAST



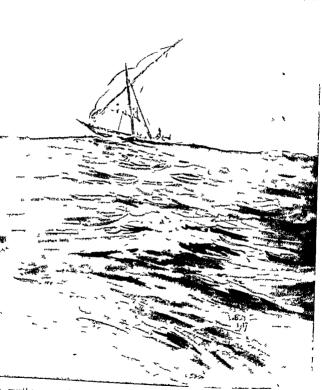
LAHORE GAT BY W E BUCHAN





France de Bussa

BY LILUT, T. R. LIVESEY.



my soul began on a mo e o long o a he sens and see a coun ries and company w hime han a and hea new high E SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD THE SAILOR T and a ed by Sir RICHARD BURTON

BY SERGT V C BOYLE

winsome picture as they look up at our window and receive our greeting, one with an altogether delightful smile, the other with a timid serious gaze. Following them across the bridge we see them successfully beguiling a sweet-meat-seller who sits all day on a ledge at the far side of the road—an elderly negress with a little stock of bher berries and not very appretising looking sweets.

Two quaintly contrasting figures are the next to catch our eye: one a tottering old woman with hair dved red, carrying a stock of home-made cigarettes into the bazar for sale, the second a wee Parsi girl in khaki shorts and an embroidered round cap The latter has an attendant who is engaged in conversation with an acquaintance, and she takes advantage of the fact to stand and stare with deep interest at the proceedings of a Kurdish policeman, the inhabitant of a sentry-box near the end of the bridge The guardian of the peace is busy cooking, stirring the contents of a saucepan over a fire in a hole in the ground, recking little of the passers-by or of the small damsel's study. Imagine, if you can, a London bobby in like situation!

But now the sight of a pair of geese, which have spent the day on the water, being driven in for the night at a doorway across the road, reminds us, with the deepening twilight, that night is drawing on. Not that we have by any means exhausted the types of mankind which our window could show, were you to come again another day. You might see, for

instance, the Armenian priest in purple-lined black robe, with high black silk hat wider above than below. Or the Indian sepoy of any of a dozen races. Or the heather Chinee, artisan or carpenter, whom the Arab children have discovered not to be the cannibal they, for a time, believed him! Or the Egyptian fellah, a sample from one of the various Labour Corps. Or the Syrian dancing-girl, whose latest success in the fashionable local theatre

is 'Tipperary'! Or-he still does not exhaust the list, but is the last whom I can mention-the Sabæan, whose strange religion is a mixture of debased Christianity and pure paganism, with a singular veneration for running water; and who, the sole possessor of an ancient secret of working antimony . on silver, is waxing wealthy on the high prices which our occupation and the consequent increased demand enables him to obtain for his wares... But, indeed, to the inhabitant-of Basrah, whoever he be, the war has brought prosperity unknown before And it is significant of the alien character of the Turkish rule which we have displaced that the one person who has not crossed our vision, and is very unlikely to do so, is the Unspeakable Turk himself.

By this time it has changed from dusk to moonlight, which adds a new charm to the old bridge. But we may stay no longer, and, as we in our turn cross the bridge, the sound of our footsteps on its planks gives back an answering good-night to the chorus of the frogs below.

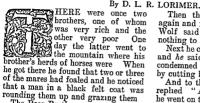
NAINI-TAL: MORNING.

By G. H. KNOWLES.

From out the shadowy mirror of the hills,
The tired eye-lids of the stars creep forth—
And stain the wind, that on the cold East spills
A lemon grey, and streaks the snow capp'd North.

THE MAN WHO WENT TO WAKE HIS LUCK.

Told by the Bakhtiars. Mulla Ilahi, written down and translated



The Poor Brother went up to the Horseherd and said "Who are you, and what right have you to graze these

horses of my brother's?"

The Horseherd replied

your brother's Luck "

"Have you seen my Luck anywhere? I believe he's asleep, I wish he would wake up"

"It won't be long now," said the Horseherd, "he's due to wake soon" "Tell me where I can find him," said the Poor Brother, "and I'll go

and wake him up myself" "He's asleep in such and such a

cave," said the Horseherd

So the Poor Brother started off and proceeded on his way till he came to a place where there was a garden Gardener asked him where he was going, and he said he was going to look for his Luck and wake him the Gardener said to him: "Tell your Luck that I have a garden that yields no fruit, and ask him what's the

Then the Poor Brother went on till he came to a certain country where the people had a King who was a woman, but they didn't know that she was a

The King learned of the Poor Brother's quest and sent for him and said: "When you wake your Luck ask him why these subjects of mine won't obey my orders"

Then the Poor Brother went on again and fell in with a Wolf and the Wolf said. "Ask him why I get nothing to live on "

Next he came to a Brushwood-Cutter and he said: "Ask why I have been condemned to earning my daily bread

by cutting brushwood."

And to them all the Poor Brother replied "All right, I'll ask" Then he went on till he came to a cave where he found his Luck lying on his face sound asleep He kicked him with his toe and his Luck woke up and said "What is it? What do you want?"

"I have come to wake you up" "But I'm due to sleep for several

years vet"

"But won't you wake up now? Several people have given me messages for you.

"All right, go ahead and tell me

what the messages are"

So the Poor Brother asked his Luck the Gardener's question, "Tell him," his Luck replied, "that there are four earthenware jars full of gold coms hidden in his garden He must dig them up and then his garden will yield fruit"

Then the Poor Brother repeated the King's question and his Luck answered . "Say to him 'You are a woman and that's the reason why

people don't obey you'"

After that he told his Luck what the Brushwood-Cutter and the Wolf had asked and his Luck said "Tell the Woodcutter that as long as he lives things will go on just the same with him neither better nor worse And say to the Wolf 'Wherever you see a foolish man, eat him That's the provision that has been made for you F

The Poor Brother took leave of his Luck and started on his way home and he came to the Brushwood-Cutter and gave him his answer Then he came to the King and said. "You are a woman" The King said: "Very good! Come along and I'll marry you and this kingdom of mine shall be yours"

"No," said the Poor Brother, "You don't catch me staying here Now that I have seen my Luck do you think

I'd be such a fool?"

Then he went on till he found the Gardener and he told him about the four jars of gold coins that were hidden in his garden and that if he dug them out the garden would become fruntful The Gardener at once said "Excellent! Come along and

let's get them out and share them between us" But the Poor Brother said "No. I won't stay"

So he went on and he came at last to the Wolf and gave him his answer:— "Whenever you see a foolish man eat

him That is your portion"

"Thank you very much," said the Wolf, "I say just look up a moment and see how many stars there

are in the sky."

The Poor Brother looked up and
the Wolf immediately seized him by
the throat, saying "I have seen no

greater fool than you"

Then the Wolf ate the Poor Brother

FLOWER MEMORIES.

By SHIRLEY MAUREEN HODGKINSON.

My flowers bring me memories, They make the past arise, Whenever I smell violets I see a dead man's eyes

Friend, did you love me truly? That love I would not take Yet, dear, your purple violets Are sacred for your sake

The scent of neem and siris! That gray-walled Eastern town, White tents and tethered horses, The still stars looking down;

The warm air siris-scented, A camp fire's ruddy glow, Beside the Tapti river, One April, years ago, Scent of the white tuberoses! Before the Virgin's shrine I live again so gladly. Those childhood days of mine

We decked Our Lady's altar In her fair month of May O Mater Admirabilis! I kneel again to pray.

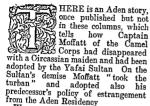
Gold hours in a green garden Where we two used to meet You gave red regal roses, And giving made more sweet

Heart that is mine for ever, Dark eyes, dear lips that clung The scent of the red roses, And we, and love, are young!

THE REAPPEARANCE OF MOFFATT.

An Aden Story.

By FITZGERALD LEE.



We were told that this happened many years ago I give the sequel of his meteoric reappearance and his disappearance once more into Arabia's rocky fastnesses All this happened some time ago, my informant tells me

As a prelude let me give some details of Moffatt's life up country before and after the death of his patron Sultan Moffatt and his Circassian had, as we know, retired to the rocky capital of Yafa by name Al Kara Moffatt was not happy True it was that his English wife had not loved him, but he in his inmost soul adored her, and this other semi savege maiden failed to win his affections Now it is important to note that the Sultan's particlity for Moffatt was due solely to the draughts of Grand Marnier which that gallant officer supplied him The Circassian damsel was a syren to allure Moffett could not take the lady to Aden, and the lady would not allow her lord to leave her behind at Al Kara Sultan did not care for Moffatt, but he loved Moffatt's liqueur: and, the two being inseparable the Sultan had to out up with Moffatt while he put the Marnier down In course of time the charms of the Circassian began to wane, and the Sultan cast about to discover further fetters to detain

Moffatt (i.e., Grand Marnier) in Al Kara Moffatt at the same time saw that his patron was 'on the toboggan' and he scented a speedy dissolution Fearing assassination on the death of his royal friend, Moffatt induced the latter to have him elected as his heir-apparent in his own lifetime The Circassian lady Moffatt gave to the Wazir to wife Moffatt was thus a free man and the Wazir was his devoted friend.

After his accession to power he found it politic to stop his spirituous supplies from the coast; for, although the Turk quaffs both wine and beer-all is grist his mill-the Puritan tribesmen of Al Kara could by no means any longer stomach introduction of the Grand Marnier Some say that the Sultan was poisoned because of his predilection, but in any case Moffatt saw on which side his bread was buttered, and on his benefactor's death forswore that beverage for good and all

He was now able to turn his distracted thoughts into channels. His prowess in the fight proverbial He was known throughout the countryside as Asad" or the Lion, and he invented a flag of red cloth on which was emblazoned a snow white rampant.

All this happened many years ago The sovereign of Al Kara and his rival the Fadli Sultan had kept up from time immemorial a deadly feud over the channel courses which the former diverted from the bed of that mighty river—the river Bana Al Kara lies over the river's higher reaches while Al Khanfer of the Fadli lies below. The Fadli ribesmen complained of withered crops and hence the fend!

On Sultan bin Isa's death Moffatt made up his mind to effect a settlement He journeyed from Al Kara with his trusty Wazir, each mounted on his camel; but on arrival at the Fadli's capital. both would-be peace-makers

were clapped into jail

The Fadli lord had long wished to get
hold of Sultan Mofiatt He believed
him to be an English spy and gave no
credence to the reports of his conversion
to Islam Furthermore, he yearned
for the Circassian maid whom he fain
would add to his harem Here then
was a grand catch! The Wazir was
released on production of his fair
spouse, while Mofiatt was kept in
durance vile and an express messenger
was sent to the Resident of Aden with

"To our beloved friend the Wali of Aden, may God perpetuate his

the following missive:-

existence.

"Be it known to Your Eminence that we have in our possession an Englishman who is stark mad; he says he is a ruler of Yemen and withal is no friend of the Faringis may God

blacken his face!

"As a proof of the time honoured friendship that evists between us, I have determined, Inshallah, to send him to Your Eminence. He has been treated honourably and sent with my soldiers to my port of Shugra where a dhow will carry him to your parts

"I cannot exorcise the Jinns from him; doubtless your skilled physicians can, but God is all knowing!

"May you be preserved!

"Your sincere friend,
"SULTAN AHMED"

Mosiati's wife, you remember, cared little for her lord When he went off with the fair Circassian she wept softly. She returned to her people in India where after a few months a report reached her that her husband had been murdered This was the work of some kindly admirer of her charms In due course she met a

Captain De Souza over a strawberry

Captain De Sonza was under orders for Aden and he took Moffatt's relict as his wife Before the wedding he heard from her lips her former experience in Aden and her belief that her

husband was dead

De Souza was one of that strange Dodo type of Staff Officer unfortunately quite extinct merit lay in his handsome, but quite expressionless, face He was rarely seen to smile, but the cause was not far to seek-he was obsessed by a mania There were maniacs in Aden in those days; the botanical maniac who asserted he had found 132 distinct flora on Shum Shum's barren neakagain, the enthusiast who found a sanatorium for the troops on the waterless heights of Jebel Manif. some 40 miles inland, and proposed to conduct thither in pipes the limpid waters of the river Tiban which courses along its stony bed 2,000 feet

Staff Captain De Souza's mania—it describes not sound so very mad nowadays —was the German invasion fever, and nightly as he watched from his easy chair on the Club terrace, whisky peg in hand, the head lights of some foreign merchant ship entering the harbour he would discuss between the whifis of a cigarette, the pros and cons of his scheme for the detection and repulse of the alien for

To him one evening thus engaged strode up his Chief, the Sultan's letter

in his hand

"De Souza, a word with you See this missive What maniac have we

now?"

De Souza had an undefined presentiment that Moffatt was the subject of the letter, and though he alone of the officials knew the story of that disappearance, his mind had been ever at unrest What if the story of death had been concocted? He would conjure up the scene of an unkempt and angry Englishman returning to civilization and to claim his wife.

He had stood up to greet his Chief, but overcome by emotion, he tottered and would have fallen had not the General caught him A pint of "Simkin" brought him round and in reply to his superior's wish that he should go personally to Shugra to investigate affairs he stammered out his willingness, but advanced once more the question of the "Alien invasion." The subject, he said, was of first-rate importance, gave him sleepless nights, and who, he asked, would be able to replace him if the denouement took place in his absence?

Fortunately for Aden a "deus ex machina" was vouchsafed by the arrival the next day of a breathless messenger who told the General that the "mad Sahib" had evaded his guard and God alone knew where he had gone No need, therefore, to trouble

His Excellency any further

The next week there was a big Gymkhana meeting at Steamer Point The Sultan of the Abdali Tribe sent in some of his priceless Nejd horses to compete for the Shum Shum stakes All Aden was astir, white men, brown men and black men, and excitement was at its height for the great annual race was just about to begin.

No one, therefore, paid much attention to the gaunt, lean-faced, sunburnt man who, dressed in Arab fashion in indigo-dyed garments and short kilt disclosing bare legs, was wending his solitary way towards the tents He had spent the previous night in an Arab coffee shop where he learnt from a group of gossips who frequent these abodes that there had returned to Aden a certain "Madam" who years before had been the cause of the madness of "Mahfoot" Sahib,

whom the Wali of Aden had deported for turning Moslem in order to marry one of the Sultan's harem. The Yafai Wazir it was who had lately written to his agent in Aden of Mostatt's downfall and disappearance, and had revived a topic which the lapse of years had well nigh buried in oblivion.

As Moffatt neared the course he steered straight for the tents of the white men. A group of officers and their wives were seated in one of them and a crowd of inquisitive Arabs were peeping through the flaps of the tent, curious to note the ways and customs of the Faringis who unabashed took their women unveiled to public assemblies.

assembles.

Mofiatt's keen eyes failed at the first glance to track down the object of his search. From an adjoining tent, however, he heard voices earnest conversation. "My dearest girl," said De Souza "the man earl' possibly return. Why this fanciful presentiment? besides you told me he was dead."

was cead."
"So I believed, Willy dear, but my ayah—you know what gossips these women are—has heard only this morning in the Bazaar that the strange White Man who was a Sultan up country has been captured and sent down to Aden; that he escaped and no one knows where he is, but it's said he has come down with the Sultan's horses, as a groom."

So Mrs. De Souza no longer believed in Mossatt's decease! De Souza kept his own counsel and persuaded his wife to come out and forget her fears

in the open air.

"The race has begun!" was shouted

excitedly on all sides.

Moffatt slipped quietly to the side of the tent and joined a group of Arabs outside the roped enclosure as the couple emerged.

Mrs. De Souza glanced both ways, her eyes furtively scanning the nearer group of men Her gaze instantly met that of Moffatt. She tightened her hold on her husband's arm and shrank back; again she glanced towards Moffatt, who stepped forward as if to meet her. A policeman on duty at the ropes yelled to him to get back.

Mrs De Souza gave one piercing sharke "I've seen him" she cried, and fell in a swoon to the ground. Moffatt had regained his place in the crowd Two or three doctors came on the scene and lifted the unfortunate lady into the tent, where, in spite of every effort, she succumbed to the shock.

Moffatt might have been seen returning along the Maala plain, one of the crowd of Arabs dispersing to their homes. No one had penetrated

his disguise.

Civilisation was, after all, a delusion "Better chum up with the Jinns you know than cultivate some new and human acquaintances" says the Arab proverb Having once cast off his own and adopted for many years the habits of the Arabs, Moffatt was now one of the country. Its ways were his ways; so he crossed his Rubicon and passed once more in a company of caravaners into the wilds of Arabia

The Arab tradition has it that a "white man" from the East will one day come with power as Antichrist's immediate fore-runner. Aden Arabs firmly believe this prophecy and may be the Camel Corps' ex-commandant will impersonate that being.

The lady's tragic death was attributed to De Souza's evil-eye

The Arabs are so unreasonable
They assert he was well versed in
the magic arts
The Arabic word
for the evil eye is "Al Ain;" and to
this day a sorely tried mother will
quiet her squealing offspring with the
'effective formula:—"Alaik Ain De
Sonza."

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

By "WESSEX."

Though wont to scoff at wondrous tales Written by prophets hoary In some respects we yield the palm We give to them the glory This from experience we state For we have passed the wondrous gate

Which leads into that ancient land Of patriarchs old and saintly Where now the old world with the new Clashes and mingles quaintly; Where Abram wandered with his focks

Where Noah's Ark first left its docks,

Deceived were we by gorgeous tale Of garden rich in beauty Where Eve as tempter to the man First learned the woman's duty. But now we've seen that garden fair We wonder not they didn't care To stay where insects bite by night With appetite voracious; Where germs and microbes feed on man In manner most rapacious In fact the truth cannot be shirked—Adam and Eve "their ticket worked."

But coming to that wondrous tale Of Noah's Ark gigantic Wherein he gathered either sex With sentiment romantic, We argue not, for earth has not A wetter, wearier, watery spot

Than Tigris valley in the rains
Which come in late December
And Noah's Ark of ancient fame
We cannot but remember;
And yet we too have wondrous craft
Even old Sinbad would bave laughed

If sailing seaward he had met Our transports rare and curious; Crowded with troops from stem to stern

In manner most luxurious!!!! I write "luxurious" with a mark Thinking of Noah and his Ark

For Noah's Ark could never hold So varied a collection Neither like Noah do we choose By process of selection Mules, man and sheep upon the deck A camel, too, with lengthy neck

Scaring above the motley throng Gazes with look disdainful Oblivious of the crowd around Massed in discomfort painful His neck can stretch into the air The rest recline on one foot square Of cities great the prophets told, Palaces rich in splendour; And to these old and worn beliefs Due credence we should render: But try the modern Eastern town, The smell alone will knock you down

Where are the palaces so fine That sheltered beauteous ladies? Who now by virtue of their lives Surely reside in Hades The Arabs braving all false pride In "tattie" work and mud reside

Lot's wife in fleeing o'er the plain Was changed from human tissue And through the Local Purchase men She's now a ration issue And with a pinch of her we hear These prophets' tales so out of gear

A MESOPOTAMIAN PICNIC.

(Personally Conducted by the Navy.)
By CYRIL COX,

HE Flytrap is the messenger of the Fleet in Mesopotamia She was originally built by Thorneycrofts for the Turkish Government, Government, but at an early stage in the campaign we succeeded in persuading the Turks by means of cogent arguments that she would be more useful to us than to them When she had been refitted and her engines thoroughly overhauled she became one of the fastest packets on the river, and with her six-pounder and a maxim she was quite formidable enough for her purpose She takes the mails, and the fruit ration and fresh vegetables from Basrah up river, and distributes among the gunboats, and sometimes she carries the Senior Naval Officer between the base and the scene of operations, and in fact does odd jobs of general utility

There is nothing very remarkable about the Flytrap except her commanding officer, whose versatile genius has taken him through many walks of life, and if it had only led him into a more public career, would have made him a valuable contributer to the gaiety of nations

This introduction to the Captain of the Flytrap is necessary because he is the principal character in the story of the Mesopotamian picnic. It was told me by the Captain of the Scrunchfly, and I accept no responsibility for it I merely repeat it in his own language so far as I can remember it The scene is laid at the Bal-i-hai Redoubt and I have not yet been able to find any such place on the map. He says it is somewhere between Kurnah and Baghdad, so I will take his word for it. The time is the early summer of 1916, soon after the fall of Kut, when



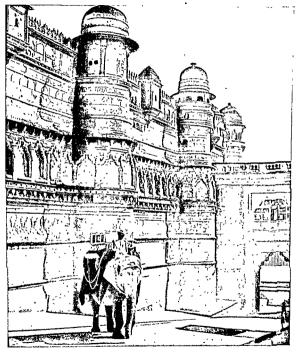
THE LURE. BY Mrs. D McLEAN

MESOPOTAMIA



SOME SNAPSHOTS BY MAJOR L G WILLIAMS DSO

LAND OF OLD ROMANCE.



THE FORT, GWALIOR. BY C. M. PEARCE.

THE WATER AND ITS CARRIER



"FOR WITHOUT WATER WE BE DEAD MEN

LIEUT T R. LIVESEY

a rather curious re-action had set in among all ranks and ratings in Mesopotamia. The strain of the previous four months had been severe. but when the tragedy was over and we knew that all efforts to relieve the garrison had proved fruitless, our spirits suddenly went up with nump. I cannot explain the psychology of it. but I imagine that it is just that of the philosopher-who invented the adage about not crying over spilt milk Anyhow, here is the narrative of the Captain of the Scrunchfly as he

told it to me I am not quite sure how it started -I think someone had picked up an English newspaper, dated some time in the summer of 1915, wherein an; intelligent journalist had asked petulantly, "When is this picnic in Mesopotamia going to end?" Someone picked up this old newspaper about the Mesopotamian picnic, and Garibaldi, the Captain οf Squashfly, said, "Well, why not have a picnic in Mesopotamia?" and his First Lieutenant said. "Why not?." and the Captain of Flytrap also said, "Why not?" I think that was how it started Anyhow we agreed to combine the resources of the Scrunchfly, Squashfly, and Flytrap, and to walk across the plain to a little hill in the distance which had a nice, shady cluster of trees on it, and there, far from the maddening crowd, to sylvan regale ourselves an our

retreat was the Captain of the Flutrap who gave a spice of originality to the thing by asking if we would mind his coming in his surplice You know he has an idea that he ought to be a parson, because the rig suits his peculiar style of beauty, so he has made himself a surplice out of an old table-cloth and this was what he wanted to wear. But the suggestion roused Garibaldi's jealousy

"If you're going to do that," he said, "We may as well call it a fancy dress picnic at once"

"And why not?" asked his First

Lieutenant

"All right," said Garıbaldi, "I shall go as Salome"

"Then you don't get me there," said the Captain of the Flytrap. "As if any self-respecting parson would go to a picnic with Salome".

They argued it out for half an-hour. and at last we persuaded Garibaldi to go as King Canute in his sea side bathing costume and a gold painted cardboard crown It was the idea of the crown which brought him round; it pleased him no end—a little stroke of diplomacy on my part His First Lieutenant said he was going as a Greek Athlete with a crown of palmleaves on his head, a monocle in his eve, and a pair of bathing drawers round his waist The weather had started to hot up a bit and these scanty costumes were quite de rigeur. decided to go as a Boy Scout—shorts

shirt and a boat-hook Well, we got a couple of hands to help us carry the gear. We thought two would be enough until we saw the stock of beer which Garibaldi contributed to the feast. Then we wished we had borrowed half a dozen mules from the Transport Corps Nevertheless we strode on bravely, old Surplice leading the way I fancy he got a bit mixed as to whether he was an Anglican or a Roman imagined he was leading a procession, and held up a table cloth over his head to look like a banner He never said a word the whole way, but kept on making a diabolical row which, Canute was supposed to be a told me. Gregorian chant When we got to

the foot of the hill I remember I had

a bit of an argument with the Greek

Athlete as to whose turn it was to carry

the basket with the crockery in it, and

we argued all the way up The two

hands had dropped some way behind, and as they were carrying the beer Canute got anxious about them, and went back to see if he could help them by carrying some of th himself. Well, as I told you, I was busy arguing with the Greek Athletc, when I heard voices ahead of me, and looking up I saw a bloke in khaki talking to the Surphee On getting closer I found he was a Turkish Officer He spoke excellent English and seemed rather a cheery soul I heard him say to the Surphice

"But you are holding up a flag of truce What have you come to say?" And old Surplice went on chanting

Finding that he couldn't get any sense out of the Surphee, the Turco turned to me and the Greek Athlete Our costumes seemed to startle him a bit, but he spoke quite politely

"Good morning," he said, "you

wish to parley with me?"

"Even so," said the Greek Athlete
"Let us sit here beneath this pleasant
shade and tell sad stories of the death
of kings"

The Greek Athlete reads Shakes peare, but he can never get his quotations right As the Turco seemed rather puzzled, I thought I had better put in a word or two

"But tell us first, brave warrior," I said, "who are you, and how come you to be sequestered in this lonely spot?"

"This," he said, "is the Bal i-hai

Redoubt'

"Ah!", said the Greek Athlete fixing his monocle in his eye, "now that is very interesting Never before have I seen a redoubt Does it have a moat and drawbridge?"

"Tell me," said the Surplice, "does all this proud domain belong to you? And those brave fellows yonder whose heads I see above the battlements, are they all your faithful retainers?"

"They are my gun's crew," said the Turco He was a good fellow, but

terribly prosaic

"You have a gun?" said the Gree! Athlete "That is very interesting 'And have you an artificial lake with swans swimming over its glassy surface?"

"Look here," I said, "I'm awfully sorry if we're trespassing You see we didn't notice any fence or sign board to say that trespassers would be prosecuted by Order. We came up here to have a little picnic Won't

you join us?"

"We'll clear up all the bits of paper and empty bottles and things," said the Greek Athlete, "and this noble home of your proud ancestors shall look as fair as ever I pray you, worthy knight, join us in our revelty."

The Turco didn't seem to know

quite what to make of us "Pardon me." he said, "our

countries are at war."

"War," said the Surplice in his best canonical voice "Ah, war is a terrible thing. And to think that nations went to war with each other because of a woman Helen of Troy, you know. But of course you never met her. I am glad, I am very glad She was no better than she ought to have been"

Just then up came old Canute with the beer, and the sight of that seemed to settle the question for the Tures

"Well," he said, "I cannot take you prisoners as you came here under a flag of truce. I suppose this gentleman is in charge of your party," and he turned towards Canute, whose cardboard crown made him look rather impressive Canute's regal bow was quite a good effort

"That," said the Surplice, "Is our old friend King Canute, who tree a course of sea bathing to cure his chilblains, and wrote that beautiful poem, 'Roll ou, thou dark and deep blue Ocean, roll' He married the fair Robina, the daughter of the ladwho burned King Alfred's pancakes

and made him exclaim, 'Ah, Robbie, Robbie, I asked for bread and you gave me a lump of charcoal, He had fourteen children in fifteen years in order to avoid paying income tax "

Well we spread the table cloth on the ground and put all the good things on it, and I asked our guest whether he would start on sardines with hard boiled eggs and chutney, or lay a foundation with jam sandwiches We gave him plenty of beer the time the Greek Athlete and the Surplice burbled away like a pair of cooing doves The Greek Athlete every now and again would put his monocle in his eye, and abstractedly at the Bal 1 has Redoubt.

'So that is your redoubt," he would ' Verily a noble structure Now tell me Is it haunted by a ghost in clanking armour? No? And yet, I suppose it is very ancient. Did it belong to your father before you, and

your grandfather before him?"

The Turco would smile indulgently and shrug his shoulders Whether or not he thought we were harmless lunatics I cannot say, probably he had an idea that all Englishmen were more or less mad Anyhow he went on placedly stowing away the victuals, and I rather fancy that it was the first good square meal he had had for many months Now and then he would look from one to the other of us, and he seemed to be specially fascinated by the Greek Athlete's wreath of palm leaves and Canute's golden crown contented smile played over his lips all the time and I think he was really enjoying himself

Tell me,' said the Surplice, "in your proud domain I suppose you have an extensive and valuable

library?'

"Well, no," said the Turco," ' not very extensive In fact it consists just now of only one book—a book on tropical diseases 1"

Now that is very interesting,'

said the Greek Athlete "I love tropical diseases Which ones do you like best?"

"Lately," said the Turco, "I have been reading about malaria, beri beri

and Asiatic cholera."

'I know! I know!" said the Surplice waving his hand excitedly. Mumps!"

We all looked at him in surprise, even the Surplice surprises us some

'Mumps," said the Turco very blitely, 'is hardly a tropical politely, disease

"But I remember learning that when a child," said the Surplice

"When in a redoubt, read mumps' Then we took the Surplice, gently but firmly laid him on the ground and sat on him The Turco was getting used to our little ways, and went on placidly eating

"The Surplice," explained King "has the reputation being the worst Bridge player in

Mesopotamia "

From beneath the combined weight of King Canute and the Greek Athlete the voice of the irrepressible Surplice broke into a chant and I just managed to recognise the air of a setting of one of Longfellow's poems

I sat playing bridge at midnight, the clock was striking the hour, My partner made it three No Trumps, I bravely shouted

Pour I

'How often, Oh how often,' said my partner with a sigh, I've told you not to push it up

when there's no necessity 'How often, Oh how often, in

the days that are gone by

I ve longed to punch your silly head and black your blooming

"It's no use," I said, "You had far

better let him get up, especially as he hasn't yet produced that cheese which he promised to bring"

"By Jove, yes Where's that cheese, Surplice ?"

The Surplice struggled to his feet, and diving into a basket produced a stone jar, which he held aloft triumphantly

"Cheese, Gorgonzola, one number The climax of the feast" "Is it anything like your Silver

Key cocktail?" asked Garibaldi turning pale

"Now as a matter of fact," said the Surplice, "I know nothing about this cheese, except that I bought it in Bombay some months ago"

"How many months, asked

Greek Athlete anxiously

"I have reserved this cheese," the Surplice continued impressively, ' for some state occasion, and behold the hour has come"

"Well, supposing you open the blooming thing," I suggested, 'instead of playing the Hyde Park orator"

He sat down and laborrously stripped off the layers of tin foil, until he came to the stone stopper, which was coated round the edge with cement He was in the act of chipping this off, when he suddenly threw the thing from him, and

collapsed in a heap The jar landed on top of a beer bottle, and burst with a kind of sizzling noise I remember that I was telling the Surplice something in forcible language, when I became conscious of a blue haze all round me, which grew so thick that it was impossible to see a yard in front of me A curious lassitude overcame me, and I sank to the ground The next thing I remember was that I was lying on my back beneath the tress at some little distance from the scene of the picnic, and I heard one of the matelots saying, "Try a drop o' beer, that might pull 'im round" It did, and I raised my head and looked about me

Where are the others ?" I asked

We 'aven't been able to get 'and

out yet, sir It's something cruel over there We only just managed to drag you out of it Another minute and I should 'ave dropped Lucky we was on the windward side of you 'Ullo! Oo's this coming along ?"

It was some of the Army explained that they had seen us through their telescopes, and thought they ought to warn us that we had wandered up to a Turkish redoubt When they saw the air turn blue, they guessed that something had happened they sent for an ambulance Those ambulance fellows were party splendid, they dashed into the thick of it, and brought the whole lot back on stretchers Then they went up to the redoubt, where they found thirty two Turks laid out, but by means of artificial respiration they were all brought round Of course there was nothing for it but to take them back to the British Camp as prisoners, and our fellows occupied the redoubt as soon as the air had cleared a bit

Two days later there was a paragraph in Reuter's to say that we had stormed and occupied the Bal 1 has Redoubt, capturing one officer and thirty two men friend the Turco happened to see it just before he was sent down river strolled round to say good bye to him (for he was a very decent sort) and I found him absolutely furious

"Look at this!" he said 'Stormed and occupied the Bal 1-hai Redoubt Is that what you call storming a redoubt? Why, you didn't even know it was a redoubt until I told you,-Bah! You talk about Wolff's Agency but for sheer audacious mendacitywell to use your English expression you take the gingerbread"

If the Turkish Officer said that to the Captain of the Scrunchfly I must honestly say that I am inclined to-But no, perhaps it is wiser not to

say it, he is bigger than I am



A STUDY BY A E. HARRIS



GUN IN ACTION BY REV G A PADFIELD



THE HARMONIAC.
BY
GOGONENDRANATH TAGORE.
THE BEST SET OF THE SET O



RADHA RANI BY SUNDER GORAKSHAKAR

"BARJISYAH," JUNE 1916.

By T. R. L.

Wakel for the Sun who scattered into flight Anopheles, and Fleas of Restless Night Drives me enfevered from my couch, and strikes The L. P. tent with all his Flaming Might

Before the Itching of the Night had died Methought a voice in Blasphemy had cried "When all thy squadron is prepared without Why nods the drowsy Subaltern inside?"

And as the Colonel crew, his men who stood before Longed to escape his temper and withdraw, To linger in the Rear Rank bashfully And thence departing to return no more

Now the Sun rises swiftly and perspires The Thoughtful Soul to solitude retires And fights unceasingly within the Net With Diptera e'er he to sleep expires

Abdulla gone and sunken in Repose, The Lime-juice and Chagul no one knows, But still the Pin-prick of the Sandfly goads And still the unruly Shimal rudely blows

Come fill the Cup and in the Fire of Spring
Your only garment off you quickly fling.
The Sandgrouse "giturrs" on his sunny Path
And mocks your sorrow with a joyous ring

And be Thou Here or There—the Blazing Sun Keeps his Long Vigil—and Thy work undone The Juice of Life keeps oozing drop by drop, And soaks the sheet that you are lying on

Each Morn, a Rise in Temperature: you say
"To-day why bursts the Bulb of Mercury!
"And this First Summer Month that brings the Dust
"Shall take the Florid Colonel on his Way"

A Book of Curses—give them quickly now Water to give me Speech and Thou—Shimal Besides me singing in the wilderness— Oh Paradise were wilderness enow!

Indian Ink

And some there are elsewhere we know "Laughing"—They say—'nto this land we blow! 'At once the silken tassel of our Purse Tear and its Treasure on the garden throw''

The Wordly Hope Some set their Hearts upon fuins Ashca as it did at Ctesiphon—
Or else it prospers in some new found Pride Whenevith to cheel and fondly egg us on!

I sometimes think that never blows so well The Dust as when I find my Desert hell— It roars and rallying with all its might Fills tent and food—my eye and mouth as well

Ah, my Beloved—Fill the Bath that clears fo day's engrained Dust and I uture Fears, Io morrow—why to morrow I mayn't be Myself—so strangely clean I shall appear!

Alike for those who for To day do fear And those that after some to morrow peer— But ye shall know your Purgat'ry full well M'Lads—its here, it's Here, IT'S HERL

Into this Bloodborn Land and why not knowing
Nor whence, like Water willy nilly flowing,
In'sh Allah out of it—like Wind along the Waste
We know not whither—willy nilly blowing

What, without asking, hither hurried v hence? And without asking whither hurried hence!

H—m—oh many a year of Leave at home
Must drown the memory of this unsolence?

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit Of This and That endeavour and dispute, Than entertain some disgreeable work 'Iss better far to entertain Rebuke

A moment's Halt—a momentary taste
Of strong Salt from the well amid the Waste
And Lo! the Column Movable has reach'd
The Nothing it set out from—Oh make haste!

And as the Palm fring'd shore fades out of sight And out of Darkness—come we into Light, Over the Twirling Screw expectorate Iraq's last Dust, perform the sacred rite

Y'EFDI'S TOURS IN IRAK: 1915.

By PICNICER.

N 1915 at least one periodical gave tardy recognition to that rediscovered Arcadia, Iraq, and referred to the happenings there as the mesopotamian picnic." Lest those at home should be in doubt how to set

at home should be in doubt how to set about a tour of the country the following prospectus was made out.

Times have changed but perhaps the readers of "Indian Ink" might be interested in a retrospect of the touring facilities before the days of railways Picnicer.

Y'EFDI'S

EXCLUSIVE TOURS IN IRAQ.

INCLUSIVE TARIFF—No EXTRAS—
FREE FLIPS.

ACCOMMONTION —A special feature are the commodious steamers specially reserved for our parties. A short description of the following, which have been locally famous for upward of twenty years, may be welcome;

"FLOSSIE FLINCH" (flappers, look out for the skipper), "SLIMY" and "MADIY DEAR" all "twin paddle" and specially named to create a "homey" feeling for those inclined to home-sickness.

Saloons, cabins and baths, specially heated by a secret process infinitely superior to the electric or hot water radiators, are still found in some passenger steamers. Turkish baths may be freely indulged in during the towages.

Draughts, having been carefully excluded from the majority of the promenade decks, the most delicate need have no fear of catching cold on emerging from these health restoring luvuries.

Commodious and roomy flats

(house boats) replete with every convenience are available for family parties, school treats, etc. Early application should be made as they are in great demand and have to be reserved weeks in advance.

Cuising—This has been recently vouched for in the highest circles; it suffices to add that its motto is Nihil

nisi bonum.

N.B.—Our chefs are members of the famous Ismail family and inherit the characteristics of their ancestor to the full.

Frequently on being asked for a

certain dish they answer :--

"No—, throwt away na' good bad" (anglice, not worthy of your exalted mastication)—thereby showing how thoroughly they realise the significance of their motto

Guides — Members of our Corpa d'Invention accompany every party and may be recognised by the badge

INT worn on the left arm

Care should be taken not to confuse this with the word Unt which in one of the local dialects signifies a camel PICNIC TOURS—A selection of the best known tours are given below They are specially suited to the seeker after a quiet holidar who does rot wish to be bothered with an excess

The firm of Y'LFDI is exclusively composed of British subjects and whilst doing their best to make the tours all that can be desired, cannot refund fares, etc., to those who elect to omit any portion of the programme

No. 1 Tour.—May be completed in two days, but two months should be set apart, in order fully to appreciate

its beauties.

of sight-seeing.

SALUBRIOUS SHA'IBA -Hotel Empire.-S. Ibrahim

Hotel Esji -M Esji and Ajaimi

The latter is at present closed for repairs having been badly damaged in a tornado in April last (1915) Every precaution has been taken to prevent a repetition of this disaster

Health giving dust baths hydro adjoining the hotel medicinal qualities of the waters are

vouched for by our patrons without exception The journey from the metropolis occupies about three hours Roomy victorias drawn by two or three prancing steeds start

frequent intervals

An alternative route is afforded by the recently completed Smarthe canal. a veritable rival of the colossus of Panama The journey occupies from 11 to 6 hours, depending on how long is spent in watching the boatmen indulge in their favourite pastime of "Getowtanpush"

Tour -Time required approximately two weeks, but may be

prolonged if desired

ARIDE A'OUARS

No hotels, but excellent accommo dation may be obtained ın numerous pensions and apartments to be found close to the landing stage

No one should miss this sylvan spot which abounds in pleasant walks amid the neighbouring hills

An excellent view of the snows and the surrounding country may be obtained from the top of Saddle-back hill and amply repays the slight evertion needed to reach the summit

Occasional fairs are held at the neighbouring village of The name is derived from a phrase meaning "the praise of God" and used as an expression of joy by the piously minded on their departure

The chief feature of these fairs are the aquatic sports which are the occasion of much music and gaiety,

with frequent swimming and boat races and aquatic contests between men and animals

No. 3 Tour .- Specially recommend ed for those who suffer from an excess

of avoirdupois

By boat up the Stewfrates (called by the ancients the Mighty) and stay NIFFI NAS-UR-RIR until required reduction of weight is attained, returning the same way

Special features, weekly reproduc tion of the seven plagues including

dead fish and flies No 4 Tour .-

GURMAR AND AMARA'

The former reputed as a honey moon resort from the earliest times The meaning of the name may be of "Gurm" signifies warm and "ah" is a local exclamation of satisfaction on imbibing one of our farfamed "Skimmedtigris" mineral waters

Gurmah can be safely recommended to those who require a respite from the rigours of the English

climate.

AMARA, the Maidenhead of Iraq frequented by the aristocracy. Reached in a few days from the metropolis in one of our commodious steamships The picturesque yells of the steers and the frequent whilst navigating the SERPENTINE (pronounced Targers) deprive the voyage of any monotony. No. 5 Tour.-

FASHIONABLE FAO,-Iraq's premier

watering place Sea bathing, refreshing dates, buggalow trips and shell fish

of unmatched flavour

Extremely limited select. but accommodation, for which application should be made to our head office, "SUNLIT SEA" department



BY MARJORIE JOSEPHINE MAYNARD

FROM THE SIMLA HILLS.



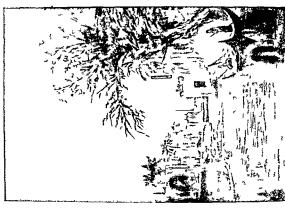
THE PARTY OF

A STUDY. BY C. M. PEARCE.

A WAR FORECAST



MAROONED BY LONGBOTTOM





DULCE DOMUM.

By. A. W. G.

The Fates may lead you far to roam,
In many lands to be explorer,
But never will you strike a home
Like this of mine in old Bussorah

The stolid mansions of the great
I view with little approbation;
My home of fourteen feet by eight
Just takes the bun for ventilation.

No park is mine: around my cot
No garden blows. Here in the Delta
D'you think I miss 'em? Rather not:
For miles and miles the date-groves swelter

Therein you'll feel, when you have strayed, Deep sympathy with Nature—who Can walk a yard beneath that shade And not begin to swelter too?

No purling trout-stream ripples by, No silver lake the view enriches, But all around there greets the eye The gleam of irrigation ditches

How sweet to pace their banks, and note
(Until mosquitoes drive you frantic)
The peaceful frog and turtle float
Midst other objects less romantic

Nor is the spicy breeze unique
That blows over Ceylon's isle: a greater,
More bracing and insistent reek
Distils from each incinerator.

Retreat of rare felicity!

It's yours if you desire: so get
A move on: write at once to me
In Hospital—my home's to let.

DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE.

An Echo from the Courts.

KING EMPEROR versus CAPTAIN BENTON WRITAS-CRAMP.

By E. F. R.

N the Court of Small Causes and Large Effects before Jaundice. Jone Benton Writas-Cramp (Captain), an other of the 199th Hacienda Hussars, was arraigned on the following charges:

"That he, on some date prior to the 1st June, 1917, having, with intention, got, secured or otherwise obtained five envelopes bearing a Government image or superscription, did put the same to an illegal and unbecoming use, to wit, in face of the present shortage of paper material, and in defiance of the contradictory rules issued in connection therewith, having put or inserted in each of the aforesaid receptacles documents of an unconvincing and worthless nature. he did despatch the said documents to one address; thereby causing embarrassment and overloading to the carrying vessel, unnecessary harassment to the postal service, and avoidable distress and agony to the addressee "

Owing to an inadvertence no second charge appeared to have been drawn up After a short conference His Worship announced that, as accused was a military man, he had agreed to borrow a method well known in the Army Courts of Law and have No. 1 charge over again A suggestion put forward by prosecuting counsel to "make it three times" was vetoed on the grounds of verging on the vicious circle.

The prisoner was then asked if he pleaded guilty or not guilty.

Appearing to be ignorant of legal procedure, the accused was understood to declare himself as "slightly

guilty" His Worship pointed out that such a plea, however good in fact, was not good in law, whereupon the prisoner explained that he wished to emphasize that he was less than half guilty. (A plea of "not 'alf guilty" suggested by an apparently illiterate person from among the back benches was ignored)

The accused, who had throughout behaved in a more truculent manner than the gravity of the charge against him would seem to warrant, now pleaded "not guilty" in a regrettably

defiant tone

The trial then opened with the examination of witnesses for the prosecution; these were: (1) the Captain of the vessel carrying the alleged documents, (2) the Babu (or Indian gentleman clerk) in charge of the postal sorting arrangements at place of destination of same, (3) the Adjutant (or English gentleman clerk) of the Regiment to whom the missives (alleged) were addressed First witness examined.

Yes, I recollect the mails being put

aboard at 5 P.M

Yes, a distinct list was noticeable after that hour; owing to this list I was three times obliged to anchor during the night and four times ran ashore.

The collision of my vessel with the bridge may or may not have been due to this list

In my opinion the list was undoubtedly due to the weight of the mails

Cross-examined.

I am pract at might

never called

of to

port; no, it was not "owing to port;" that is not a naval expression

The prosecution then called the

postal representative

Second witness examined

Yes, we remain always daily much engaged in dividing "the daks" Yes. I have full memories of the envelopes you show me They caused prevention to the good workings of our service Cross examined

I cannot say how long it takes to sort one letter Yes, it might take five times so long to sort five letters. No. I have high responsibilities as Government servant I have dealt with many mail matters in my service

No. I have seldom undergone the reprimand of superior officer; I am not at all the ancient apparition on the mat, or old offender

Adjutant and addressee called

Examined

This is not the first time that I have had trouble with the officer charged

Certainly, I am of opinion that it is doubtful if the matter contained in the five envelopes was of sufficient national importance even to warrant its conveyance on a single sheet in one receptacle

Cross-examined

No I deny that I have any wish to see the prisoner convicted other than a natural desire to avoid the likelihood of strain on the nervous centres (or other working parts) during summer solstice

The defence, interrogated, did not wish to produce any witness

The prosecuting counsel asked leave to summarize the Government case for the benefit of the Court Permission was accorded

1ddress for the prosecution

Your Worship a few words will suffice me for the purpose of wrapping closely and irrevocably about the figure of the abandoned though possibly misguided individual who stands before us the cloak of guilt which the testimony of those honest and unbiassed witnesses, just now heard by your Honour, has served to cast loosely, but with the deft and unerring finger of truth, about his shrinking shoulders Wisely-Alas! I say, that wisdom should be allied to such a cause—this miserable offender has made no attempt to produce evidence in denial of his crime: merely has he (through a somewhat feeble mouthpiece) made unavailing efforts to disintegrate the concrete walls of truth that testify to the grave-I had almost said disastrous-dislocation of affairs consequent upon his heinous

We have seen the honest seaman. unvielding as the sandbank with which he grappled in his unwitting efforts to do the will of an unprincipled ruffian, stand like a rock before the verbal onslaughts of the defence we have seen the official of the Post stilling his perturbation at the thought of duty, calming his palsied limbs at the notion of serving his Empire, and becoming a monument of triple and unshaken brass in face of his tor mentors: and more than this we liave seen the Adjutant, that deeply wronged outraged English gentleman hiding deep the agony of his too recent wounds and tempering his sense of justice with that delicate essence of mercy, which makes a perfect whole not, mark you my Lord, weighing the prisoner's merits nor pardoning his offences, but totalling up, as a gentle man should what is due and convenient My Lord, need I say more, the credit and unimpeachable testimony of my witnesses, drawn from such varied walks in life as the Naval the Military and the Clerkly services, is my case against a criminal the very thought of whose acquittel would make the blood of civilization run cold and its ink run short

asked permission to draw his Honour's attention to certain points in the case favourable to his client. He began: Your Honour, I would not have been obliged to occupy the Court's valuable time had it not been for the necessity of touching upon and attempting to refute, or at least produce reasonably convincing arguments to balance, those brought forward by my friend the prosecuting counsel.

Allow me, my Lord, to glance for a moment through less roseate spectacles than those assumed by my friend, the counsel for the Crown, at these paragons of perfect rectitude, the prosecution witnesses —first the abstemious mariner, "practically a teetotaller but never called one," whose vessel now imitates the submerging submarine, now the gyrating "gufar" as, burdened by the literary lapses of my client, she staggers down the stream What was her cargo? My Lord, depending calmly on your Honour's judgment, I exhibit these weighty documents-this quintette of massive compilations-these ponderous pioneers of shipwreck (a pause). Then from the immemorial and ever ready East there steps the bashful yet brassy Brahman; full of sound and fury and the fatuous phrase which, stripped of its trappings, is as one who should say "I have studied the matter from this side and from that, from above and below, and I have reached the final firm decision that I do not know." Yet we are comforted in passing to know that he is a "monument of triple brass;" trusting the while that his emoluments will be of an equally lasting, though different, alloy

Lastly we have the Adjutant—stern and apparently also somewhat wild; though I cannot congratulate the opposing counsel on his choice of the opprases (apparently snatched from the cookery book) with which he seeks to embellish the gallant officer's

attitude, I combine with my friend in admiration of his restraint; wading through the week through masses of squadron returns, regimental departures and headquarter arrivals this unfortunate officer experiences justifiable indignation at my client's profife penmanship; and yet, my Lord, my contention is that even in his case it is merely the final straw that causes the Bactrian to bubble.

herein, I Λnđ repeat, Your Worship, lies the key to my argument for my client: "I maintain that his offence is magnified to distortion by the unlucky moment of its occurrence that it is technical; that it is itself negligible; I maintain that no witness has testified aught to the contrary; and my prayer is that this zealous but unlucky officer may be favoured, if not with the full volume from the fount of mercy, at least with such a spray as may sprinkle him with the benefit of the doubt: the Court for an acquittal on both charges—'not guilty' on the first, and 'innocent' on the second." Judgment.

Before delivering judgment in a case, the remarkable public interest -I might almost say fervour-over which has roused more than one echo even from the solemn walls of this tranquil hall of justice, I feel it a bounden duty to the past, the present and the future that should emphasize the grave-nay, overwhelming-importance the occasion While it is the duty of a Judge to consider exclusively, as far as it concerns the guilt or innocence of the prisoner before him, the evidence which he records during the trial, it is also his duty to give weight to circumstances which, though not emphasized by either party to the case are commonly known to be actual facts; in following this axiom in the present trial I undergo the unique and melancholy obligation of having

to disregard or discount not the evidence and appeals of one side only-but of both; for both parties admit, and indeed enlarge upon, what in the judgment of man (or at least of man as found in Mesopotamia at the present day) is a miracle even in a land of miracles; romance and the Arabian Nights have made as though to force their way into a sombre Court of Law, they would have us dream of shadowy ships' captains who know on which side of their vessels lie the mail bags: of phantom letter sorters who sort letters; of ethereal adjutants who receive these letters duly sorted;-a vague Utopian gang singing a fantastic paean of mails duly delivered to the right address But the light of

day puts these gay phenomena to flight, facts stand clean cut, compelling us, reluctant ministers of a sad office, to record the decision foreshadowed on an earlier page; a decision reflecting, perhaps, less discredit on the prisoner than on other parties concerned with his case The evidence against him being adjudged incredible, we acquit the prisoner at the bar; and direct that he leave the Court without a stain on his character: adding a rider, however, to the effect that his shackles and handcuffs be not removed until such time as he has been escorted past the stationary cupboard situated in the outer passage 1

Nozz.-1 Singular instance of Judge's prerogative of the "benefit of the doubt" being extended to an inanimate object

PENDALE.

By O. M. REES.

The dawn doth blench on Pendale And the lapwings flit alway: "Why should I fight for freedom, "Or Kings, though others may? "The winds blow free on Pendale, "The King hath champions aye."

The sun slants gold on Pendale · "Recks me of England's need? "I will not fight for Belgium, "Honour, nor other creed "Nay, but I fight for Pendale "For I am Pendale's breed"

The mists weave white on Pendale, Like a shroud of poison fume, And a soul soars free in Belgium From its shattered fleshly tomb; Maybe it flits by Pendale, For 'twas born of Pendale's womb

Soft treads the moss on Pendale And her delphs drip many a tear, His grave may be in Belgium, England may hold him dear, But this man died for Pendale, And Pendale's grief is here

THE DAUGHTERS OF HERODIAS.

By N. M.

(One of the most familiar features of the desert landscape of Mesopotamia are the direct eddies, two or three of which are in sight at any time of the darduring the dry season, rising several hundreds of feet into the air. The ancient Kabbalists called them the Daughters of Herodias)

Faizulla, called the Infidel, private in the 83rd regiment of the XIII Atmy Corps, speaks —

All day the fluttering bullets pipe and fly.
All day we die
Under the sun the shimmering waters sprawl and spread,
Phantoms that mock our dead
Was it in this still heat, this dust and this white glare.
God, was it here
That you took earth and in some subtle fashion
Breathed in it greed and pain and some compassion,
Valour, reluctance, stealth and hot desire—
Earth mixed with air, twin flames of fire—
God, was it here?

You made and, having made, you smiled and went But are these twain content?

Earth and this air that made man once are fain To make him yet again,

Having no God to help them, only the hot Sun,

Only the piping ball, the shattering gun

So, day by day,

Slent and hot the swift dust eddies writhing,

Earth and the air in vain debate are striving,

Striving and failing, sick with strained endeavour,

Striving each silent day and failing ever.

So, day by day.

But if one day in that swift spinning void,
By chance decoyed
The Secret comes and the Two Rivers stand; the Waste itself
dismayed,
While Man again is made,
Made by vain fury of the dust and whirling air
Without God's care?

With still eye at the gun's foreboding Here would he stand, nor need he goading: Valour and hatred, stealth and hot desire Fire of the Pit and at the Pit a fire

As we are here

Even thus as we

A REFLECTION OF EVENING.

By A. B. C.

AM sitting in the count-yard. It is after 5 o'clock We seem to come out just like rabbits do at home That incessant wind keeps blowing ---aimless, useless and dust laden. Why doesn't it rage, then lie quiet a bit? It is difficult to see the meaning of things in Mesopotamia—especially near the base on lines of communication empty chagul swings from a taut wire before me. All the water has leaked It has no resistance It flaps idly empty and useless I feel like it How this old mud fort holds the heat! You use mud to make ovens with, of course. There is always wind in it too-comes in over the top and drives the dust round in giddy little circles. chevying them into the corners in violent haste. The cook-house is awfully rickety now. The chatar flaps idly-up it goes showing itindecent skeleton of old bamboo---back it falls with monotonous regularity. There is a hen in the yard Once she was intended for our food, but she was found alone with her legs tied up and her pathetic expression gained her freedom | Freedom! She goes round aimlessly too She has not even the interest of an egg Sometimes she meets for a few moments one of her kind, but it is for a short time only. He or she passes on quickly to the cook-house. She makes me feel thirsty and I don't altogether approve of her; her mouth is open, her throat wabbles, her eyes stare out, she feels the heat It is too hot to close her wings quite She lifts them up and gets a bit of a breeze under her arms, poor beast. She is better than "Robinson." He was white and officious though boasting no following He used to fly up on the roof and crow until we pretended to throw a stone at him We did some-

times. He used to dodge it like a dog He used to crow at night. it was quiet then and he might get a response from some other "Robinson" in the neighbourhood. All of which reminds me of a horrid white cock up the line whom I caught one night and in the dark cut off his tail, in mistake for his head with my nail-scissors

Bhisti, he is a wonderful fellow,and Jemadarji too They should get it. long and meritorious service. Bhistis are nice creatures. There must be something good about water, it always seems to better those who live by it or on it Mesopotamia is a div

region.

The shadows are getting longer: the air is slightly cooler Sparrows dart about and jabber all over the The sparrow is the most courageous of all birds-everywherenothing seems to distress or down him He is, too, the bounder among birds He has no covness, no humility, no He is blatantly vulgar and cannot be snubbed

The wind doesn't drop chagul still flaps in the wind When I go to bed it will be just the same and for two more days comes in bursts of three days generally My mosquito net will resist for a little, then go I shall think there is much too much wind for mosquitoes and shall be again deceived. come a long way—mosquitoes—and seem to fly wonderfully well No wind seems to interfere with their They are vicious appetite cunning, always the back of the neck and between the canvas and wood of They stand upright the deck chair. on their faces and stab away. remember a fellow who came round with a test tube and collected different genera and species Some find their hobby out here. Some do not.

just a year ago but it means little There is food There are no flies to speak of yet There are belts and court martials in the Mess A certain amount of wire gauze Oh yes, and soda water Yet perhaps last year was better One perhaps had then hope and the single tone of it all had not sunk in so There were owls in the fort then Sandgrouse 'giturred" or 'quiddled" according to their "species over on their sunny morning path to drink A few pig died on a lance point We stood to arms at dawn once It had some of the interest and hope of new things Blue cheeked Bee eaters burrowed in the banks This year they pass by and stay not There are a lot of telegraph and 'phone wires now, · flags and things-Indian servants stick it well

It is getting a little cooler I feel that sinking feeling inside the silent call for the evening whisky and soda To night I don't ride out I know some of the desert and all the trees, I think In the few palm trees are a few pairs of the only little warbler, like bird—or rather something like a

robin It has a reddish tail with a pale spotted border to it and a weak but pleasing little song I found the eggs there-like Magpie Robins in India in colour—between the old leafstems and the trunk Those fat vellow lizards-big fellows-that poke their heads out in the day time They we all turned in now, I suppose They really appreciate this country They know exactly how to live in it They sleep from August to May I've seen most of the skulls about here and know a few old boots well by sight Then there is the old charger's grave I got three Turkish horse shoes off him The jack dead in the nullah too I know It was yesterday, he died of syncope and mange I often think of Omar Khayyam It's nearly time for a bath The evening has passed without incident, without interest It is immeasurably away-any other life Ideas connected with fish eggs green meadows, water cress trout milk are dismissed as the earliest recollections of childhood It is not good that man should live alone too long Hulloa, here come Reuters Koi har? Chota peg lao

"IN MEMORY OF ____"

(Io my brave Comrades who he buried under the sands of Mesopolamia)

By SERGEANT H SHRUBSOLE

Here on the Desert, silent he lies his rifle in his hand, From gaping wounds has welled his blood upon the glittering sand No more will he dash o'er the shell swept zones as the Bugler sounds the "charge"

His sightless eyes up turn to the skies whence roams his soul at large Cold hieless clay, poor human husk, once filled with the germ of life He fought by the way and fell in the fray mid the battles deadly strife Some mother's son, some woman's joy, the hope of his heart and home He gave up his life in its hey day defending the Empire and Throne

MESOPOTS BURNING TOO



" KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING. BY RIDGEWELL

THE NIZAMS HIGH COURT AS IT WILL APPEAR (From a Model)

BY VINCENT J ESCH

-

EARLY PERSIAN ART: PORTRAIT OF ENGLISHMAN.



Supposed portrait of one of the Sharley brothers, enveys to the Court of Shah Abbas over 1627--- A. D.

From the Collection of P. C. MANUK ESO.

OLD ZOBERE.
HY
MAJOR 1 I WHOLHGOD

"In Memory of -"

The shades of night are falling fast. Soon comes the new-born day. Before the break of the dawning we rise and march away. So wrap the lad in his blanket een it be tattered and torn "Tis the soldier's funeral casket, be he Prince or peasant born We must bury him where he has fallen amid the limitless sand, No "Volley" to mark his passing; no sign in this barren land. Just "good-bye, lad" from the Padra at the end of the prayers for the dead, While the tears blind the eyes of his comrades as they bow the reverent head.

No Obelisk tall shall mark his rest, but a heaping, a rough sand mound, Which the wind shall sweep to oblivion as on it they madly pound But he needs no sculptured head-stone, no chiselled granute scroll. His name is emblazoned for ever on the Imperial Heroes' Roll, Tho' the years pass on in their thousands, sons' sons yet unborn hold their sway, This hero's fame shall be noted, while other fames pass away He is one of a Deathless Army, e'en though in Death he lies.

The grave is only his passport to a grand Eternal Prize.

A PERSIAN ADVENTURE

By C. P. SKRINE.

TT was a dark and rainv winter evening at the ancient town of Kerman, and I had been out for 3 one sowar, over the sandy desert which lies to the south of the town. It was nearly dark when I returned but before proceeding to the Consulate I decided to look in at the house of the Telegraph Superintendent, which is situated among the network of narrow lanes which constitutes the residential quarter of the city. When I left the house to go home it was raining hard, and so dark that it was hardly possible to distinguish the high blank walls of the houses on either side. However, both I and my sowar knew the way well, and there seemed no need of a lamp. Not a soul was out of doors except ourselves; the Persian does not fove wet weather, especially in the streets at night, when lofty walls of unbaked brick have a nasty way of collapsing

on top of you, and there are also other dangers to be avoided

The sowar was a little ahead, and I was allowing my horse to pick his own way among the seas of mud He was a strong, solidly-built, grey Waler belonging to Government, and had been brought by the Consul from Mesopotamia, where he had done good service On we plodded, I wrapped in my thoughts and the Telegraph Superintendent's trusty great-coat, never dreaming of danger Suddenly I felt my horse's hind-quarters sinking Thinking it was a ditch. under me I urged him forward, but in spite of his struggles he sank deeper, until I was on a level with the ground hurriedly got out of the raddle. fortunately disengaging my without difficulty from the stirrup, and found myself on the crumbling edge of a pit. For a moment thought I was going down, but by dint of frantic struggling I managed to scramble up on to terra firma.

Holding on to the horse's head-stall, I attempted to help him out, but it was useless; I had a vision of his white head framed in darkness. The head-stall broke, and next moment he was gone For a second or two there was a horrible sound of scraping and snorting, which died away into the depths, and then—silence

I could hardly believe it was not a dream. A moment before, I had been riding quietly along with a good horse under me, and now the horse simply was not there! My sowar hearing my shouts had groped his way up, and together we-listened at the mouth of the pit Not a sound but that of wind and rain was nothing for it-but to walk to the Consulate, more than a mile away. and obtain help Three-quarters of an hour later twenty-five or thirty of us, including twenty sowars of the Consular Escort, and two or three other British officers besides myself, were gathered round the hole with lanterns and spades A lantern was . let down at the end of a rope The hole was found to be a very deep and narrow well, not more than four feet in diameter, situated almost in the middle of the lane It seemed as if the lamp was never going to reach bottom. . . . At last the flickering light revealed a piteous sight. There was the horse, jammed forty feet down at the narrow bottom of the well, nothing of him visible but his forelegs and his muddy head, which swayed miserably from side to side. Now and then a terrified snort came faintly up to us. The poor beast bit fiercely at the lamp when it was allowed too close to his head. In his cramped position, it was doubtful whether he could breathe properly, while the icy chill of the mud must have stuck to his vitals It was evidently only a question of hours before he must succumb.

The sowars were set digging, but

only two or three men could work at a time in the narrow space available, and very soon it became apparent that it would take two or three days to get the animal out by this method After a while, two or three Persian well-diggers who had been sent for arrived on the scene One of them, helped by the onlookers, let the other down by means of a rope tied round his waist. A lamp was sent down at the end of a separate line When the man signalled to us to stop lowering, we could see him hanging above the horse, partly supporting himself by pressing his head against one side of the well and his feet against the other My Persian was not quite equal to the running comment in patois that he shouted up to us, but I gathered that he was speculating on the chance of being able to slip a rope round the animals shoulders. Suddenly there was a frantic pull on the rope, and the welldigger came scrambling up for all the world as if the Devil were after him for trespassing on his preserves. He told us breathlessly that he had approached the horse too close, and it had snapped at him furiously, nearly biting his hand off. He also said that the beast was too tightly jammed for it to be possible to get a rope round his middle. Things looked very black

However after consultation we sent other well-digger down He stayed at the bottom for nearly an hour, carrying on a bawling conversation the while with his friends at the All he could suggest was slipping a loop round the horse's neck and hauling. As this would certainly have resulted in the animal's death by strangulation before he was half way up, it was vetoed. suggested chloroforming him, so as to allow him to be tackled at close quarters. This could have been done by letting a sponge full of chloroform down on a string; but even if we could

have been sure of administering the right dose to the horse, the man who trued to tie the rope to him would have been chloroformed too. Another idea was to send a sack down for the well-digger to place over the horse's head; but the man himself was not very enthuisastic about this, evidently distrusting the horse's inability tobite through a sack; and personally I did not blame him.

When the man at last came up with as little accomplished as his predecessor, our efforts appeared indeed futile, and I was strongly advised to send for a rifle and put an end to the unfortunate animal's trials at once. However the idea of dooming so good a horse to a miserable end. without trying every means to save him was a hateful one, and the second well-digger was sent down once more with instructions to try and fasten the end of a rope round the horse's mouth. This, after repeated failures, he succeeded in doing, and by hauling on the rope we had the horse trussed so that he could not move his head The well-digger then tried to pass another rope round the animal's shoulders, but failed to do so Instead. he tied it securely to his fore-legs, and then returned to the top. Horrible gurgling sounds were coming from the horse, and it seemed as if he had not much longer to live; time was short, but hope had sprung up once more, and twenty pairs of hands laid hold of the rope It was a strangely fantastic, unreal scene - In the midnight blackness of the high-walled lane, the uncertain gleam of the lanterns lit up what might have been an episode from some mediæval legend, of gnomes that toiled to draw magic waters from some infernal ocean

At first, the rope would not budge, owing no doubt to the suction of the mud on the horse's body. I shived to think of the strain on the poor

beast, and wendered as I hauled whether his fore-legs would come right off or not. At last the rope began to come. It was a great moment Showts of "Allah Akbar!" 'Ya Ali!" "Shabash!" rent the air. I did not dare to leave the rope and look down the well, for fear of what I should see coming up. At last he came. It was difficult work getting him up over the edge of the pit, but at last it was done, and he lay in the mud, unable to move and scarcely breathing, but alive.

To cut a long story short, half an hour later our equine here was comfortably installed in a warm. roomy stable close by. Miraculous to relate, his injuries were slight. was weak, and hardly able to stand, but an hour's vigorous rubbing, a stiff dose of whisky, four blankets and plenty of dry grass put life into him In a week's time, beyond a few scratches, he had nothing to show for Needless to say. his misadventure the well digger who had successfully carried out so risky and unpleasant a job, was liberally rewarded. much of the reward went into his pocket and how much, more Persico, into those of the police who (though they had done nothing to help the night before) officiously brought the well diggers up to the Consulate next morning, is another matter.

Subsequent investigation revealed the interesting fact that in the same lane, in fact within fifty yards of the well in question, there were two other similar wells. Over one of them the earth had already sunk six inches, a fact which did not seem to disturb the owner at all Apparently such wells are sunk when houses are built in towns, to obtain water for building purposes, and when they are no longer required no one ever thinks of doing more than covering them over with sticks and a layer of earth informed afterwards that scores of

such wells existed hidden under the roads of the city, and that it was quite an ordinary thing for them to fall in during wet weather I no longer wonder at the Persian's reluctance to walk the streets of his town on a rainy night Personally, I still wake up at night sometimes

thinking of what it would have been like if my foot had been caught in the stirrup and had been dragged down with the horse There are pleasanter places than the bottom of a forty-foot well on a dark night in the company of a terrified horse struggling and snapping for his life

THE LAND OF THE ANCIENT KINGS.

By F. S. N. Y.

T.

Have you ever thirsted wildly
For the drink that is not there?
Have you ever seen a dusky Queen
At dawn bind up her hair?
Where the rivers rush on madly
Whilst their foaming echo rings,
Where the Arabs dwell (I've named it "Hell")
The Land of the Ancient Kings

II.

This land of ancient history
Where the waving date palms grow
Where the Jackals fight and howl all night
And I dream of a wild beast show
And I've gone to bed o'erheated;
Frogs croak and the cricket sings
With many sighs I close my eyes
In the Land of the Ancient Kings

III.

I dream I'm back in Blighty
"Midst the wintry ice and snow
And my skates they grate as I cut an "eight",
And my blood is all aglow.
But dawn is slowly breaking
With it a new day brings
Once more I rise and curse the flies
In the Land of the Ancient Kings



BY RIDGEWELL



Lone of aways of che ace usine bits of Asha, the ever port of Bases. The middle righ hand sice chiss by M.s. Knox, and due raises the article. From a Bases Window, which appears in this save. The ole also ches are by Priva e Ella, whose six ches are so well known in Mesopotamia.

IV.

Once more, the call of duty
Down the hot road I go
My clothes they stick, the dust is thick,
My boots are white as snow.
Of all the fighting frontiers
Where steel on steel still rings
I roiling heat you cannot beat
This Land of the Ancient Kings

V

When at last I hear that Peace O'er the whole world doth reign I've done my bit, I'll pack my kit And get me home again. Goodbye to bellums, gharries, Mehellas, dhows, and things, Goodbye for aye, I'll gladly say, To the Land of the Ancient Kings

POTTED MEAT.

By J. B. LUSK.

MON N the troopship he earned the soubriquet Get-out-of-them - ham-Get-out-of-them - ham-micks" His was the doubtful distinction of seeing that reveille was and truly carried out. get out of them for hammicks" provided his battle-cry and hammocks slung (of necessity) within convenient reach of his leg-ofmutton fist provided his method That fist and the nether regions of laggards occasionally held argument were few laggards.

It was umpteen weeks after troopship days had become but a memory that we met him again "Getout-of-them-hammicks." we called "What do you think of Mespot now!" 'Think of it," he thundered. "U's a-

hole, and when I go to hell I'll take a -big, thick blanket with me"

Which was cutting But it is a mistake to mention hell in connection with Mesopotamia Hell is more or less respectable.

Every country has its good points They only want finding It is rather unfortunate that the army of occupation is not a multiplied Sherlock Holmes.

It is rumoured—rumours are rare in Mesopotamia—that in the early days a certain O. C. picked out the three most incurable optimists among his victims—pardon, his unit. To them he addressed these words: "Mesopotamia is not wholly damned

Fare forth and find its redeeming features, and when you return I will raise you to exalted heights whence you may survey lesser mortals with scorn. Verily, I will make you sergeants." Filled with hope (and beer) they fared forth R. I P.

Herewith it should be mentioned, for the benefit of those who have been in Mesopotamia long enough to forget it, that beer is a medicine given in very small doses—about a teaspoonful to a glass of water. Its consumption is not encouraged, for it is apt to revive memories of a land where it is much more freely taken. Such memories, of course, do not harmonise with the aims, objects, and ultimate disposal of I E F, "D"

Still, Mesopotamia has its good points As one gentleman put it, there is no need to worry about umbrellas. It does not rain very often, and when it does an umbrella is no good. The author of this great thought is still alive.

The student of Entomology would find the country interesting "Entomology" would also find the student interesting. He would begin with a small collection of insects; insects would finish with a large collection of him

There is one feature of Mesopotama that has not received the attention it deserves. It would allay discontent in Blighty. Here is the recipe: First land in a shade temperature of 129, add a little sandstorm, flavour with torment of insect, keep in a state of perspiration, and nerve fatigue Blighty will be paradise enow.

The pessimist who is firmly convinced that Mesopotamia was the scene of the ten plagues and that they were never revoked is wrong. Ten plagues never could have made Mesopotamia

One great redeeming feature it has, though, and it fills our hearts with joy Some day we'll leave it. Some day.

THE COCKROACH AND THE BUNK.

- (A Tale of the Sea.)

By R. J. SWINHOE.

Wake! For a horrid yelling in the night
Has scattered Slumber into headlong flight—
What is it?—has the "Blankshire" sprung a leak?
Where are the life-belts? Where's the Electric Light!

But scarcely had the first wild screaming died A second Voice then drowsily replied— "When everybody wants to go to sleep "What means this dreadful bellowing inside?"



Then came the answer, trembling in a shrill High-piping treble—loud and louder still "Murder! A cockroach crawling on the bunk! "It's coming nearer—Oh! I feel so ill"

Then in a moment several stood before The cabin, shouting "Squash it on the floor!" Shapes of all sorts and sizes—great and small— Kept crowding in the passage more and more

Bang goes the looking-glass—the tumbler goes, Silver-backed brushes, boots and shoes in rows, But still a shrill crescendo rends the air And sounds of many ill-directed blows.

A Book of Verses sails across the Bow, The water-jug, a piece of soap, and Thou, My fiddle! Like a stringless wilderness, If Joachim could only see it now!

Up came the Quarter-master with the Hose (Thinking the ship on fire, I suppose)

And * * * * that great lubber—the Wild Ass
Stamped round and round, but only hurt his toes

The Stewards and the Stewardesses came, And all the sleepy Lascars joined the game. The Engineers ascended from below— The cockroach came up smiling just the same

Indian Ink.



Some were for taking up the deck, and some For lying low to see which way he'd come O pity take and let the cockroach go-(A Lascar nearly crushed it with his thumb)

Then, while the rest made merry in the room, And tore those Summer dresses in new bloom, The Chief of Stewards underneath the Bunk Peeped—and prepared to Seal the Creature's doom

A moment's halt, a momentary taste Of putting up a fight amid the waste-And lo! the loathsome cockroach tries to gain The Crevice it set out from-Oh make haste!



Underness The Buck.

The Chief of Stewards, scorning to be beat, Stopped up the hole and cut off its retreat— The wretched cockroach boldly faced about, And answered with considerable heat-

"Oh Thou, who hast, with pitfall and with gin "Beset the Hole I want to enter in

"Thou wilt not surely with that dainty shoe "Squash me and spoil it, 'twere a horrid sin"

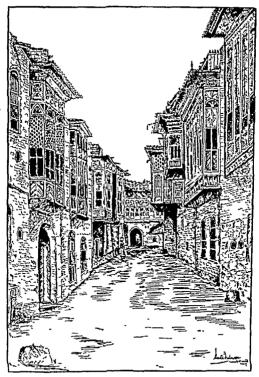


BY MYAUK



BY RIDGEWELL

MESOPOTAMIA OF TO-DAY.



A TYPICAL THOROUGHFARE BY CAPT H FINUNSON

IN A PERSIAN GARDEN



BY MOHAMMERAH

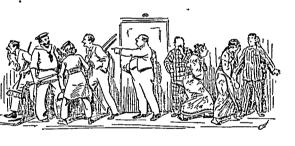
Just I ke 'ome B II.—Dekko Charl e Chapl n

The Cockroach and the Bunk

The crawling Steward strikes, and, having hit, Scrapes up the cockroach—all that's left of it— Leaving behind an evil-looking smear, Salt water won't wash out the stain a bit.

They took a piece of Paper, large and wide, And wrapped the Body carefully inside, Throwing the cockroach, lifeless now and flat, Out of a Port-hole in the Vessel's side

Then those who came—the Lascars and the rest, The Engineers and Stewards, partly drest, Talked for a while outside the Cabin door And one by one crept silently to rest



THE SECRET.

By SHIRLEY MAUREEN HODGKINSON.

nce, long ago, you loved me, ow many lives ago!
y lips have felt your kisses, dream of joy and wee ark head that once I pillowed o sleep agunst my breast, rong arms that used to hold me, ear eyes I kissed to rest.

o much we knew of rapture, rank deep, too deep of pain hen Death our two lives severed o-day we meet again Once long ago, I loved you, Who love you not at all, But still that dim dead passion Half holds me as its thrall

I, careless and indifierent, Yet thrill beneath your touch, And loveless must remember That once I loved you much. Still I have kept my secret And you shall never know That we were love and lover So many lives ago!



1-IN THE REGIMENT

The Regimental Office of the 193RD BURMESE NUTCRACKERS (which might, but for the notice board be mistaken for a cowshed) Seated in various attitudes of despondency (tinged with remorse) the Colonel. the ADJUTANT and the QUARTER MASTER the last named exuding the aroma peculiar to those of his calling, 1 e, napthalene and rancid paste The Colonel is cutting his name on a lead paperweight, with the air of one about to dematerialize Tiring of this he adorns his blotter with abstruse mathematical calculations concerning the amount of rum consumed by the sepoys under his command—calculations based on entirely erroneous grounds, owing to his inability to decide whether a Gill is a part of a Quart or a Quart is a part of a

The Adjutant is sorting out the day's mail into two heaps one of which there is no harm the C O seeing the other of which its just as well he

shouldn't see

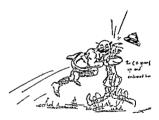
The QUARTERMASTER is as usual toying with a complicated document called I believe a "Delivery Voucher" This is an illegible carbon copy (to the nth degree) of some other document As however, the original document was completely unintelligible illegibility of the copy is not of such moment as might at first appear Enter Second Lieutenant Walters,

IARO, who joined yesterday (See last year's Indian Ink

SECOND LIEUTENANT W Good morn ing my Colonel

A fair morrow to thee, lad though 'tis but a murky morn I fear

SECOND LIEUTENANT W But hist! I come to approach thee on the subject of three months' leave, the which I greatly desire Wot abaht it?



C O (Springing up and embracing him) My Son! Since seeing thy countenance these few moments past 'tis my ardent wish to grant thee thy desire! To my arms!! Three months are thine, take also six months' advance of pay whilst thou art about it, nor hustle thyself unduly in the matter of the repayment thereof Three months will quickly steep themselves in the past three months will quickly dream away the time, and then

the general, bent in front like to a silver bow in Heaven, shall witness the night of our Annual Inspection. Till then, farewell.

(Exit Second-Lieutenant Walters,

somewhat dazed.) ADJUTANT: I see the Inspector of

Accounts is coming to-morrow. (The Quartermaster flies the SO S signal)

C. O.: Ha! That is news indeed. The darkest hour is before the dawn. To-day I feel like a pelican in the wilderness; to-morrow, from out the East, comes the Inspector of . C. O. (moved to tears): Seldom has Accounts So be it. See to it, Quartermaster, that the estimates - (as featured by your various accounts) approach within reasonable proximity the facts as represented by the Cash in the Treasure Chest Indeed, I say this is a happy. dav.

(Whistles two bars of Chopin's Andante Spianato in G, op. 22) ADJ.: Ready for reports, sir?

C. O: Yes: march em in.

ADJ. : March karo, Jemadar Adjectant Sahib.



JEM. ADJECTANT: Achchi, bat. RI-I-TN! KWEE BARCH!! HOWT!!! (Enter Sepoy Karam Singh, muttering "moriturus te saluto" in Panjabi).

·C. O.: Wotcher want be quick don't make a long speech about it get it off your chest don't shout now then-

Sepoy Karam Singh. (reassured), Tin mahine chutti.

C. O: Wotcher want three months'

leave for? . Sepoy K. S: Bahut zaruri makan

girgia mai margia bhai larai se . ana shadi honiwala ghar men bahut lachari tin hazar rupiya ka nuqsan hai ji bahut zaruri han ii----

such a catalogue of woe reached my ears! Yes, my lad, you may go. at your own expense-I'd hate to think of you losing that Ry 3,000 you mention

Sepoy K. S : Apne haraia par nahin ji-sarkari karasa *

C. O .: Lef me understand you The fare to your home is Rs 2-8 gather that if you do not arrive there immediately you forfeit . Rs 3,000 !

SEPOY K. S.: Even so. (Baraba) C. O. s Yet you do not want to spend

Rs 2-8 to save Rs 3,000?

Seroy K. S. : Nahin ji

C. O. (to Jemadar Adjectant): Load - him with chains and cast him into the nearest dungeon · (Sepoy K.S. is seen no more of.men.). ···

C. D.: Next.

(Military evolution as before Enter Sepoy Lal Din, who appears to find the world hollow.)

JEM. ADJECTANT: Attempted Desertion, Sir.

C. O. (in C. O.'s Vernacular): Humko

...tumlo nahin ye hai tum hamare-- waste kyun kaika kis waste? SFFOR LAL DIN: A jif (Panjabi equivalent of "Say it again

slowly ").

C O (in English): Can't understand your own language, dammit Why did you run away!



Seroy L D : Ap mai bap hai

C. O.: I'm not your father and your mother Even if I were the zoological aberration you refer to . I wouldn't boast about it-you're nothing much to look at "Why did you run away?

Sepoy L'D: Ap mai bap hai .

C O.. So you give that as a reason for running away, do you? Insult to injury—ten years' bread and water in the deepest cell beneath the moat.

(Here endeth Sepoy LAL DIN) C O. (to Qr. Mr.): Anything for me before I buzz off?

QR MR.: No, sir; I don't think there's much-you might have

a look at this, perhaps

C. O.: What's it about? . QR MR: Letter from the Brigade asking the percentage of proteids in the class of ghi usually consumed by a man drawing Rs 15 per month

C. O: Snakes! What's a proteid,

anyway?

An: I believe it is a sort of actoryou see 'em advertised at home.

So and so, proteid actor . C O .: Can't be that. Anyway, we've got to give some sort of answer. (To Qr. Mr.): Say ten per cent. Damifino the right answer, but then they evidently don't either, or they wouldn't have asked us. And if they don't know they can't contradict. If they do contradict I shall write and ask why they asked me for information they

already possessed So we've got 'em anyway. Elementary, my dear Watson, elementary

' (And so forth and so on for the next two hours Thus ends another day of toil)

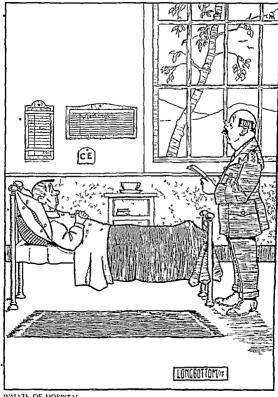
2.-IN. OLYMPUS

SCFNE: Brigade Office Seated R and L. of a large table in the outer room, two indeterminate functionaries with parti-coloured lapels to their coats. They are busily engaged in separating from a large pile of documents those which convey nothing to their minds, but concerning the contents of which they desire enlightenment. Most of the documents join this category. To each of these they append the legend "FORWARDED FOR NECESSARY. ACTION" (without stating what action is necessary -obviously) The "URGENT stamp is then applied con energico, and the documents are distributed -to the various unit commanders in the Brigade, who remark, on receiving them . . .

However. From time to time they exchange timorous whispers, gazing the . while at the door of the inner sanctum, wherein there sits in a state of petulant fermentation THE GENERAL, working out (very often quite unaided) the "apprecia-tion" of an utterly impossible



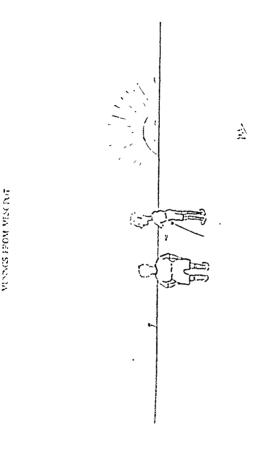
WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS!"



INMATE OF HOSPITAL

And is the operation I kely to be fatal Sur? MEDICAL OFFICER

Dear ne tran!-cons dering the Government is g ving you this operation free, I consider your idle curiosity most unseemly !



To the latter, after passing the particular coloured Cerberuses in the outer room, enter Second-Lieutenant *Walters, I A R O

Gry I am pleased to see you, what can I do for you? Take a seat put your feet up and tell me all about it

2ND I IEUT W Will you recommend me for promotion sir?

GIN With the utmost pleasure I haven't seen you before, and I find you singularly unpreposessing but you have only to ask for what you want What would you like—a_captainey?

2ND LIFUT W Hardly that, sir GEN Well, say a Colonelcy—I could do you a good cheap line in Colonels, pretty filling at the

2ND LIFUT W I think my second star, sir—to begin with—

Star, sir—to begin with—
Gen Your modesty touches me It
shill be done—to day Good bye,
I im glad to have met you
(It starts to rain outside)

BRIGADE MAJOR (to head clerk)
Sergeant Smith where's that

new 'Ungent" stamp I bought yesterday?

SFRGT SMITH It's worn out, sir STAFF CAPTAIN Here's a letter from Government asking the capabilities of the roads in Kashmir as regards motor wheeled transport

BDE MAJ Right Send it to the 740th Narcotics at Cape Cormorin for early report"

. . .

A week later The answer arrives STIFF CAPT Here's an answer about that Kashmir road letter BDE MAJ What do they say?

STAFF CAPT (rends telegram) U A

(i) B T your four three two one
dated one two stroke three stroke
four my five six seven eight over
ten Q dated eight stroke seven
stroke six five begins regret not
in position supply information
required Aaa suggest you apply
Archdencon of York or Officer
Commanding Hong Kong Coast
Artillery ends

(And so on from 10 AM to 11 AM till the Crack of Doom)

LAVERSTOCK DOWNS.

By MARJORIE JOSEPHINE MAYNARD

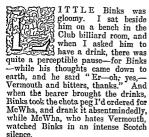
Near Salisbury—city of a spire A river that flows on-jet half asleep, A close—that like a schoolboy lying on his back Watches the clouds and feels their swaying swiftness Near this quaint city of old dreams Streets, alleys and wet meadow paths Laverstock Downs rise high And all along the road towards the downs A little narrow path runs drowsily Yellow with colundines or white with May Pollard willows line a stream's dull course. Tall rushes and fine meadow sweet Feather the air together, Old man's beard a trul Knots, swings, and garlands all the hedges, Cottages sun cheerfully beside the road, Like women gossips in white starchy aprons, Each with her little garden spread before her,

Indian Ink

Where clumps of sunflowers act the grand seigneur Ignore pert cabbages that sit and look at roses, While lavender, pale coloured, perfum'd, wraith like, Gently insistent, grows along each path So runs the winding road to Laverstock And at its ending— Deserted rifle butts dropped in a hollow, With tittered hawthorn bush hung jeeringly above them, A chalk pit kicked by some great giant's heel Out o' the side of the hill-And streaked all russet Or green or bronze by sweet wild sorrel seeding-Hills, slopes and plains and furrow-all once kneaded By some vast monstrous hands in long gone ages-Times well forgot Night comes but slowly-faltering-on the Downs A little tender breeze flits on before Parting the drowsy grasses for her feet— Stirring the still locked branches of the pines, The hills lie cool and solemn as the Moon Glides swiftly to her place above the beeches-Lovely and pale—the fairies' gleaming lamp Watching the world in gentle mockery, Knowing it cannot see her elves and fays, Sprites, goblins, bogles-all Her creatures rare and fanciful-That cling and swing and dance about the stars, Threading the green reflected carpet of the sky With dainty, airy posturings-And at a rustle, gaily are they gone To flower full, grassy hollows—there to wait The coming of another night of Moon Oh gipsy heart !- the Downs are full of echoes-The swift good sound of horses' cantering hoofs-Armies that march—the swinging stride of gods— A poacher's furtive step-a ploughing team Home going heavily from distant furrowed fields Scents catch your heart—gorse glowing vividly— White powdered May-white roses-clematis-Or sweetest earth, when April's fretted crying Gives way to laughter-mood fantastical! A thousand half heard sounds among the grasses The plotting, jerky, scurrying little folk-A thousand half seen colours in the clouds Whose shadows follow low across the fields-The thousand tendernesses of a summer's day In England-where the Downs roll high-or fall To mist hid, cricket haunted valleys Oh, give me back my Downs!—hot in the sun— Fresh under swift winged breezes-and each night caress'd By the soft petal fingers of the Moon-And happy could I dream a life away

A FRAGMENT FROM "OUR STATION."

By LABOR OMNIA VINCIT.



That was the first time I noticed Binks was not his old self. culminated later-much later-in his asking me to have a drink .- and McWha-in fact, there's no use beating about the bush, but there came a night when Binks asked the whole bar to have a drink!!

But I'm a bit previous. Binks, as I say, became absentminded Personally, I began to fear that Binks was sickening for something, or had lost all his money.

Then there came a time when Binks' attendance at the Club became Some nights he didn't irregular. come at all, and other nights he got there only just in time to answer his name when someone was standing the before dinner "short drinks". He looked careworn, but was able to To chaffing drink a Vermouth. enquiries he returned evasive replies, accompanied by a sickly smile, and changed the subject Then he began to desert his seat on the billiard room The game of billiards often had to get along without his advice, and criticism of the shots! His scathing enquiry "Why didn't you go

in off the white?" or his entirely

gratuitous statement that "You put the wrong side on!" became less and less frequent He took to the reading room, and froze on to the "Spectator" and "Town Topics," "Nineteenth Century" or "Looker-On" with absolute impartiality, for hours at

a stretch It was uncanny.

After a two nights' absence from the Club on Binks' part, I called for him at his bungalow on the third evening. He didn't seem to have heard my Ford coming-a most remarkable thing and I put it down to the thunder which was rumbling round at the time -and I surprised him in his office He got up in a hurried, shy sort of way, and hastily covered up something he was writing, and shoved into a heap a large quantity of written stuff. And then I noticed on his table, and the floor beyond the arc of the reading lamp's light, copies of, I should imagine, every known periodical, English and American, and prominent amongst them I saw last year's " Indian Ink." Quite a Wheeler's Bookstall must have cost him a fortune! Binks put on his coat, and hurried me out to the car, talking fast, and we got to the Club without my getting the slightest chance to pump him as to his strange behaviour.

Then came a brief period when he cultivated Mrs. Blank. Mrs Blank is the greatest literary expert and critic of Our Club She can tell you with unerring precision which are the "Rather naughty" books She doesn't approve of that sort, but is fair enough not to condemn them unread. She can also tell enquirers which are the "pretty" books; and freely praises a new "quite the best War book" every month. I overheard her telling Binks that the incident in Patrick McGill's book, where the men eat bread with the human blood on it was

"so fine and refreshing."

A few weeks later Binks' tie-he wears bow ties-got fluffier, a sort of "artist" touch you know, and Binks grew more cheerful One evening he quite agreed with Lloyd George's policy, and Haig's strategy! Need I say more?

It was just about this period that I found Binks in the reading room one evening. He suddenly turned on me and said.

"What do you think of 'Indian Ink' ?"

For one startled moment I thought it was some new drink with a catchy American name, but only for a moment and said

"Quite good. Why?"

Binks said "Oh, nothing !" so I went

away again

I was having a chat with Binks a few days later. He said he felt he was not doing enough for the War. He said "I've no money, I'm not fit to fight, but by gad, I can use my brain!"

I applauded so loudly that McWha looked fixedly at us over the tops of his spectacles and the "Aberdeen Journal."

I said "How?"

Binks said, loftily, "Oh, there are ways if only one seeks them out," and I felt quite humble.

Binks went on, "Look at 'Indian Ink!' Look at the people who have used their brains, and all for the War Fund;-titled people, army people, Judges, lawyers, and what not. Why can't we do it?"

I said "Search me!" and emptied

my glass.

I've counted 'em in last year's issue" said Binks "Just thinkthere were

1 Duchess.

2 Ladies,

1 Sir,

1 Honourable,

1 Major,

1 Captain,

1 I.C.S.

and Eardley Norton and Lady Carmichael herself painted a picture for it! Think of it, old man." said Binks, waxing eloquent, "think what priceless brains are there-what thought and work went into the making?"

I quite agreed in an awestruck

whisper, and added

"What about it?"

Binks leant forward, after glancing round the room, and said

"Old boy, I've trained my brain, and I'm going to join em this

. I tendered my congratulations, and wished him "God-speed." "Yes," said Binks, "it's nearly finished, and the devil's own job it's been too, knocking it off."

Thinking of Binks' three months of misery and toil, "What," I enquired,

"have you knocked?"

"Oh, a little thing," said Binks "It's rather amusing you know, and has a touch of pathos in one part,-Tell you the truth, I didn't know I was such a fool, but I shed a tear myself as I wrote it-and just to make the whole thing acceptable to the Editor you know-I put in a bit of advice to mankind so to speak, and padded it out with a few descriptive bits. You know the idea, don't you ? "

I said I did—perfectly. "I shall have it finished and typed

by Friday," said Binks

And sure enough, on Friday evening

Binks rolled up to the Club at his old time, wreathed in smiles, and looking

like a bridegroom

Am I a traitor? I trust not .. I merely went home and wrote down what you have read, and sent it to the Editor. But if you search these pages through and through, you'll not find a word written by poor little Binks.

THE "LOOKER-ON" AND ITS ARTISTS.

N certain respects the twelve months which have passed since the list appearance of Indian Int. may be looked upon as a rid letter year in the history of art as applied to periodicals in India. For the twelve was 1017 which have a the

letter year in the history of art as it is the year 1917 which has seen the Culcutta of that appearance 1Π popular fortnightly The Looler On and its discovery of a band of black and white artists all of them good and one or two of such out standing ability that they need fear no adverse comparison with the best that London or America can produce We have to thank the promoters of that journal for permission reproduce on the accompanying pages a selection of the more outstanding pictures which have appeared in their issues. The selection has been made as representative as possible of the ability which has been discovered

India though moderately prolific of writers has never hitherto proved for itself a kindly country cartoonist and the humorous artist we take ourselves seriously or perhaps we were not sufficiently cordial towards the talent which from time to time expressed Perhaps we looked too exclu sively to Europe for the tickling of our humour -perhaps-we were too obsessed by the notion-not unknown also l—that < directions nothing of first rate merit could be looked for in India So we did not look for it and more important we did not recognise it on the few occasions when we found it ittitude of mind is what is called Provincialism And just as it has broken down in other directions so it is breaking down in the field with which this article is more particularly

It would be wrong of course, to

concurned

declare that the humorous artist was previously unknown Our own past issues and the present one would falsify any such statement put it another way Ten years ago it is safe to say there was not a single black and white humorist known to the reading public outside the prolific draftsman whose work on the Handa of Bombay had a public limited both by the topics he selected and by the methods of reproduction then possible to him India was not devoid of talent but the means of publicity were lacking know the work of Mr A S Barrow a dozen years ago regret that the pleasure it gave should have been confined to the circle of his personal Let it was mevitable it should have been so Our own pages were not then in existence and there was no Looler On in those days to provide a more frequent incentive to him to widen the circle of those who admired his playful humour The pages of the London Tatler now provide evidence of his alert and well informed editorship but they unfortunately not examples of his pencil work others half a dozen could be mentioned in private ways of life-official or mercantile-who could have sought a wider field with success but there was then no wider field for them to seek

Some half dozen years later saw the rise to reputation of four humorous artists Of the e two are well known subscribers of Indian Mr Frank Leah has a happy knack at catching a likene's and exaggerating it and he had the journalistic training which gave the topical touch to all he His departure from India last year deprived Indian Ink of the strong support he had given it in previous issues but he should soon begin to be heard of at Home if he can concentrate him elf upon his talent

Mr Roy Simmons was better known on the Bombay side than in Calcutta and his connection with India has been severed, only temporarily we hope, by the War The third in order of appearance was Major Alves whose delightfully fantastic vein of imagination is so well known to our readers A puticularly example of his military appears in our current issue, illus trated cheerily by himself Mention must also be made of Mr Jones of Burma-also a contributor to Indian In!-and to the very fine coloured cartoons of Indian life which have been a noteworthy feature recently of the successive Christmas numbers of the Times of Illustrated The Rangoon Christmas numbers may also be mentioned in the publicity they give to Mr Martin Jones

To this list of names scanty in numbers though not in achievement, the Lool er On has added five artists who contribute pretty regularly to its Ridgewell, Mrs Towler, Douglas Rae, Pte Longbottom and "Rosk" Examples of the work of four of these are given on the opposite

and succeeding pages

Mrs Towler is represented by her poster "Chili?", the most graceful and satisfying piece of work of its class that has ever been produced in the East It is a pity that she has of late had less time than before to devote to illustration

Ridgewell has at least two distinct lines of interest On the political side we give his grimly effective "Harvester" and the ' Losing His Grip" which pourtrays powerful the figure of Prussian militarism under a not mappropriate guise his soldier pictures Ridgewell has the sure touch of one who knows and a kindly wealth of invention Territorial will ever leave India with quite so big a hoard as is depicted in

his "19-? Return from Blight, But they probably all wish they could The Sergeant-Major affords a frequent butt of his humour and perhaps the best of them all is his "Waxing the Sergeant Major's Moustache" in which that important military operation is invested with proper circumstance and dignity It is difficult to make a choice among his other Regimental subjects one has his own especial favourite "The Man who poked the Sergeant Major in the Ribs" was a soldier of reckless courage The disastrous effect on Nature and Mankind is shown in its background

"Rosk" is fertile in ideas but sometimes shows a carelessness in developing them His suggestions for the training of the Calcutta I D F can have been of no possible use to any anxious Colonel desirous making good Perhaps his best effort is "Preoccupied' which we have

selected for reproduction

Newest among the Looker On artists is "Longbottom" whose "Terrors of the Terriers" show a continuous improvement from issue In his case we have a striking instance of the value of a publication appearing fairly frequent ly in producing rapid development in a contributor He is already feeling his feet and the next few months should show an even greater deftness and surety of touch

Such, then, is the record of the Looker On in the field of black and white art In the letter press it deals with the news of the day in India in a light gossippy fashion which has commended itself to its leaders, both in India and at Home where many wish to keep themselves in touch with the life and interests of their friends in India in a more informal manner than is possible to a daily paper With only a few exceptions almost the illustrators of India have contri

THE "LOOKER-ON" AND ITS ARTISTS I.





War's Harvester



19- ? The return to Bi ghty



Loung has grop.

THE "LOOKER ON" AND ITS ARTISTS II



Peoccuped How the H sp al ship escaped



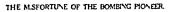
Wa ng he Se gean Mao a mous ache



A Terrie a feelings on being Court Mart alled.



The man who poked be Sergean Major m herbs,





THE PRICE OF CONQUEST. BY LIEUT, CARUS WILSON. buted even if only once or twice to its columns. Outside its circle at present the only of six unding name is that of Mr. Gogonendr unath Tagore. Apart from his serious work. Mr. Tagore has a taste for caricature to which latterly he has devoted some time. One volume of his pictorial status on Benguli life has already been published and another is in prepara

tion In example of his work appears in this issue The Harmonia and it is interesting to compare it with The Philosopher by Mr Abnendranath Tagore which we were permitted to publish last year. There is thought and power ful imagination in both of them. Two qualities which make The Carticon.

THE MUNITIONS ALPHABET.

By G R C

- A For Artillery Is'nt it strange?
 No kitchen in England has not such a range
- B Is the Bomb projected from trenches And handled in workshop by hefty young wenches
- C Is the Cartridge case used with a shell It makes a nice gong or an ash tray as well
- D Detonators which gunners abuse
 If anything ever goes wrong with a fuze
- The Γ\ploder Container whose wheeze is
 To be as eccentric as ever it pleases
- I Is the Puze and when properly fired
 The shell will do everything else that a required
- G Is the Gaine without which the fuze
 Its bad reputation at Whitehall might lose
- H Is the Highest Explosive in guns Which obedient to orders annihilates Huns
- I The Incendiary Shell is a terror And burns you to ashes to obviate error
- J Is for Jellite I shouldn't advise you To sniff it or else the results may surprise you
- A Is the Leenness with which the staff seel To work fifty hours at least in the week.
- L Is for Lewis whose weapon the Yanks Refused but which England accepted with thanks
- M Is the Ministry labour is joy While the staff and their friends don't despise the Savov

Indian Ink.

- N Is the Nine point two gun and I ve heard '
 That in accurate shooting it's just the last word
- O Obturator expression absuid

 Its just like the Navy to use such a word
- P Is the Primer all polished and round Without which no cartridge case ought to be found.
- Q Is Q F Ammunition required By millions and millions so first is it fired
- R Is the absolute certain Rejection Awaiting all items that don't reach perfection
- S Is the Shell which gives all the trouble
 That properly handled should burst like a bubble
- T Is the Truth which is never revealed Except when it carefully should be concealed
- U Is the Uniform just the right shade For a trim little neat little bright little maid
- V Is the Vent Seeking Tube of Percussion Whose wayward behaviour his crused much discussion
- W Is Weight which judged by statistics Has very important effects in billistics
- A Is Unknown its the pay of the staff
 Which is working for nothing in England's behalf
- Y Is the Youth on the eighth or ninth floor Who is madly in love with the typist next door
- Z Is the Zest which these young people bring To the Service of Ministry Country and King

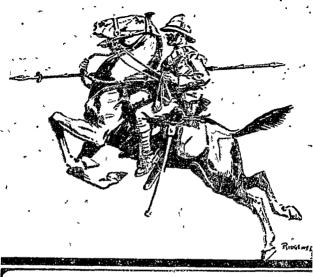
THE COQUETTE'S FATE.

By CAPTAIN C WEBB JOHNSON

Come she would murmur to the wind And like the wind he came To plend his worship but to find No answers to his claim

So through the months the fair coquette Played truant to his pleas Kissed hack his fervent kisses yet Refused to cross Love s seas His pleadings woke no sign or sound No passion could entice And fervent kisses only found A Goddess made of ice

One day Love smote her on the breeze
She bade him he her mate
And heard Death's answer through the tr
You summon Love too late



INDIAN INK

THE INDIAN IMPERIAL WAR FUND ANNUAL

Indian Ink

- N Is the Nine point two gun and I've heard . That in accurate shooting, it's just the last word.
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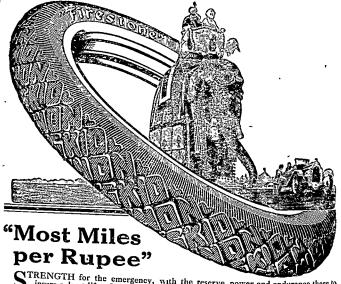
Refused to cross Love's seas

One day Love smote her · on the breeze She bade him be her mate, . And heard Death's answer through th "You summon Love too late."

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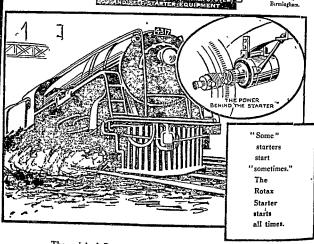
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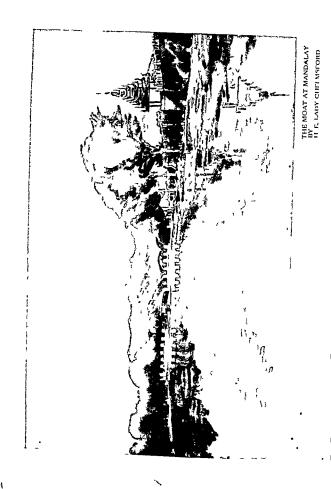
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By H E Lady Cleimsford By C H Golden By Philip Greaves By Ridgewell By Myauk By Myauk By Ridgewell By Ridgewell By C H Golden By T Martin Jones By Philip Greaves By T Martin Jones By A R Acott By Myauk By Phil p Greaves By A R Acott By Helen Monro By Reg Jordan By 7 Martin Jones By Longbottom By Ridgewell By Chanchal K Bunnerice





"Oh-who wouldn't be a soldier And sail the wintry sea With the skipper's little daughter To bear him company!"

MRS HEWANS

I never tire of writing about it You, no doubt, tired of reading my articles about it, but that doesn't concern me. I'm writing this one for nothing, and if you are one of those chaps that look gift horses in the mouth-well, you can buzz off: You're no use in this vicinity "The Indian Army's the place for me," Said Casar to his son-The son replied, " are you aware The battle's just begun?" "Ah, so it has," said Julius C. "But I hardly think I'll stay; We're down to fight the Nervi On Tuesday-that's to-day I don't much care for Nervii. They're a low class kind of foe. Besides, I overcame them Less than a week ago"

IT'S a jolly old place, the Army,

I am full of soulful little historical poems like that—I could go on by the yard. I composed two very beautiful military stanzas only this morning on being asked for leave by one of my young officers. I report the incident thus.—

"Here, you," thundered soung Ruley to me (his C O) as he strode into the orderly room fortified with that sense of moral rectitude and righteousness which is the hall mark of the younger officers of the Indian Army of to day—"Here, you listen':—

"The juice in the thermometer Is rising very high: My constitution will not stand A change quite so dry. So I intend to go on leave. The third week in July.

INDIAN INK.



I'll come back soon—of course I can't Exactly fix the day, But you, of course, will do my work So long as I'm away So tell your clerk to give me now A month's advance of pay,

(And hurry up about it, please, You know I hate delay")

As I said before—or meant to have said, if I didn't—there's no life like that of an officer of the Indian Army —Incident? Gee! It's all incident. It's like being a doctor in a London hospital—you have to tackle every kind of disorder, Generals, Colonels, Sepoys, D.D.O's, Staff Officers of every calibre (each making a different sort of noise), people in clothing factories and arsenals who only write with indelible (and illegible) pencils through six thicknesses of carbon paper, and so on and so forth ad naus—infinitum, I mean.



INDIAN ARMY REFLECTIONS

I must say I love the sepoy—he's as good as a week at the seaside to me I love to see him putting his boots on the wrong feet, so that he can only manage the outside edge backwards; I love to see him carrying out fine adjustments inside a maxim-gun or a heliograph with a pickaxe and a brick—it savours of initiative and healthy refusal to be confined to a groove

I love to watch him trying to wheel a bicycle along a road, skinning his shin every time the pedal comes round, and finally doing a high dive into the middle of it. I love to hear him transposing words, calling Luchinos, Nucklov, or a chapi (kmfe), a kachi, or a batakh (duck), a bagat Imagine yourself calling London Donlon, or asking for the tubber when you wanted the butter, or going for a joy-ride in what the sepoy calls a mutton cart!

I believe strongly in looking personally after the welfare, not only of

my sepoys, but also of their families and dependents. I flatter myself that I have, in recent years, saved the lives of thousands of innocent villagers in the Panjab (who would otherwise have perished) by my care on their behalf. The way I have done this has been by refusing to grant leave to sepors for any purpose whatever I discovered long ago that no calamity or fatality ever overtook a sepoy or his relations unless that sepoy went on leave-and even then not until his period of leave was about to expire. I took statistics and discovered that more than 80 per cent of the men who went on leave suffered domestic bereavement or damage to house property within a few days of the expiry of their leave Mothers mysteriously departed this life (sometimes for the second time in their career), houses fell down, brothers became suddenly and dangerously ill, and so on The astrologers who fix auspicious days for marriages



invariably found the stars so arranged that extra leave was necessary for the happy function, and I made the extraordinary discovery that if the extra leave were not forthcoming, the unhappy sepoy's house at once fell down Think of the distress I saved by stopping this dangerous leave. By so doing, I also stemmed the flow into my office of such telegrams as:

"Brother dangerously ill, see face, grant extension 10 days," or

"Wife boring several children, extend leave, house fallen down"

"Wife boring several children" pleased me. I thought at first of some Molochian human sacrificial rite, but on second thoughts translated it as the placing of a cloud of new arrows in the quiver of the happy husband, to whom I nearly gave leave on the strength of it. However, as I undoubtedly saved the lives of his entire family by not doing so, my

conscience is clear. My dear Sir,-talk about London being full of free amusement-pheuch! mooch about and observe your sepoys; it beats London hollow. You never see a chap in London suddenly sit down on the pavement, take off his shirt and search for Heteroptera, Ctenocephali or Pulices. When you give a sepoy a cigarette he doesn't put it in his mouth and smoke it like an ordinary human -he shuts up his fist and pokes the cigarette into the little finger end and sucks air (and dam little smoke) inrough the other with a noise like bath water running down the plug. In London the best people (Financiers, Bank Managers, Actors, etc.), don't smoke their cigars in this way-it would be considered unusual. Sepoys do many other things that are not done in London. They say their prayers, corampopulo, at any time or

in any place. If you've ever seen a chap kneel down for a quarter of an hour and say his prayers, say at noon in the middle of Fleet Street, well, you've seen more than I have.*

But sepoys aren't the only pebbles on the Indian Army beach—not by long chalks. If the eccentric, though not unprepossessing Editor of this hardy annual handed me over the entire space in his pages, I could fill it all up, instructively and veraciously, with an account of other pebbles I should think that, for its size, the Indian Army holds more strange types than any other profession, 'except perhaps the Church.

To start off with, you have only to gaze at a photograph of a group of gentleman cadets to see that when you enter Sandhurst you enter a world peopled with strange people. You meet people there who set your room on fire for a joke and forget to mention the fact to the Fire Brigade; people who put into the practical experimental stage, the theories of the "Fortifug" instructor, by making fougasses, out of scuttles full of coal in your room, and blowing out the door and half the wall just as you turn the handle to go in; people who consider ornamental cannon much more ornamental when they lie at the bottom of an ornamental lake; people who secretly substitute confidential domestic utensils or female garments for the Union Jack on the flagstaff, people who unobtrusively stuff the bugler's bugle with bread, so that when suddenly called on by some official for a clarion blast ("Fall in, or something equally ungentlemanly) nought happens but a mighty rushing wind through the bugler's nose, what time his eyes shoot out some ten

í

^{*}My auk forgets the dustman who, falling off his ladder and burying himself beneath a binfel of ashes and garbage, "just sat up and told God all about it!"—ED, I. I.

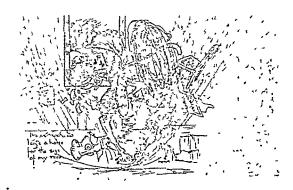
INDIAN ARMY REPLECTIONS

niches it the end of wet stringy looking things, people who-

But that sentence is about long enough Where do all these strange people go in after life? Into the Army, of course, and a good many of them into the Indian Arms Do they lose, thereby, their eccentricities? Yes about as much as an Ethiopian changes her spots One of them seems to have straved round my way Going to bed rather tired a few nights ago I found a horse shut up in my bed room. It was a large horse-to tell you the truth it was much too large for the size of the room It was not a gentle horse, I think it was one of those horses they call mustangs Ιt

appeared to have been recently imported from the steppes of Kirghiz, or wherever it is that extremely fierce wild horses come from Judging from the state of the room one might be pardoned for thinking it had been there several months though in reality it had been there less than two hours, at least I didn't notice it in the room when I was there two hours before (It might of course have been under the bed)

I believe in Lindness towards animals especially Kirghiz mustangs so I merely asked it to go away, as I wasn't needing a horse just then I wasn't needing a horse just then I hie the finest Kirghiz hay. The horse



however must have misunderstood me as all it did in response to my request was to stand up on its front legs and waggle its back ones in the air like a chap riding a bicycle upside down

Broadly spenling this was not what I had intended When he had scratched down about four hundred weight of ceiling he resumed his normal horizontal position but in some with ou other he had his two hindlegs through the door of the almirah

Kindness I said is lost on a mustang from the steppes of Kirghiz the time is ripe for heroic measures Cautiously (from the outside) I opened all the doors and then (also from outside) let off my revolver horse recalling some wild escapade of his early youth at Kizil Kum shool himself free from the (disinfegrating it at the same time) and tore round the room like a dog chasing a musk rat Such was his speed that he was unable to get round the corners without running up the wall as one does at Brool As his pice increased he forsook the floor altogether and assuming a more and more horizontal position maintained a frightful rate of speed round the walls-held there by centrifugal force-for all the world like a pea in a drum

It was not till the end wall of the house cume out—and the mustang with it—that I felt justified in descending from the palm tree (up which I had climbed in search of the nest of a duck billed platypus I had seen hovering round recently) and going to bed

Elicu fugaces' (So they tell me)—
we ve had some rummy coves
knocking ar und these few years back
One strange chap I knew used to get
hygeine spasms He only ate beans
and had the starcase taken out of his

bungalow so that he got his exercise by climbing to his bed room upstairs by a rope. He didn't last long he went up the spout with spontaneous combustion. Another dain feller—an adjustant—used to test recruits nerves by creeping up behind them and firing off a revolver about an inch from their ears. Those who dropped dead of heart disease were rejected as unfit from the others he got some of the finest standing high jumpers ever known in the Indian Army.

Well well I suppose you've read about enough of this rubbish havent you? What's that? A but more poetry? Right—anything to oblige Herewith (E and O E)—

When the General inspects you He's as ratty as can be But it takes a good deal more than that To really worry me When the CO has a liver on And all he says is D—
It takes a dash sight more than that To really worry me When Adjutants are uppsh (As they re rather apt to be) Dyou really mean to say you think

That that would worry me?
The Quartermonger has a smelly
Job but as it s he
That has to do it, not your humble

That don't worry me
Though every Indian Officer
Is redolent of ghee

So long as I am strong and well
That doesn't worry me
Though the sepoy is a liar
As fluent as can be

Im a dam sight bigger one myself And that don't worry me!

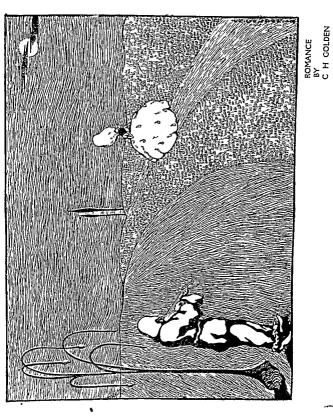
But hes a darned good chap all round is the hairy old sepoy you take

it from me

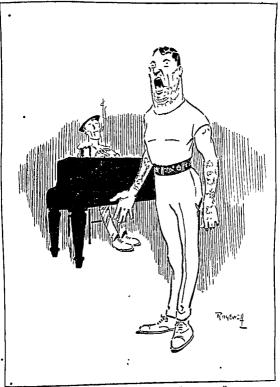
Time I shut up now—I smell Irish

step, in the office. It a me for the

stew in the offing It's me for the Hindu hash Chin chin old son be good till next year







"You called me Baby Doll a year ago."
BY
RIDGEWELL

WHEN THE HUNS ARRIVE

"The Fight."

By C. M. SANDERSON

Twas on the Sea, 'twas on the Earth War was in the Air.
The tramp of men The Roll of guns The trembling Women's Stare Vibrated was the Empire Right to her furthest shore, For Britain stood by Belgium When the Huns made war.

'Twas on the Sea, 'twas on the Earth
War was in the Air.
The furnace blast The rush of Troops
The hammering and the glare.
Determined was the Nation
To avenge such dire affront,
So they hastened To their glory,
And shouldered—the brunt

Twas on the Sea, 'twas on the Earth War was in the Air
The wounded come The muffled drum The overwhelming care
Thrilled The Women of England
Went forth, and hand in hand,
They nursed, and strove in workshops,
A gallant band

'Twas on the Sea, 'twas on the Earth
War was in the Air
The Men-o'-War The Merchantmen
Heroic bravery there,
They watched while the tempest thundered
When the "U boats" fired their guns,
They cheered, these drowning seamen
Facing—The Huns

'Twas on the Sea, 'twas on the Earth
War was in the Air.
Firm she stands, with clean white hands
The Island, who did dare
Dared to face the danger,
Dared to do the right.
Who trusted in Her Children
To fight—the fight.

Retribution.

B) DAISY LAWRENCE-BROWN.

UMOUR ran fleet-footed through the bazaar. The Pundit's only child, a boy of twelve years, and his chaprassi were missing. They had set out for school one morning and they had never been heard of since. Nothing that the Police did could gain the least clue to

the mystery.

Another trouble weighed on the Pundit's mind. He was indebted to the Lalla-jee, the wealthy grain-merchant in the Mundi, for large sums of money which he had borrowed from time to time. It was whispered he used this money to finance sinister schemes Nobody named any, but it was felt they were coggently seditious The Pundit never came within the grip of the law; he was lawyer enough to keep just outside it.

The Lalla-jee had threatened to bring a suit against him for the recovery of his loans, but he must have known a very good reason for using the discretion so often quoted to be better than valour. At any rate it was well known that between the Pundit and the Lalla-jee it was war to the knife!

One evening, at sun-set, a fakir came to the Khoti to ask alms. When the Pundit had given him a few copper pice he asked the Pundit if he might speak with him privately. The Pundit took him up a few steps into a room that overlooked the garden, and standing near an open window he began.

"Hi Hi! Puntit-jee, the tears of two thousand eyes fall with thine own, but they that weep in mourning shall weep in joy!"

"How so?" asked the Pundit. "Can the faggots that are sodden with wet be coaxed into flames?"

"Nay! But the tears that drench thy heart do not rot it; they wash away the sands of despair, and a cleaner dryness begets a brighter burning! There is hope!"

The Pundit scanned the face of the

religious mendicant.

"There is no hope!" he objected "There is much hope," repeated the fakir. "And thy loss hath taught thee the value of thy son's life. His restoration will enhance thy joy of renewed possession."

"Who will restore him?"

"Ah, Pundit-jee, I can tell thee things that will bring the light to thine eyes, the smile to thy lips, and the balance to thy shoulders. But the things I will tell thee are for thine ear alone, and if thou art tempted to tell another, and do it, remember thou hast eaten the sacred flesh of a cow!"

In India there is no greater surety against betrayal of an oath. In the case of a Mahomedan it would have

been the flesh of a pig.

"Tell me soon, and thou shalt earn a due reward," promised the Pandit.
What the fahir told the Pundit

What the fakir told the Pundit brought back the light to his eyes, the smile to his lips, and the balance to his shoulders, even as the mendicant had

promised.

The next morning the Pundit re-

ceived a call from the District Superintendent of Police.

"Have you any further news,

Pundit?" he asked.

"Has there ever been any?" the Pundit fenced. "However, I have heard from a very reliable source that the boy, and the chaprassi are in London."

The D. S. P. was swept off his official feet.

"Incredible!" he exclaimed.

í

I am not surprised that you should deny it credence," the Pundit replied "Nevertheless the fact remains he is there," he said crisply.

"How did he get there?" asked the D. S. P.

"Sir! How does anybody, and everybody get there? Are there no railways, no steamers?"

The D. S. P. ignored the implied

impertinence.

"What I mean is this, how on earth could he set out for school and suddenly decide on a trip to London, and carry it through? There is a financial side to the question, which is the biggest!"

"Certainly! But some friends of mine were going, and they invited him to join them. It was a practical joke."

The D. S. P. looked long and straight at the Pundit When he left him he soliloquized, "The man is raving mad! The trouble has been too much for his mind!"

And the Pundit said to the disappearing D. S. P., "This is a deeper game than you can play, my English gentleman!"

11

It was a gloomy August evening. The air was big with the threat of a heavy downpour, and inky shadows stained the paths and lawns. Faint glimmerings of light filtered through the dense foliage of the mango-trees that entirely hid the Pundit's Khoti. Late mangoes lingered on the branches, and below the trees general untidiness prevailed where the fruit seller Govind, and his wife Mothi, had set up a temporary encampment.

A dhoby came up the drive, saying things to his overburdened donkey that certainly did not sound like encourage-

ment.

"Is it Hira Lal?" challenged the fruit seller from his charpoy where he sat smoking a cheelum, or clay pipe.

"I come from the ghat, brother. This son of a pig will not make speed, · and even the son of an owl can see there is water in those clouds."

"The ghat is far, and the animal is small, brother," pleaded Govind.

"True words! But the clothes in the bundles are dry and fit for the irons. If they get soaked, how shall I dry them in time to deliver the wash on the day after to-morrow?"

"What news of the lost one?" asked

Govind. "What can I say? Are not the affairs

of the noble ones far removed from our knowledge?"

"They weep at the Khoti, the

women," remarked Govind.

"Assuredly! Men know the value of the fruit of their gathering, but only women know the value of the fruit of their bearing."

It was a remarkable speech for a dhoby, but the Indian mind is replete

with metaphor.

"Ram, Ram!" the dhoby said in grave farewell.

"Ram, Ram, brother!" returned

Govind. When he had disappeared round the

bend in the drive Mothi remarked "That was not Hira Lal, the dhoby" "How dost thou know, foolish one?"

asked Govind with scant courtesy.

"Hath Hira Lal so much height and so much girth of waist?" Mothi aueried.

"Hold thy noise, woman! Art thou calling for trouble? Yet will thy tongue betray what thine eyes ought never to have seen."

"And yet will thy tongue betray thine eyes hath not seen enough!"

retorted Mothi.

A little later the rain-storm burst, flooding the compound already satiated with daily downpours Govind and Mothi, and their little son, Boonoo, found shelter on the back verandah of the Khoti Through one of the closed doors a ray of light shot on to the Mothi stole up to the door and a careless adjustment of the purdah allowed some satisfaction of her curiosity. What she saw kept her spell-bound.

"Come hither!" commanded Govind.
"What trouble art thou seeking now?
If the chowkidar sees thee he will turn
us out into the wet, and the night-air

will kill thy brat!"

Mothi looked urgently at Govind, then flew to her brat and held him close to her bosom. "O little dry leaf," she cooed, "what did thy father say, the night-air shall kill thee? Never, never! Thou shall learn to eat the night-air, and it shall never eat thee!" Remembering that to disclaim the value of one's possessions is to appease the jealous and greedy gods, Mothi continued: "O hideous owl-man! Thou art yellow, thou art thin! Thou art wicked! Not even the great ones who covet the child-people would ever take thee from thy mother. What curse is this that maketh me thy mother?"

And every act, every tone, every look belied the speech. At twenty-two the joy of motherhood is a radiant thing; and Indian women are eminently good mothers.

She pushed her off-spring to sleep and laid him by his father. Then she stole up to the door again. The rain had spent its weight and now a fine drizzle fell noiselessly. She saw the Pundit showing his son to the old grandmother who had just arrived. He pointed to the right arm which was deprived of its hand from the elbow; he opened the child's mouth which had been deprived of the tongue. scattered a few bits of blank paper on the floor, and then he said with passion, too urgent, too strong to restrain his tones; "Do you see all that? The hands that deprived that arm of its hand to write shall lie ten feet from their body pointing east and west in the heart of the Mundi, the hands even

that wrenched that tongue! The mind that conceived the plot and sent me those blank sheets of paper shall rave in the delirium of torture! New accounts will be written and kept in hell! The body of the son of a pig who stole my son's body in fragments shall lie in fragments too on the highway, open repast for the greedy beaks and claws of his kindred crows! He shall le like a pariah at the feet of the defiled, even lepers shall scorn to touch his remains! Mothi was scared. She stole back to

the dark corner, and fell asleep.

During the night she was rudely awakened by someone stumbling over her. She sat up, but did not cry out. When people sleep habitually on the floor in crowded apartments, nocturnal promenades over their limbs are taken

as a matter of course.

She quickly lay down again, and through half shut eyes watched the figure. It stole up to the same door, and there she saw, by the reflected light from within, the face of the Lalla-jee. The look of satisfied triumph on it did not escape her shrewd scrutiny.

"They are the hands that did that dirty work," she commented mentally. But she lay very still. The Lalla-jee purposely stumbled over her feet in going out, and stopped to see if she would waken, but Mothi was uncommonly shrewd. She was dead to the world in the Lalla-jee's opinion, and he went off satisfied.

The next morning, before the dawn had wakened most people, Mothi was preparing breakfast under the trees. The business entailed a good deal of wood-smoke, and much wailing from Boonoo.

"Come to thy father, son of my

life," coaxed Govind.

"Ay! Take the son of an owl to see the frog-people in the pond," suggested. Mothi with unconscious humour, "he

RETRIBUTION:

hath pleasure in watching them." She shuddered at the thought. Frog people, to her, were an ubiquitous pest.

" Didst thou see the Lalla-jee praying in at the door on the verandah last

night?" she asked.

Govind admonished her glib trick of speech.

"The ropes shall swing thee to hell yet" he predicted. "Women were

better born dumb."

Mothi, unabashed, continued to tell Govind of all she had seen and heard He listened intently enough, but when he walked away with his burden of love he confided to it the fact that in his opinion women were unscrupulous chatterers. Boonoo at this early stage of his career had little interest in women's ways, and the problem of their, volubility sat lightly in his mind if it sat there at all.

"Thy mother goeth in search of hanging," Govind said cheerfully.

III.

The bazaar was agog with excitement. Everywhere tit-bits of gossip flew about through the masses like scarlet-winged birds Details of revolting crimes have a charm for the Indian mind that surpasses comprehension, Everybody was telling everybody else that the Lalla-iee had been murdered the previous night and that his body had been found lying in fragments on the highway in the Mundi. There was not a trace of the criminals; of course the plot could not have been carried out by one man. The women in the Lalla-jee's household had not seen him after 10 P M. on the previous night.

From everywhere crowds came surging towards the thana, old and young of both sexes, and they craned, their necks, and hustled each other to see what was going on within.

Mothi and Govind had recently returned to their hut in the hamlet by the river, the mangoes having given out. It was the big bazaar day, and Mothi coming to the city to replenish her stores stopped at a hydrant to partake of its tepid refreshment. There she encountered several willing gossips and what she heard sent her flying in the direction of the thana too.

- Standing in the crowd her quick brain relived all the old impressions, She was just deciding that the Lallaice's murder and the loss of the Pundit's son were in some way connected one with the other when an onlooker observed

"These are dark days! So many evils have happened."

Mothi was startled, but she said;

"Even the mighty are fallen," unconciously plagiarising the Scriptures. "First the loss of the Pundit's son and now the atrocious murder of the Lallaiee," said the onlooker.

Mothi stole a glance at his face, not without grave suspicion, but

appeared to be soliloquizing

Mothi moved away. The many and urgent exhortations to silence from the worthy Govind had begun to influence

her discretion.

She saw a policeman in the crowd and, evidently picturing the ropes in his hands that were so often predicted as her means of transport into the next world, she flew to the stalls, put in her supplies for the week, and hurried back to her home.

"There are evil things afoot" she confided to Govind when she got back

"What gossip hast thou collected now?"

"The Lalla-jee has been murdered" she replied. "Woman! Dost thou call to the

ropes again? "

Had Mothi been less splendidly healthy in body and mind the triteness of Govind's eternal query would have made her scream.

As it was, she remained silent,

"Who murdered him?" Govind with unconscious perversity. "Didst thou not advise silence?"

asked Mothi: she began to prepare the evening meal.

"Who murdered him?" repeated Govind with supreme contempt for Mothi's just rebuke.

"Perhaps the badmash people," she

replied.

"Hold! Thou hast the longest

tongue in the world!"

ring of the contents of the cookingnot.

"How dost thou know they were the badmash people who did it?" asked

Govind. "Tell me more."

Mothi laughed. "'Twere well for thee I have the longest tongue in the world! First wilt thou open my mouth and then wilt thou shut it!"

"Hold thy tongue!" reprimanded

Govind.

"Then the news must be held too," replied Mothi with conviction.

"Go on with the story," urged Govind again with unconscious per-

versity.

"Then listen, father of Boonoo, and if thou tellest me to hold my tongue again I will hold it to thy disliking, for thy curiosity hath more life than thy ready word of restraint. One evening, when I was gathering faggots in the garden of the Khoti, I saw a fakir; fearing he would ask alms and take all the pice I had, or curse Boonoo if I withheld them, I hid behind the thick creeper by the Pundit's window. The Pundit gave him alms. He told the Pundit he had news of his son. The Pundit took him in, and by the open window he told the Pundit that if he would take the sum of rupees he owed the Lallajee to the sixth culvert he would find his son and all the bonds waiting for him at the seventh culvert.

If any followers accompanied him they would be shot at the fifth. He advised the Pundit to take the money in bugs hidden in bundles on a dhoby's donker and told him to place the boy in a bundle and bring him home thus. . The police people would never question the contents of a dhoby's bundles.

What happened on the night of the storm thou knowest. Did I not tell thee that was not Hira Lal the dhoby who snoke with thee on the night of the storm? Did I not tell thee of all Mothi kept up the monotonous stir- . I saw and heard in the room with the light when we took shelter from the storm? Did I not tell thee of the sly visit of the Lalla-jee and of the satisfaction I saw in his face? The Punditjee hath many to work retribution. He hath money too from those who join him in the black work. The price of blood is heavy, and the wages of honest labour as nothing."

"Will the police ever detect the Pundit-jee's hand in the crime?" Govind conceded to Mothi's superior

knowledge and intuition.

"Will the river ever flow backwards? They follow the marks of the wheel of a wind-carriage it is true, but do they not ignore the foot-prints of a donkey?"

"It will remain a mystery?"

"Yes, assuredly, unless one of the band is caught. Then he will reveal everything and the police will have no

trouble at all."

"Remember never to tickle the ears of thy neighbours with all thou knowest. If ever the police people know that thou hast such knowledge they will accuse thee of the murder and hang thee for it!"

So the mystery remains unsolved The whole story lies locked behind the lips of an intelligent peasant woman whose only reason for keeping her secret is her tutored dread of swinging into Eternity.

The True Adventures of Zojer Bill.

By D. G. DAVIES,

·When was I wounded, Mum, an' 'ow, an' when I joined the Forces? Whether I slogs it on me feet, or rides upon the 'orses? An' if I likes in 'ospital, an' wot I seen of glory? W'y Mum, you 'ark, I'll tell you straight the 'ole unvarnished story. An' if there 's a word wot ain't true in it, Mum, may yer never speak ter me

(Aside) An' I 'opes yer won't either, yer ruddy ole nuisance. In August nineteen-fourteen I was in a grocer's shop

A' sellin' cheese an' biscuits there, an' vinegar an' pop. An' when I 'eard about the war, I sort o' says to me "This is the ruddiest rotten job that any man could be." An' so it was, Mum.

A-sudden like I says it, just as I was cuttin' lard An' suddenly me 'and got up, an' took an' flung it 'ard. It stuck upon the window-'twas a pretty sight to see.

It drew no end of customers, so that was one for me. An' I ain't ever regretted it, Mum.

I struck me 'at upon me 'ead, me 'ands into me pockets. I said "You'll 'ave no more me lad, of counters, desks, an' dockets You'll say goodbye to Maggie, an' you'll trot across the foam, An' see a bit o' life, me lad, an' fight for King an' 'Ome."

'Ome an' beauty, yer know, Mum-an' other things, like yourself, Mum, f'r

instance.

The boss'e said as I went out "'E's bloomin' well gone barmy," But I went to the recruity shop, an' asked to join the Army. Me proper age was eighteen, but I said "I'm twenty-three," An' they took it lyin' down, they did, so that was one for me. I thought that was dam smart, Mum, ruddy smart.

An' when I'd done me training an' 'twas time for me to go I went to fetch out Maggie an' I took 'er for a row. I told 'er not to cry, but she was laughing all the while. "O dam" I thought, "this ain't the time to laugh an' joke an' smile.

I was quite fed up about it, Mum. I looked quite solemn-like, I said "Perhaps I won't come back." She slapped me on the shoulder ('twas a 'ellish 'eavy smack). "Ha! ha! ha! ha!, she laughed, an' said "Don't talk such rot to me!"

I didn't like 'er laughin', so I dropped 'er in the sea.

She was a rotten wench.

So I crossed the bloomin' Channel, an' I got among the guns. I couldn't see no sign of life. I said, "Where are the 'Uns? "I came out 'ere for 'Uns," I said-'ere give a chap a chance. I don't see none in this crowd—'ere, I'm goin' to advance."

Why shouldn't I?

INDIAN INK.

"'Ere, Crazy Bill, come back" they said, but I was out an' gone. An' things began to patter round; but I kept 'oppin' on! I'ad some bombs to play with, a machine gun on me back. I meant to get me eye in, Munt-I meant to 'ave me whack. An' a dam' good whack I 'ad too, Mum. I fixed me gun upon the 'Un trench, pointing down the line, I wiped out all the rotten bunch of sanguinary swine. One ruddy General I snuffed, an' privates ninety-three. "Now lads," I shouts, "first 'ouse is out, an' seats in stalls is free. An 'ero, you say Mum? Oh no, Mum, I only done my little bit, Mum. Our lads they comes a-swarmin' in, like crowds for early doors. "I takes command," I says, "turn to, turn to an' swab the floors. An' while you're cleanin' up the mess, an' settlin' down, me sons, I'll toddle on-I'm gettin' quite an appetite for 'Uns." After that first little splash, Mum, I was gettin' quite blood-thirsty like. I toddles on two 'undred yar'ds-an' there was Little Willie (With 'alf a vard of boko an' a face surprisin' silly) A-slinkin' out a back door, 'ummin' gay some little snack "A pretty girl to kiss an' O, a pretty crib to crack." They tells me 'e's a devil for the plate, Mum, A Chandelier was round 'is neck, an' di'monds round 'is middle An' gold plate in 'is arms, also a Stradivary Fiddle. "'Ullo, me royal Billy Sikes," I sez " wot price the loot?" "It 'aint for sale" 'e sez, an' winks, an' 'e begins to scoot. Lor, Mum, but 'e 'as long legs, that feller. I points me gun upon 'im for to turn 'im inside out. When up there comes a German 'og, with glasses on 'is snout, An' 'urls a bomb "'ullo," I sez " a visitor for me." 'E didn't ask if I was in, 'e went inside to see. 'E fair brought my 'ouse down, Mum, that bomb. I sank upon the ground, Mum, like a lovely broken flower. "Gimme that goggled 'Un," I sez, " alone for 'alf-an-hour." An' as I speaks just where 'e was up comes an English shell An' bein' 'e was a bloomin' 'Un, I guess 'e went to-Well-Mum, I leaves that to your imagination, Mum. The English comes an' lifts me, Mum, into a special train, They gives me V. C., D. S O., and sends me 'ome again With "Conquerin' 'ero" on the band, an' kisses from the girls An'-listen Mum-to think of it-me 'ead it fairly whirls. Wot, Mum, wot! yer don't mean ter say yer a-goin' Mum? why Mum, that ain't nuthin' to wot I done in Pallystine-wot Mum, Wot! Why there's some folks wot won't b'lieve nuthin'-Now when I was in-

Those Regulations!



Extract from Police Regulations, Surla -

12. The Mall is closed from 12 to 2 P M and from 4 to 6 P M daily, to the following x x x x (c) Persons not decently clad.

We suppose that at, say 3 P M the Mall presents the above appearance when people may wear what they like.

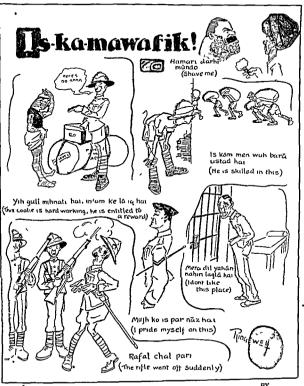
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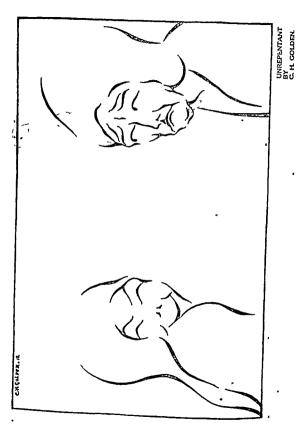


BY RIDGEWELL





BY RIDGEWELL



The Passionate Ivovers.

By W. C. WORDSWORTH.

Ah: for the days long past, of youth and hope and vision,
•Of a heart untouched by grief, and speech that was always decision.

Days of glory and strength, of limbs that were never weary, Of joy in a world whose hues grew not cold and dreary.

Ah: never again that love, unmotived by thought of self. That trust untouched by ambition, or pride or greed or pelf.

I a scion of England, clear-eyed, ruddy and strong, And she an Eastern pearl with silken lashes and long.

With hair of raven black, with delicate unshod feet, And diaphanous cloudlike robes that swept the dusty street,

We loved with a love unmeasured, a love of the West and East: How long the days that she came not, how savourless the feast!

She came in the rosy dawning, and clasped me to her breast, She left me sad at evening, when the sun had sunk to rest.

Ah: for those golden days, as I have said above, When the soul was full of gladness, and the heart was great with love.

How sweet her rippling laughter, and snatches of ancient song, The light of her beaming eye, the scorn of her soul for wrong.

She knew no French, but her speech was Gaelic in substance and humour, Narrating as fact what Western-bred dames would only repeat as a rumour.

And I laughed at her merry prattle, her sallies and cranks and quips, Thinking there never was music like the words that fell from her lips,

At the wonderful stories she told of the far lands she had seen, Where diamonds grew on trees, and horses and cows were green,

Where men and women grew to the height of the tallest towers, Where babies were never born, but were picked in the fields like flowers.

Where everyone was good, and all had enough to eat, And the moon came down by night to rest his weary feet.

She had journeyed to many lands, with marvels and wonders filled, And I who loved her heard, and hearing my heart was thrilled.

Together hand in hand we walked at the water's edge, And fluttered the wild fowl's young that nestled amid the nedge.

Together sat by the tank and watched the women come To fill their jars and chatter for hours ere they wended home.

Together sat and smoked and laughed with merry glee, At the silver rings she blew from her tender lips at me.

But time is ruthless and cruel, and sweeps all things away, Turning youth to age, and raven locks to grey.

INDIAN INK.

Laughter must yield to weeping, hope to fear and care, Love fall stricken to death, murdered by black despair.

Where are the raven locks, where those lips so red, Where the gentle hands that soothed my fevered head?

Cruel, cruel, day, when we parted for evermore, When I went away to school, and she went as ayah next door.

*9*30

"The Devil's Island."

By CECIL HOWARD TURNER.

I come from the Devil's Own Land, Where souls are cheaper than dirt; Where the scorch of Sin dries the sweat on your skin, And the sun burns you black as the dried up wrack; I was one of the Devil's Own Band

We lived worse than African slaves, With bodies scored by the lash; We sullenly toiled while our throbbing veins boiled, And we prayed and curst till our hearts seemed to burst, Dead souls digging our bodies' own graves.

There was never a single tear,
For memory's well was dried,
Though some had mothers and sisters and brothers,
And some had wives with those fresh little young lives,
The sweet punishment fond women bear.

For home was forgotten by most, Like dreams all vanished away, Their heart's love had fled when their raw lashed loins bled, And the sting of the whips had driven from their lips, The caresses of those they had lost.

Father and Mother and two Sons*
Mocked our gaze out to the South,
And our eyes grew wild as we saw the Lost child*
Like a baby sentinel guarding our hell—
Guarding the Devil's Own Lost Ones!

But one night when the guard slept well, I slipped my shackles and fled.
Men stare in my eyes with fear and surprise,
They can read like a book my lost, lunted look—
They know I'm a Devil from Hell!

Going to the Hills.

By M. AVERAY-JAMES

HE Eastons have been transferred to Mujandkundi" said my sister Vtolet laying down the Civil and Military Gazette in which she had been immersed since the beginning of breakfast.

"That means they will be going up to Cromartie for the hot weather. Cromartie isn't big enough for me and Mrs. Easton—so that settles it. We won't go to Cromartie, Oswald."

My brother-in-law received this statement in silence. As a matter of fact he hadn't heard it. He was digesting as much of the war-news as appeared in that part of the paper which Violet permitted him to retain. She was advertising for a cook and a perambulator and had seized the advertisement sheets and incidentally the notices of transfers and appointments.

"Who is Mrs. Easton?" I asked. A sister out from home is expected to be an courant with the gossip of the Puniab six weeks after her arrival. Within that period her enlightenment is a source of entertainment to her instructors; after that it becomes a bore. "My dear Winifred," Violet ejaculated, "you must remember my telling you about the perfectly awful way the Eastons behaved over the Bridge tournament at Cromartie last year. And now he is going to the Mujandkundi district, he'll be D. C. up there and she'll give herself awful airs and be more insufferable than ever."

She returned to the C. and M.
"Mr. Burton has cancelled his six months' leave out of India. That means they won't be going home after all. Of course it was impossible with these horrible submarines, but it is a frightful pity the children will have to stay out another year. They talk the most appalling chi-chi and

no wonder with that blacky-white nursery governess. I wonder where they'll be going this year." "Who going where?" Oswald reached vainly for toast which was hidden under Violet's spreading advertisement sheet. "There's never enough toast for breakfast my dear. Kgi hai, aur toast lao. What were you saying?"

"Oh, darling, I wish you'd listen, I can't say it all over again," Violet tossed the paper on to the floor petulantly. "There's lots of toast. I said the Eastons are going up to Cromartie"

"I've known that some time" Oswald secured the toast. "Any marmalade?" I passed it hurriedly

"Easton's been transferred to Mujandkundi And you never told me, Oswald!"

Violet's tone of tragic reproachfulness would have touched any heart but her husband's. "It is only in the paper this morning. And you knew I wouldn't go to Cromartie if Mrs Easton was going to be there after what happened last year. If they had stayed at Pindi of course they would have gone to Murree. And you let me write for houses in Cromartie, Oswald!"

"Sorry, my dear, I never thought of it. America seems in earnest this time all right" Oswald was again absorbed in the newspaper which he had recovered from the floor.

"Oh, he's hopeless." Violet rose wearily. "I shall have to think this out. I wish you'd see the dhobie for me this morning, Winifred I'll just send a chit to Mrs Needham to ask her about houses in Murree—they were there last year—though I hate the thought of Murree."

I departed to an hour's anguish with the dhobie. I can count up to twenty in the vernacular, but after that I am undone and the dhobie triumphs openly. He gives elaborate explanations for the ruining of my raiment which I cannot understand, but which he evidently thinks sufficient vindication for the most Hunnish atrocities committed upon my defenceless garments. then withdraws sala-a-ming loudly. radiant with self-righteousness. this torment of the soul Violet subjects me once a week, but this morning there was an unusual discrepancy between the jharuns which went to the wash and the *iharuns* which returned and I felt the responsibility was hardly mine. Knowing that the jharun is the pivot upon which all housekeeping in India turns, being as essential to the straining of the soun as it is to the polishing of the drawing-room furniture, I went to break the news to my sister in some trepidation.

But for once the magic word failed to evoke any enthusiasm in her. She was entirely absorbed in the writing and perusal of chits. They lay showered about her writing-table, evidence of an industrious morning.

"Oh that wretched dhobie. I shall cut his pay, that's all. Listen to this, Winifred!" She began to hunt distractedly among the torn envelopes. "I've heard from Mrs. Needham. Now where is her note? Just because I particularly wanted to keep it. Must have torn it up. No, here it is. Listen to this!" She says: "'I don't recommend Murree at all. appallingly damp in the rains. I had fever on and off all the time I was As for houses, the house we had was disgraceful-full of rats and centipedes and no furniture to speak of, and they charged Rs. 1,500? ""

"Well, that rules out, Murree," I commented.

"Oh I don't know." I wrote to Mrs. Blakeway and she says-Violet had another chase among the envelopes and succeeeed in bringing down her quarry. -" 'Murree is delightful. We should be going there again this year, but Jack has just heard the regiment is ordered to D. I. K. of all awful places."

I knew Mrs Blakeway; a gay little woman who judged of places according to the attentiveness of the male element to be found there. Mrs Needham on the other hand was a melancholy soul, hard to please. expect Murree is like most hill stations, isn't it?" I said philosophically. "According to you, it rains threequarters of the time and the children catch colds and measles from the other children-the servants quarrel and the nurses flirt with the Sergeants and the only distractions are tennis and tea parties and bad amateur theatricals I suppose that would be the same in all hill stations. In novels of course," I sighed regretfully for my notions of India and been largely gathered from novels and I was being daily disillusioned; "there are moonlight picnics and innumerable dances at which one looks radiant and one is hourly pursued by admirers; but novels have nothing to do with real life I know, and any how that was before the war."

I might have kept my reflections to myself for all the notice Violet took of

them.

"I don't suppose Murree is any better than anywhere else," was all she said, "but it is fairly get-at-able for Oswald when he gets his ten days' leave. I've written to Mrs. Nibiett about Kasauli and to the padre about Dalhousie, but I haven't had answers and I've even asked those missionary people about Darjeeling. It is much too far, of course, but it · would be nice to see Mount Everest, only you never do because of the mist.

"Have you written all these notes this morning?" I asked, awe-stricken at the thought of so much literary

energy.

"Of course, and had answers to most of them," Violet retorted, "but I'll tell you what we'll do this evening, Winifred! We'll drive down to the Club and try and get hold of the Fieldings. They go to Dharmsala every year."

I assented and went away to write mail letters. My brother-in-law is .D. C. of a district whose headquarters are close to a small military station, and as I sat writing in the verandah I saw the flicker of scarlet and gold among the garden trees as his chaprassies went to and fro on their avocations I had frequently wondered at the benevolence of a Government which supplies a B C's wife with men to push perambulators, field tennis balls, move furniture, lay down carpets and act as lantern-bearers at night until I learned that they were not originally appointed for these duties Violet says, however, that it is far better for them to be employed in this way than in extorting bribes from the Indians who come to see Oswald, which is all they would be doing otherwise. No doubt Government is aware of this means of indirectly civilising the servants and cordially approves.

. In the evening we drove down to the Club as arranged. There was the usual gathering of ladies, tennis players, bridge players, and a few of the kind who sit in corners turning over the pages of fashion papers while they ruminate on the sins of their servants and their neighbours. Violet flitted like a butterfly from group to group, while I hovered in her vicinity trying to keep pace with her rapid changes of decision. Most of the ladies were going up to Cromartie in the wake of the regiment to which their husbands belonged, but some of them had been in previous years to other hill stations. A good many had been to Simla, Dalhousie, and Kasauli.

Violet was prejudiced against Simla as being unsuitable for children.

"Too many parties and Bobbie always gets sick if he eats too much." Dalhousie was an impossible journey: "and besides Nurse was up there the vear before she came to us and she says nothing would induce her to go there again, you were so far away from the barracks and the view of the snows got on her nerves."

As for Kasauli, Kasauli might do. but one always associated Kasauli

with dog-bites

"You never know in this country when you mayn't be tearing up to Kasauli to be inoculated against hydrophobia," as Violet explained for my benefit "Although, of course, if we went to Kasauli and Oswald happened to get bitten, and I'm quite sure one of the dogs will go mad one day, we should be all there together and he would get a fortnight's leave instead of ten days The Brownes were there last year. I wonder if the house they had is still to let. Why. there is Mrs Browne" She made a · bee-line for the lady in question and they immediately plunged into particulars of house equipment Browne warmed the to and described the furnishing of her house in Kasauli to its minutest particulars. A grand piano was let with the house, also a Badminton set. There was a tennis court and the view from the verandah was the best in the station There was no china, of course, but you could always hire that, and there were only two chairs in the drawing-room and a book-case. Upstaits there were no less than four almirahs The dining-room table had a broken leg and wasn't much use as a

table, but you could always stand photographs on it and there was a magnificent sideboard.

Violet was quite carried away by the prospect of such palatial comfort. "I really think Kasauli will be the

best place for us to go to after all." she confided to me. "Just think of being able to get a piano with the house and it is worth taking if only for the sake of the almirahs. The rent is exorbitant, of course, and there are only three bed-rooms. The children must have two rooms, but you could have a tent in the compound, couldn't you, Winifred, or sleep in the verandah? It would be awfully good for you." I weakly protested that I had a horror for monkeys and if a monkey leaped on the verandah in the night I should never recover from the shock. While Violet was protesting that such a thing could not possibly happen, and if it did, all one had to do was to sit up in bed and bark like a dog, monkeys being notoriously afraid of dogs, Mrs. Browne went in search of her husband to find out if the house was still to let. He had said something about some friends of his in the Wiltshires, who were going to Kasauli, taking the house as a chummery.

She returned after a brief interval, looking a little perturbed. Ernest was playing Bridge in the smoking-room and she had merely gone in and asked him a simple question, but he was quite put out at being interrupted in his game.

"Men are so silly about games," she expostulated; "they will take them so seriously. What I always say is a game's a game and I never mind a bit if I lose or win. I enjoy a game of Bridge as much as anyone, to pass away the time, but I think it is very dull if you can't have a little conversation between the deals. I always do." She did. It had been my misfortune to

be her partner on more than one occasion soon after my arrival in the station, but I soon found that my limited dress allowance, out of which I had to pay all my Bridge debts, was not equal to the strain. Violet does not play Bridge, however, and adores Mrs. Browne.

"Is the house still to let?" she

inquired anxiously.

"I'm so sorr," Mrs. Browne replied cheerfully. "It isn't. Ernest heard only yesterday, though why he neer mentioned it to me, I can't think. Those wretched Wiltshire men hove taken it. Such a pity! You would have loved that house, Mrs. Hutchinson—it would have just suited you I forgot to say there was such a pretty blue durrie in the drawing-room which would have gone beautifully with your chintzes. You would have had to take up chairs, of course, but I always think a good durrie is everything in a room."

"Everything," Violet assented, forgetting, in the bitterness of her disappointment, that she had previously declared that she would not take a house anywhere where she had to take up supplementary chairs

We drove home with our heads We had received far in a whirl. more information about houses and hill stations than we could either of us properly assimilate. Violet naturally had a better grasp of the subject than I had and gave Oswald a lengthy résumé of the knowledge she had acquired during dinner. , I chimed in occasionally with a suggestion which was immediately overruled as a Violet promptly matter of course. detected the fact that if I supported her in the selection of one house or. place rather than another it was for some base ulterior reason of my own. The truth is, I had been making a few private inquiries at the Club from,

some of the men I knew as to the relative zoological tendencies of the hill stations under discussion. From gathered that lizards, centipedes, and scorpions, and even a sprinkling of snakes were common to them all. The men were full of kindness and sympathy, if by no means reassuring, and they one and all volunteered information as to the best way of killing the creatures. Indeed they were so realistic on the point that I felt I would almost rather be victimised myself than carry out any one of their suggestions. I was, therefore, in the advice I offered my sister, guided by these considerations and only voted for the place where I fancied I should be best protected from the reptiles abhorred of my soul, irrespective of its other advantages or disadvantages. When at last we went to bed I was under the impression that it was decided we were to take a house in Murree and that I was to share a room with my eldest niece who is addicted to croup and bilious attacks. I had nightmares of myself picking my way among the scorpions and centipedes with bare feet in the dead of night, while I heroically ministered to the needs of the sufferer. The next morning the post brought a letter from a friend of Violet's in Lahore.

"We are going up to Kashmir in April," this lady wrote. "A house-boat af Srinagar first and a hut in Gulmarg when it gets hot. Why don't you all come too? Do. You'd adore Kashmir. We've already secured a house-boat

and a hut at Gulmarg."

"Why shouldn't we go to Kashmir, Oswald?" Violet asked after reading this effusion aloud. "Why didn't I think of it before? Of course we'll go to Kashmir. You must get six weeks' leave, Oswald, and come too. You are looking, horribly thin. Anyone could see you ought to have extra leave."

Oswald grunted according to his wont and perused the war news. Violen truns a flourishing branch of the St. John Ambulance Association, but she acquires details, of the progress of the war at second-hand from her husband.

Thereafter we thought, talked and dreamt of nothing but Kashmir. The chaprassies were run off their legs. taking telegrams on the subject of house and huts to the telegraph office. Plans of huts in Gulmarg arrived by post and luncheon parties of people who had at one time been to Gulmarg convened to discuss them. motored many miles into neighbouring districts to call on the wives of Deputy Commissioners and Sessions Judges who having been to Kashmir might throw light on the size and situation of huts. We lost the plans and found them again and when after much discussion Violet decided on a hut it was invariably already let and we had to begin all over again.

Then there was the question of house-boats or tents at Srinagar. I was inclined for a house-boat as being picturesque and romantic, but Violet

had fears for the children.

"They are sure to fall into the river and you are so awfully absent-minded, Wimfred, you would never hear the splash. Even if we did fish them out they would have swallowed such quantities of water they would certainly die of enteric."

"But the Harrington children were all right," I protested, "and they were

in a house-boat for weeks."

"Nothing could exterminate the Harringtons," Violet retorted; "they were always falling into the river, their mother told me, but nothing ever happens to those plain unattractive children. Bobby and Belinda are so different. No, I won't risk it. We'll go into tents."

Whereupon we wrote letters and sent telegrams and had no sooner decided on a suitable site for the tents than someone volunteered the information that that particular site was unhealthy and we had to write more letters and send more telegrams.

Meanwhile we had not yet succeeded in securing a suitable hut. Violet had actually taken two, but hearing of another which she thought she would prefer she had hastily sub-let her first choice and was now casting about in her mind how to exchange the hut she still held for one which appeared on inquiry to be more desirable. This necessitated a journey into Lahore.

"We must simply bombard the Vennings," Violet said, "and make them exchange. If our hut is too large for them, they can share with Mrs. Lang who can't afford a hut for

herself alone."

So away we went to Lahore, flashing through acres of green wheat and miles of mustard fields with a cloud of dust behind us and a ribbon of road ahead until we ran the Vennings to earth and talked huts and house-boats to the point of exhaustion. Finally Violet bullied Mrs. Venning into giving up her hut to us and entering into negotiations with Mrs. Lang for a joint partnership in the hut we had discarded.

"That's the only way to treat people like Mrs. Venning," Violet said as we whirled home again. "They never really know their own minds: you have to make them up for them. She will be much happier sharing with Mrs. Lang. They don't get on of course, but in India you have to give and take and put up with all sorts of impossible people and make the best of them. The Vennings' hut will just suit us and there will be a room for you, * too, Winifred—so you won't

have to go into a tent. You see, I thought of you."

This was really so magnanimous of Violet that I hadn't the heart to point out to her that her treatment of Mrs. Venning was slightly Prussian to say the least of it.

The next question to be decided was the means of transport, the moving of ourselves and our belongings into Kashmir when the moment came. In a motor-cer built for four it was arranged that four grown persons and three children should be packed with at least three trunks besides. Until Oswald, who in his undemonstrative way, is deeply devoted to his motor-car strongly protested. This led to a coolness between him and Violet which I endeavoured to dispel by proposing that I and one of the children should share a motor-car with the wife of

the Sessions Judge.

It was just after we had satisfactorily settled the question of transport that the blow fell. The nursery bearer refused to accompany us. In Kashmir he would be too far removed from the bosom of his family (an ample bosom for he has no less than ten children) and to remove the family to Kashmir, . too, was hardly feasible. As the nursery was the centre of the house and Ram Das, even more than the very superior English nurse, was the prop of the nursery Violet felt that the difficulty was insurmountable. Ram Das had been in her service for five years-life without Ram Das was unthinkable. Head bearers might come and go-that was Oswald's affair -but Ram Das went on for ever, of she had believed him capable of doing so. In former years Ram Das had frequently taken leave from the hills to visit various of his progeny who were sick. He enjoyed the journe) doubtless and the break in the monotony of his life was agreeable

Qwaac! Qwaac!!



P C 49 _ Why d d nt you stop when I called you. Didn't you see me wave my hand to you?

W A. A. C. Shuverette—Yes, but I wasn't going to wave back. You naughty man!

The new Clerks Visit to Government House.







This letter's important So take greatest care. For the Governor himself, mind. Be quick, and - beware

Ill showhim if lim To be trusted or not-III deliver the note and Be back like a shot

Why, it fills half a street - Room Seventeen ninet - What a treat?



Bear sharp to the left
Then through lobby on right
Up the stairs-round the Bend
and his room is in sight



Glow, do I go up here Or is it down there -And which is the lobby? Well, here goes - upstair



don't see a number But this must be right ill just furn the hardle It seems rather light !-



That was brimful of wrath Who dares to come in



im I right now, I wonder, O where do I go !-Mich Im having my bath ? "Sinere no one what a show!



At last! - here weare My aunt, - what a climb! Two hundred odd stairs, Don't half take a time!

The new Clerks Visit (Cont.)



don't know for sure, But it seems pretty clear I'm a bit too high up To find Governor here!



Jome soap on the stair Caused a sad accident, And our hero returned



Gerhaps it is here, Anyhow/I will try, I mean to deliver With more speed than he went This message or die!



In the Kitchen ayoutman Was 'telling the tale' To our hero continued His longlong trail



Uts the sack, certain sure, For Im still 'all atsea I got here at nine And it's now after three



But stay!-I hear/ootsteps Unless Im deceived, Perhaps my suspense now Will soon be relieved



So gentle the tread ·So to ask her advice Our messemer sped



The lady Mwas prelity And charming withal, Oh - the <u>Covernor</u> you geet So he lost heart and head Why he hasn't been here



Gan Thelp you at all—P Oh - the Governor you seek, And he spake not at all Mow for over a week! Kilip Cireaves

PHILIP GREAVES

Oh, I say!



"Well, Sister, me and the other boys thinks that if ever there's a fallen angel on this earth you're one."

The journey from Kashmir would be too long and difficult to be entirely agreeable and doubtless his progeny would be sick this year as they had been in other years If a child should be sick, even a little sick, his family would lose prestige if the father did not at once hurry to the child's bedside Ram Das was a man of lofty spirit, this thing should not be cajoled in vain, he was inexorable There was only one alternative the memsahib would go to Cromartie where she had been before and where Ram Das himself had relatives, he would consent to remain in her service

"It simply means that the Kashmir plan is at an end," Violet said miserably when she had communicated the circumstances to Oswald "We can't possibly do without Ram Das."

"My dear," her husband protested, "there are other bearers to be had."

"There are no other nursery bearers," Violet retorted. "Ram Das is the only man who can get on with nurse and the only person we can really trust to see that the children's milk is properly boiled Bobby is simply devoted to him and so are Belinda and Baby No, if Ram Das won't go to Kashmir and Cromartie is the only place which suits him, we shall have to go to Cromartie after all" "But how about Mrs Easton?"

I asked

"Oh, I think people exaggerated about Mrs Easton" Violet replied "Of course she was rude to me over the Bridge tournament, there is no denving that, but I never said like other neople that she didn't play fair Mrs Browne was saying only yesterday that Mrs Easton was really a very nice woman underneath when you knew her. I shall write and ask her what houses are still to let in Cromartie."

I had set my heart on going to Kashmir and was quite crestfallen I had heard nothing about scorpions and centipedes at Gulmarg; and was optimistic of there being nothing worse, whereas Cromartie was famous during the rains for the most revolting yellow slugs in India I felt furious with Ram Das I clung with some tenacity to the hope that Mrs Easton would so exasperate Violet by writing one of the rude letters for which she was notorious that my sister would feel no sacrifice was too great to avoid meeting her.

But, alas! Mrs Easton was in a chastened mood and her answer to Violet's letter was cordiality itself.

"I am delighted to hear you have given up your Kashmir plan" she wrote, "and are coming up to Cromartie after all I was beginning to think I shouldn't have a soul I cared about to speak to 'A most impossible set of people are coming up this year, some indescribable Territorials and the Watfords and Mantons who behaved so disgracefully over the Bridge tournament last year. have taken Bridlinton Manor and by great good luck the cottage is still to let Do write at once and secure it We should be such near neighbours Your children would always have the run of the garden and I should be delighted to offer your sister a room in my house, if you are at all crowded, and to put up your husband or a friend coming up on leave bearer tells me that your nursery bearer is his first cousin As the two compounds are practically one it would be nice to feel the servants would amalgamate and that there would be no disagregables "

Oswald and I exchanged glances of mutual understanding, but Violet was quite disarmed by the friendliness of Mrs. Easton's letter.

"I call it most generous of her to let bygones be bygones in this way," she commented. "I am sure she has been horribly misunderstood and I shall just tell that disagreeable Mrs Manton what I think of her for saying such uncharitable things I shall wire for the cottage at once Bridlinton has the best garden in Cromartie-the place above all others I should choose for the children, and the rent of the cottage is about half what we should have to pay for any other house So everything is turning out for the best after all, Öswald I knew I was right not to part with Ram Das"

"And what are you going to do about the hut in Gulmarg?" I asked

"Why, of course, Mrs Venning will take it back That is easily settled," Violet replied "She never really wanted to give it up and she will be only too glad to get out of sharing with Mrs. Lang"

As to what Mrs Lang, left with a hut with an unusually high rent on her hands, would feel in the matter, I didn't dare to conjecture. Violet said she and Mrs. Venning would have to fight it out together as I heard subsequently they did, and to such purpose, that they are no longer on bowing terms when they meet.

Ram Das received the news of our change of plans with his customary calm He had, doubtless in collusion with his cousin, engineered the whole . business, even to the extent of my sharing a room with an hysterical niece of Mrs. Easton, who walked in her sleep which is what eventually happened. The day of reckoning will come when I depart from my 'sister's hospitable roof and even his iron purpose will not avail in extorting . from me the baksheesh he expects As for Violet, all she says when she reflects on the telegrams, pens, ink, paper and petrol she wasted on arranging for our visit to Kashmir is merely:

"What a pity we didn't consult Ram Das before."



Boldier's Adieu.

By D. G. D

Mother, I know you'll grieve when I am dead, I know you'll lowly bend your old grey head Over the fire musing in the gloaming When memories strangely in the room are roaming,

Memories of little things far-past but dear— How I did thus and thus, and here and here; And yet, for all the suffering in your eyes, You dare not say you'd have it otherwise

And you'll sit there until the fire is dying, Remembering, sorrowing, dear, and sometimes crying. And one night I will come beside you there Gently, poor mother, and caress your hair

A Tiger's Kill.

(Described from a Machan.)

By GEORGE HOGAN KNOWLES.

Below the lower hills clad with the sol,
Deep in the wild Terai—no hours drag here.
Frolics the scorching wind in boisterous squall;—
It rushes—hark!—the boughs creak far and near;
As from a distant ridge a Sambhur's call,
Sudden and sharp, falls on the anxious ear.
A silent pause; again it echoes down,
And th' near grass rustles like a silken gown.

In front, high weeds and cane curve o'er the ground; A deep recess through which a "nullah" sneaks. A gasp! the nerves jump-"ugh"! A crashing sound—A peacock!—most ungodly thing, it shricks, And flaps up from th' uncanny grass around, Winging its way to some fresh haunts it seeks: Then silence once again—long drawn and still; Save for a crow that swoops down from the hill:

It caws from tree to tree, as if something Were in the glen from which the peacock flew: The very air now seems alarmed;—the swing Of glant creepers shakes the nerves anew. Another gasp!—the heart-beats stop, you bring A heavy rifle madly up askew:
But what? A red deer dashes from the brake, Barking as if its frail life were at stake.

The day's blast of the burning plains has gone—
Dies the last gust where mountain foliage heaves:
Scarce now a breath, where, ever and anon,
A moment since, toss'd May's dead fallen leaves.
Deep in the forest gloom the noon wears on—
Deeper the shadows where the high grass cleaves,—
That stands cleft for a moment, while the spot
Dazzles in stripes where Heaven's sun-light has shot.

And not a sound! As soft as gossamer,
Outside the grass a huge paw falls scarce seen;
A massive head appears of gorgeous fur,
While stillness as of death reigns o'er the scene.
A log across his path lies to deter
The movements of this Lord, proud, grand, serene.
The crow sits silent; he has found the kill;
And you sit lost in admiration still.

INDIAN INK.

He stalks, this lovely brute; his head and shoulders
Blend with the shade, and sun-beams that alight:
Is it some freak?—some metamorphic boulders,
That like a statue posed, are streaked with light,
And seem to move? Now o'er the log that moulders
The monster cattle thief heaves in full sight:
How deep his breathing—fixed his piercing glauce!
He's out the wrong side; you must wait your chance.

Few paces more, and on the kill he'll come;
The rifle's grasped—the moment's drawing near:
Dry grass and twigs his great paws overcome,
As soft as cotton 'neath his tread appear—
No crackle, not a stirl And you succumb
To more astonishment than sense of fear:
The billowy leaves now touched and pressed down deep,
By his deft paws, are hushed to magic sleep.

On, on, he comes; the rifle's slowly raised:
Ye Gods! mosquitoes at this instant stick
Your sun-burnt nose; you nod your head, half dazed:
You draw a breath—a bead, but now you're sick;
They're down your throat!—You choke!—You cough!—You're phrased
An awful damn! You rise to follow quick
The stir, the flash of gorgeous stripes, the dense
Thick jungle, and the silence more intense.

You lie in agony; you rise—you wait,
Hoping against a hope that's dead and gone:
You hear again—now jeers of bitterest fate—
A herd of "Cheetal" scared; and far upon
A neighbouring hill, a Sambhur and his mate:
While, near, a jungle cock still cackles on.
The Tiger now gives tongue, and from the ground,
Like thunder gurgling out, rolls down the sound:

Suspiciously he hides his far-dragged kill;
And once disturbed is lost where deer abound:
Beset with foes in his wild domicile,
He comes with stealth to weigh each jungle sound:
He marks man's presence with unerring skill—
And deep his disappointment rages round!
Enough, to lose a chance that you divined
A certainty, and in your heart enshrined.

A crash!—a broken branch,—a distant roat; And you revise,—but only for a spell: The Elephant comes up; the Mahout's sore: "Hazoor," he says, "it came; I know it well."

A TIGER'S RILL.

You pay him five rupees; he talks no more; But points back to a quaking gloomy dell, A warning finger that it's getting late; •And you return to camp disconsolate.

You've learnt what torture means, and want no more; Camp chaff would finish you without a doubt: You do what other men have done before, And whisper to the old one-eyed Mahout, Now, "Khabadar,"—beside your own tent door: You tell your friends a wretched "Jack" came out; And marvel at the loss—yours not the blunder: Big game reserved?—Mosquitoes trained?—you wonder!



A Cradle Song.

By SHIRLEY MAUREEN HODGKINSON.

The ends of the earth were ours to roam, For we were unfettered and free; But now we are bound to hearth and home, And are held by the least of us three. The little hands cling so close, my heart, And the small sweet mouth at my breast. Not for a world from my babe would I part! Love, my love, were the old days best?

Oh! then we followed the open road, And small matter which way we went, For glad we wandered and glad abode In forest, or inn, or wayside tent. Now sheltered days in a sunny town, For the little white bird her nest; And never the woods or the windy down! Love, my love, were the old ways best?

Once I knew many a woodland rune, Blackbird's note or the song o' the thrush. Now I croon only a cradle tune "Hushaby, little one, hush, love, hush!" So I sing low to your babe on my knee, Kissing the wakeful eyes to rest. "Which song to your car has more melody? Love, my love, are the new lays best?

The Passing of Lumpkin.

By FITZGERALD LEE.

"The child is not the father to the man: The woman is."

the first and only time, attempted solution of the nuzzling and off-repeated TOW herein is set down, for problem: How did Captain Anthony Lumpkin of the Forty-Ninth Rohillas ever manage to pass into the Holy of Holies?

The passing out from this sacred and select institution is as easy as falling off a log; men have managed it, some even quickly, nay, prematurely. The difficulty consists in the passing in;

and Lumpkin managed it.

The Western Empire of Atlanta possessed and ruled in the Eastern land of Eldorado, and kept up a special and separate Army in this dependency, for the suppression of internal troubles as well as for defence against certain turbulent tribes and peoples over the frontiers. For a long time the Imperial Army of Atlanta had had a monopoly of the Holy of Holies for any of its officers who happened to be blest with more than the usual amount of brains and curst with an abnormal share of ambition. When an officer was fortunate enough to have passed through the sacred institution and had been entrusted with its tokens, grips and passwords, he was distinguished from other officers by wearing tags of colored cloth on his collar, by getting the softest jobs, the highest pay, the speediest promotion and the greatest share in the honours of War. It was the first article in the Creed of the military authorities of Atlanta that an officer who had spent twenty years of his life campaigning was, as a soldier, far inferior to him who had passed one year in the Holy of Holies. The work of the old campaigner was carelessly, though effectively, inscribed in blood

on the backs and limbs of his adversaries; the work of the young acolyte was neatly inscribed on paper in clean ink. The old campaigner of the sword was lacking in tone-a favourite expression in the jargon of the sacred College; the young graduate who had fought his campaigns with his stylograph was spick and span : was quite a superior person: walked with his elbows in front: sported an eye-glass when it suited him and very often when it did not. Napoleon's habit of decorating and rewarding men on the field of battle was voted absurd and antiquated

But all this was, before the Great War. Everybody knows that during and since that time the fighting men have had nearly as great a share of honour and military glory as those who did not fight.

Mrs. Anthony Lumpkin of the Forty-Ninth Robillas was an ambitious woman, and she had brains enough to gauge accurately the mental calibre of her husband. Having formed her opinion on the matter, she took care to impress it on him day and night She had had a good education in a French Convent, and afterwards at Girton, where she distinguished herself in such totally different subjects 25 Mathematics and Music. Now she laid herself out to make Tony learn French. For pluck and perseverance this effort beats all the records I ever heard of there is many a man wearing the Order of Merit to-day who does not deserve it half as much as Mrs. Lumplio (She has got who nrizes more

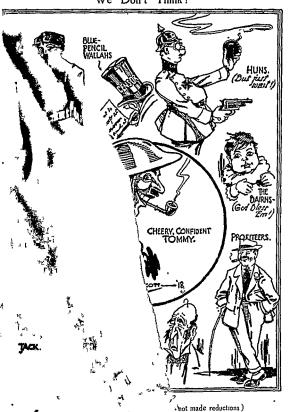
but this is premature.) She told me of her troubles, so I lent her some French military works and specimens of examination papers in the language. Captain Lumpkin was soon so efficient in French that he confided to me one evening, over a pipe, that to be a graduate of the Holy of Holies was oon petty morshoh de too bang," which he translated for my benefit as "a little bit of all right," He had begun Urdu, also, and his Munshi told me that "the Captain would probably attain successfulness" if he could only keep from getting mixed in his vocabulary, and remember, for example, that sundook meant box, not rifle, and moorghee did not mean a dead man, but a chicken.

His efforts in the study of Military Law-an obligatory subject-were quite original. His wife had requested me to try to get some knowledge of the subject into his head, and in a weak moment the devil tempted me to consent. One memorable specimen of his legal efficiency will show what a Herculean task I had undertaken. had striven to impress on him the important fact that peculiar provisions are laid down in the Army Act (Section 41) for dealing with the offences of murder, manslaughter. treason, treason-felony, and rape. At the end of a month's coaching I set him an examination paper in what I had been trying to teach him. The first question on my paper was, " what are the causes which would prevent an officer from serving on a Court Martial?" He solemnly wrote down as his answer, "The causes which would prevent an officer from serving on a Court Martial murder, five; namely, slaughter, treason, treason-felony, and rape," When I went over his paper with him afterwards I told him he should not try to play jokes with me, and he got quite indignant. He asked, with fine scorn, "Wouldn't these

causes be sufficient to prevent an officer from serving on a Court Martial?" Which, of course, I could not deny; so he was quite pleased with himself.

Lil (as Lumpkin affectionately styled her) had been a Miss Jenkisson before she married Lumpkin, and her brother, Major Jenkisson of the Sixtieth Philistines, had so far succeeded in gaining the favour of the gods that he was permitted to wear the distinguishing marks of those who had passed through the Holy of Holies, though he had never in his life passed any examination. Now his sister wrote to him telling him to take a month's leave later on, and come to the hill station. Rainipore, where she and her husband were living at the time. Meanwhile she had managed to make herself very popular in Rainipore. A battalion was permanently stationed there, under the command of Colonel Bilton, who also commanded the station Lumpkin played piano pieces at the local entertainments, and the accompaniments at the Smoking Concerts. But she also played on more delicate material than piano wires. Colonel Bilton was a most worthy lady; but she was once heard to say that she could not help mixing up Moses and Napoleon Bonaparte, because they had both been in Egypt. But it was Mrs Bilton, and no other who got First Prize in answering the General Knowledge Paper at the Pagal Gymkhana; and it was Mrs. Lumpkin who could have told the reason why, but never told. Mrs. Major Mac-Oontney, too, wife of the second in command, appeared in church one day with her mop of fiery red hair, for the first time within the memory of her husband, done up in a new fashion which was almost pleasing. For "Lil was a woman of dam good taste," as Lumpkin explained to me And, after a time, there was not a man nor woman

We Don't Think!



BY

in the Regiment that Lil could not wind round her pretty little fingers Neither did she limit the influence of her charms to mere military people. The local Civil Magnate, Josiah Howley, was the son of a shoemaker. But his wife was the daughter of an impoverished aristocrat in Caledonia, with high notions and a pedigree like a stud bull terrier. It was generally stated in Rainipore that Lumpkin was the only one who ever succeeded in making the Hon'ble Mrs. Howley thaw Mrs Lumpkin had told a good many people that the Mac-Doodles of Tullochgoram were the oldest of all Caledonian aristocracy And the present Mrs Howley had been a MacDoodle; which she frequently lamented, in a manner similar to that of Bernadotte, when he used to say, "He that was formerly Marshal of France is now only King of Sweden"

The so-called military authorities of Atlanta had lately condescended to recognise the fact that their officers in the Army of Eldorado were also human beings. And the result was that they graciously permitted a limited number of these newly-discovered fellow-creatures to compete annually for admittance into the Holy of Holies, the shrine of which was in Atlanta. Now the thing to be remembered is that the competitive examination was held on the same date, and continued daily for a fortnight or so, in the capital of Atlanta, as well as in various towns and stations in Eldorado. This was called the system simultaneous examinations, which was afterwards extended by the grandmaternal Government of Atlanta as a concession to the loyalty of Eldorado A candidate who wished to present himself for the examination at any prescribed place had only to give three months' notice to the military officer commanding in that place, who, in his turn, detailed three other military officers to preside at the examination to see that the candidates used no unfair means to gain success. Then, on the day when the examination began, the papers of questions, in sealed envelopes, arrived by post, registered, from Olympus, and were duly opened by the presiding officer in the presence of the candidates. It was all so simple, and so perfect in its simplicity.

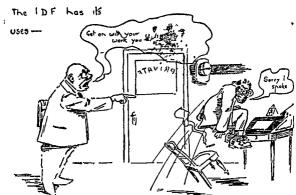
Colonel Bilton went within an ace of bursting a bloodvessel when Captain Dalgetty of his Regiment came into his office and asked permission to compete the H H. Examination For Dalgetty had been hitherto looked upon only as what is called in Eldoradian a "poodle-faker," which means heartenslaver, lady-killer, or dandy. The truth is Dalgetty was under the impression that he had already added the scalp of Mrs Lumpkin to others which he had lifted But though Rainipore was full of flies, not one of them had ever settled on Lily Lumpkin. She had permitted Dalgetty to be seen going about with her publicly, and to call her "Lil," only on the condition that he would enter, in Rainipore, for the H H Examination; and he had accepted the condition. When his first attack had passed over, Colonel Bilton saw no objection to one of his subordinates trying to distinguish himself in a contest which was generally supposed to depend on brainpower, so he granted Dalgetty's request. When Lil heard of this she was delighted, and she went about the station talking of Dalgetty as a sort of miraculous re-incarnation of Sir Isaac Newton and Napoleon Bonaparte She was always smiling to others; now she kept smiling to herself, as well

About two months before the examination, Major Jenkisson came on leave to Rainipore. A few days afterwards to the surprise of everybody in the station, Captain Lumpkin left for



War scarcity here?

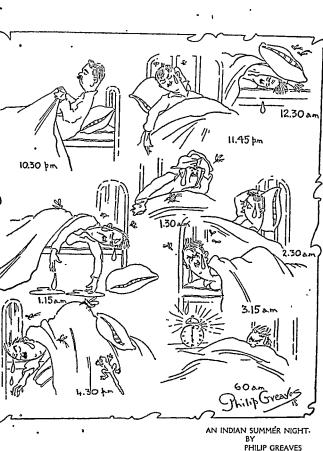
A R ACOTT





You get your money back on parade!

PER—HAPS BY MYAUK



Humours of the I. D. F.



Atlanta to attend his examination there. But his wife explained by saving that he had been working very hard and the sea voyage would nick

him up.

A little later Mrs. Lumpkin and Major Jenkisson were dining one evening at the Bilton's. There it was arranged that, as a good many of Colonel Bilton's officers were on leave and occupied with various duties. Major Jenkisson was to be Presiding Officer at the examination And Mrs. Lumpkin sketched a programme by which she was to come each day and have tiffin with her brother in the Mess, where the examination was being held, and then fetch him back in her trap every afternoon when his day's work was over. Colonel Bilton could not find words sufficient to thank her for arranging everything so beautifully. And the days wore on.

On the first day of the examination the subject was Obligatory Mathe-Directly the examination paper was taken out of its envelope. Major Jenkisson made a hurried copy of it in compliance with his sister's special request. She was anxious to have a look at it, she said, because she could tell, by looking through it how her dear Tony, in Atlanta, was likely to get on in it. Then she drove to her house, worked out the paper, drove round the station, and got to the Mess, smiling, just in time for tiffin. This was the programme which she carried out every day while the examination lasted. The time she did not spend at the Mess she spent in reading-at least, that is what she said. She had a fairly good collection of military textbooks and works of reference in her own house, besides having the run of the Mess Library too. On the day of the Military Law paper she paid me the compliment of coming to me with a copy of the paper, asking my opinion on it, and getting from me as

far as I knew, the correct answers to questions. Then she suddenly remembered a pressing engagement

and rushed off

One of the very few people in Raininore who remained impervious to the charms of Mrs. Lumpkin was Kinloch Deputy Superintendent of Police. He was an old bachelor, had seen a good deal of the worst side of mankind, and was of a very suspicious nature. But he was a born mathematician, and we work out mathematical problems together. From these we sometimes drifted on to other problems outside the region of mathematics. One evening he brought me a sheet of naner on which he had copied what he thought was some sort of a new code. "I can't make head or tail of the thing," he said. "but I spotted that the last word, frst, seems to have some connection with the first words or perhaps it means that you have to start at the end and read backwards." Here is what was on the paper:

Ar v fr 7-10 stop div dec 032 stop br 322 10 6 stop s int 4 y stop Al . G. C. M. x minus a stop Sim eg x v 3 and 5 stop qu x 7 stop men cone of

stob frst 2000 cf. After looking at it carefully and thinking over it I said to Kinloch, "May I ask where you came across this?" He said, "That Mrs. Lumpkin, who was here some time ago, and who has now gone to Atlanta, used to send some of the most extraordinary telegrams to her sister in Bombay, and that's one of them." "She never told me she had a sister in Bombay," I replied "but she did tell me once that she never had a "Well," said Kinloch, "she told the telegraph babu here that her sister in Bombay," I replied, "but she was sending her good medical prescriptions for her complaint, and that he was to be very careful to send the telegram correctly, as it was a matter of life and death. What the devil are

INDIAN INK.

you laughing at?" I could not help it, so I gurgled, "I was only thinking of something comic. I'm sorry. But, did you hear whether the sister got better?" "Oh yes," returned Kinloch; "she had quite recovered, according to what the Lumpkin woman told the brhu, by the middle of June." I remembered that the H H. Examination had ended on the 14th of June. I requested Kinloch to let me take a copy of his "code," and he left.

That night I compared my copy with a copy I had of the examination pare in Mathematics. I found that the questions, which I had worked out, and the answers were as follows—

(1) Arithmetic a question in vulgar fractions; answer, 7, (2) division of decimals; answer, 032 (3) practice; answer, 4 years. And so on, a simple simultaneous equation with the values of x and y 3 and 5 respectively, winding up with two questions in Mensuration; one on the cone, whose radius proved to be 9 feet, and a frustum—the key to Kinloch's solution—having a bulk of 2,000 cubic feet.

Having compared this with Kinloch's "code," I began to understand the "prescription" which Mrs. Lumpkin had sent to her sister, and why the babu had to be careful in transmitting it. Also, if the message had to be sent even farther than Bombay, it could for instance, reach the capital of Atlanta at 5 AM, if it had been despatched from Rainipore at 11 AM, the time that Mrs. Lumpkin used to send off her first batch of daily prescriptions.

Now all these things happened so very long ago that there can be no harm in setting them down here. Even the principal actors in the comedy must have entirely forgotten the parts they played. I am certain of this, because when I last saw Sir Anthony Lumpkin, K.C.B, and his charming wife, Lady Lumpkin, they looked over my shoulders and round my head as if they had never seen me before. But Sir Anthony's Secretary, Colonel Dalgetty, has a better memory; for as he followed the Knight and Lady by me, he placed his forefinger by the side of his nose, winked, and smiled.

At the Last.

By D. G. DAVIES.

I saw his mother from the table rise: She dropped the letter as she read it there And slowly went, a darkness in her eyes, And in her heart despair.

"Ye allied peoples," hear my call to you: Let not smooth talkers at the last persuade You to forgo your payment, but be true To the great oath ye made.

"They shot my son where on the field he lay. Helpless they shot him, spurned him like a clod, I'll watch them cower on the Judgment Day Before the voice of God."



INDIAN

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At the I

By D G. DAY

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War Zhortages and Zome Matters Entirely Unconnected Therewith.

By ROPED IN

L were studiously engaged in working out the winner for the Viceroy's Cup when the telephone bell rang 'Hullo said we

Hullo, said the voice, "I m Indian

That's your fault we replied—
besides we can't tattoo for nuts

You don't understand said the voice. I am Editor of the period called the Indian Int.

Well you're damned lucly we answered— are you resigning or any thing like that?

Oh no replied the voice very patiently—'I want five thousand words

You've got the wrong number old cock—ring up Mr Montigu or Annie Besant

Are you Roped In? came the voice

Oh! Years ago-three kids as well

Here I say said the enquirer plaintively. Don't pull my leg—I want you to write an article for Indian Ink.

What about?

Oh! any old thing—something to interest all classes and continents

The Telephone Exchange with their usual business like breath thought we had been at it long enou hand cut us off. There are two subjects only of interest to all classes and entiments—women and money severely in the order named.

The only man we ever knew that properly understood women is now doing ten years for marrying so many of them

Mark Antony—who by the way picked up a fairly heity handful—once

said that the only thing on this troublesome earth that resembled a woman was—another woman It has also been observed that a man can under stand a woman better than one of her own sex—which sounds very nice until he takes it on a a lite job—then he seems to misunderstand her

There was a celebrated Buddhist poet who once remarked that to be a candidate for Navana a man should have married five times—after that the poet observes he is inclined for a state of pass onless peace.

Money said a philosopher 'is harder to obtain than a bride and doesn't stay so long. The latter part we can with due regard to accuracy youch for

The distribution of wealth has always frankly puzzled us. This in equality is brought home with much force at the races. There we and many others tender our humble ten rupee notes in fear and trembling that they may follow those that have gone before.

Along comes a person we mistake for a disguised chauffeur. Two thousand to a thousand, says he

We go quite close to him in an endersour to ascertain the reason why he can plant a thousand rupees on a horse and we only ten. Where does the ment he—is his wealth the promised reward of honesty or is ours the cute one of imbeclity? We look at him hard and long and then go into the waiting room and look at ourselves. We man inturally be prejudiced but we seem the letter pattern.

Plonted platocrais have at times teen pointed out to us worth lakhs We gaze with considerable curiosity they do not possess have that close like steel rat-traps, neither have they the gimlet eye. We are disillusionised. "Where on earth did they get it."

"Out of coal," we are told—that is a shady mineral, but personally we would not mind making it but out of mud.

The easiest way to acquire fortune, is to become a bookmaker—in that profession all you have to do is to stand on a box and the public do the rest.

However, since we know nothing about money and money certainly knows less about us, we will leave it alone.

We have of course the war to fall

back upon.

Anybody can write about the war. There are many popular examples who do it in cold blood day by day. You only have to point out that if the British attack persists and the Germans continue to retire, we shall clear them out of Belgium—and then end up with, "but it is unwise to prophesy."

So, we will stick to something we do know a little about—war short-ages—even a teetotaller can write about that. What follows below is merely (as the editor would say) "An intelligent anticipation of events."

WAR SHORTAGES.

This article really refers to 1922 how it comes to be published so much in advance the editor of this journal can explain by the proud boast that Indian Ink is always up to date and a little after.

The trouble began with alcoholic liquors—the price of whisky gradually advanced until the population began to use it as scent. The selling price was rupees two, annas eight per drop and the prevailing custom was (when visitors were over) to put one drop on a visitor's handkerchief and let him imagine the rest. People

began frequently to borrow one another's handkerchiefs.

In 1918, the preliminary symptoms shortage in alcoholic drinks appeared. This was accentuated by a khaki raid on a large scale from Mesopotamia. The rush to have a last lap was immense and the local Licensing Board tried to remedy matters by cutting down the hours of sale-but a man with a concentrated thrist is like the biblical character -the last stage of that man is worse than the first. This desire to be in at the finish naturally caused weakheaded units of the population to break out in abnormal patches. We have rescued a few incidents from oblivion and serve them up for what they are worth.

A sentry on guard at the Kidderpore Docks at an hour when all but the wicked were asleep, stood with his boots off and helmet on.

Visiting Rounds, as is the custom with the tribe to which they belong, came along and received no challenge "Here," he shouted angrily.

"Why the h—Il don't you challenge."
"Because," said the sentry slowly
and with difficulty. "Because I can't

ruddy-hic-well fight."
"What have you got your helmet on

for," said Visiting Rounds.
The sentry pointed with his

bayonet to a big arc lamp. "Damned hot," said he.

"Damned hot," said he.
Another incident, which did not involve such a grave dereliction of duty, occurred on the Maidan The Highland Corps were on parade and the examination of knee caps had just been concluded when there appeared a figure in a kilt on a horse that appeared to have been stolen from a bund ghari. He looked picturesque with the kilt flowing around the saddle—he rode gravely up to the Corps which was now at attention.

"What the Moon Saw"



But if it went out he was dead Hans Andersen



A CORNER OF THE BAZAAR DAGSHAL BY REG JORDAN.

"Battalion," he shouted, "Right Turn-dismiss!" The order was never carried out as he chose that precise moment to fall off his horse. They gave him ten days in the Fort to think it over.

While we are referring to Scotch regiments, we are reminded of an incident that occurred in Chow-

ringhee.

A fine strapping Colonial came out of one of those places, where they give you salted nuts for nothing. He had a good many nuts and felt that it was good to be alive even in Calcutta. He bumped up against a sedate member of our local kilted corps.

"Coo-e-e Jack," said he, "put it there old son-I was with your lot at Ypres-come inside and have a

bucketful."

"Excuse me," said the upholder of our dignity. "I don't drink."

"Never mind," said the hearty

Colonial, "come and have a ruddy

bun." "Thanks very much," said our citizen, "but I am just going to church"-and with that he moved

off.

"Here," said the Colonial to a passerby-" What's that bloke belong to?"

The passerby told him

"Blime!" said the Colonial, "and

I thought he was a soldier."

There was also the case of the man in the Fort. He had been keeping up his monthly birthday and it struck him that the barracks was a desolate old shop to sleep in, so he made his way to the Colonel's quarters and made himself comfortable. The former returned and found a pair khaki shorts connected with ammunition boots, encumbering his best easy chair.

The next day, he awarded the keeper of birthdays 21 days' detention Meeting the culprit after six days of the punishment had passed, he enquired

how he was getting on? " Alright Sir," was the reply.

"Look after yourself and I'll take some of it off," the Colonel answered him.

This scene was repeated in exact detail three times until the offender had but one half an hour more to go to finish the 21 days.

"How are you getting on," said the

Colonel.

"Alright Sir," replied the private "Good-look after yourself and I will take some of your punishment off" -and with that he moved away

The private looked after him. " May you die of thirst in a ruddy desert." said he. We should like to finish the story that way, but sad to say the Colonel continued to flourish like the

green bay tree.

Another war shortage that affected the every-day life of places like Calcutta, was that of the Young Bloods. The streets were quieter at night, especially on Saturday night. However, elderly men valiantly into the breech and the flappers were able to enjoy the wisdom of experience In all places where the public exhibited themselves grandfathers could be seen supporting themselves by leaning heavily round youthful waists This combination of old age and youth struck at first a pathetic note, but the public gradually got used to it, and it was noticeable that after a while the grey heads grew decidedly skittish.

The period predicted by an unknown prophet "Three women to every man" had at length arrived. A suggestion appeared in the local papers that the only solution to the difficulty was Mormonism, but that found but little favour with those of the fair sex who were by law established.

Some time before the period, we are now so imperfectly attempting to describe, the superior sex of Calcutta had a very pleasant habit. It was called by polite people the Calcutta stare-others not so polite gave it another name. The habit consisted of fixing the two eyes on anything in a skirt and of keeping them there until the objective was out of sight-it emanated from the ingrained habit of protection born with every man and was particularly appreciated by modest and retiring women.

War Shortages changed all this-it was now with difficulty that a medically unfit Young Man could make his way up Chowringhee and in consequence these were not seen out much in davlight. Men with a tendency to polygamy fretted at what they termed the unjust laws of the land.

As might naturally be expecteddomestic diversions assumed an importance transcending everything else. Ordinary individuals experienced the thrills of the Glad Eye to a degree to which their faces did not entitle them. We reproduce a few incidents of the period.

A Chillian magnate-he dealt in chillies-was wandering down a bye lane of Tollygunge examining the flora and fauna of the District with his little School Mate. He turned a corner and came to a halt in front of his wife.

" Ah, my dear," he said quickly, " I'm so glad I met you-here is this poor child lost her father "-the child sobbed

pitifully.

"Did she expect to find him in Tollygunge," said the wife.

The child sobbed louder than ever.

"Hush, my dear," said the husband to his wife. "He's dead."

"Is he," replied the wife. "Well, you're not going to take his placecome on," and he went. We might have offered a pound of tea for the answer to this problem, but preferred to give the solution now in case it may be of some assistance.

Then, there was another story of the Jute Wallah and the Magnet. This Magnet had golden hair which she had obtained locally. They were off by a local train to spend an intellectual Sunday in the inspection of items of Archæological interest at a town called Chandernagore. The latter place, before the War, was chiefly noted as the abode of various members of the human race who had had a difference of opinion with the laws of the land.

Well, they had just bought a copy of the Educational Review-a four sheet production on Pink Paper and were engaged in reading up the derivation of Trollie Lollie when he espied advancing on the platform the

portly figure of his wife.

"Gad," said he, "quick get into the Bathroom."

She did. His wife came along "what are you doing here, Henry"

said she.

that Blighter Jones," he replied, "asked me to see him off by this train and he hasn't turned up They escorted one another home and the train moved off carrying a lonely figure, who had made herself amenable to Section 113 of the Railway Act for travelling without a ticket or the · wherewithal to buy one.

After the great comb and get out of 1918, business firms had to look to the lighter side of nature for assistance. The fair sex invaded the sacred portals of Banks and other places of respectability and overdrafts fell off in favour. Only the most hardened sinners could face the reproachful glance of a blue eyed fairy with his account on the debit side The Cheque habit also for the same reason fell into disuse especially among those who did not desire that their left hand should know what the right were doing.

The correspondence of firms exhibited an originality that the mere male was incapable of and it became a source of pleasure to write and enquire about different things that would never be required.

Samples of some of these epistles are still extant. We reproduce a few but have purposely disguised the source

from which they sprung.

From Messrs, HANS ANDERSON & COMPANY.

DEAR MADAM.

We are really sorry the dress does not fit you. After all you can hardly blame us-if you will persist in developing at such a rate you will have to have a Gown made of Rubber. We charged you double rates because there are twice as many stitches as in an ordinary dress. You should really do something you know and we strongly advise Turkish Baths or five miles a day before chota hazri.

DEAR SIR.

We know you ordered a green tiebut we don't like green and feel sure you will look much prettier in the pink puce one we have selected Never mind the thanks, send another order

FROM MESSRS. RIGHTAWAY PAIDFOR & COMPANY.

DEAR MADAM,

Don't be rude-they are not a boilermaker's Overalls and we do not supply a Hat and Pair of Shoes in continuation-they also are not meant for a bathing costume.

FROM MESSRS. F. WASLER. To A SUBALTERN.

When you asked us for a canteen, we did not suppose you wanted Oilman's Stores as well-and don't put cheerio at the bottom of your letter as we are very particular who we say Cheerio

DEAR MADAM.

Yes-it is a piece of very ancient China-it was dug out of the great Wall and made into the shape you see it now.

No-it is not a washhand basin but a Flower Vase.

We have a general utility Vase, if that would be any help? You can use it either as an Ash Tray, Flower Vase, Tea Cup or Milk Jug-just as occasion suggests.

If we supplied you with a Cup without the handle that is the fault of the makers-we are sending a handle

along

FROM THE MODERN ROPE WORKS. To THE AGENT,

E I. RAILWAY

We have to-day sent in our tender for Rope-now do be an old dear and do what you can. You see it's like this. The firm have told me that if you accept our tender I shall get a commission on the job and I have a mother and two sisters at home, not to speak of an aunt. whose husband eloped with a most designing creature.

Will you write to me or shall I come along and see you

FROM MESSRS THE IRON & STEEL WORKS.

DEAR SIR.

We are out of 80lbs. Rails but we have lots of useful other little things in stock. We have a Toy Engine that children are quite struck with-Gas Brackets and Horse Shoes If any of these will do, we shall be pleased to send them.

FROM RANK FROST & COMPANY (Chemists).

To

DEAR OLD THING,

People don't use that stuff now-adays. We have a little tablet in stock-you only have to swallow it and the tablet does the rest. In half an hour you drop ten years and in an hour can be mistaken for a flapper. If he is delaying about coming up to scratch ask him to dinner and take two. an hour before-but for heaven's sake fix it in writing before the effect wears off.

FROM Messrs HAMAND TONGUE & COMPANY

DEAR SIRS.

We send you an engagement ring but not the cheapest we have. You should be ashamed of yourself for asking for it, you should also remember that a girl as a rule only gets engaged once and in these days some not at all We are also forwarding a bracelet and a necklace which, we think, you might, with advantage, make her a present of. Good Luck-what is she like?

FROM THE EAST END WATCH COMPANY.

DEAR SIRS.

What we said was that if the Watch didn't go, we would replace it-well, if you still have it, it could not have gone.

FROM MESSRS. MORE DIGNITY & COMPANY.

DEAR MADAM.

You have our deepest sympathyhe is a beast. You are quite sure, dear, that he said he would marry you-you know how artful some of these men are. But why only four thousand rupees damages-we have altered that to half a lie and hope you get it-anyway, it

will teach him a lesson not to match depredatory instincts against unarmed innocence in future. Don't forget to cry in court.

Things did not go smoothly in the share brokers' offices. An excited individual rushed in with "Look here. I'm a Bear. " "You look like it," said the pert young thing.

In another instance, the speculator informed the fair listener "that he was buying for a rise." She wished to be sympathetic. "I'm sure I hope he gives it to you," said she.

To quote one more case. One of those sleek gentlemen that are always fishing around for information, dropped into a Broker's Office and smiled ingratiatingly. "I say," said he, " what about Titaghur."

"Why not a tram ride to Tolly-

gunge," said she.

The Shortage in Rubber soon put all the Motor Cars off the Road. This appreciably affected the vital statistics. A review of these statistics for 1918 revealed the fact that of the total number of marriage ceremonies performed during that year, seventy-five per cent. had their origin in a Taxi drive.

It appears that the exhibaration of rushing through the air at forty miles an hour released the spring that controlled the emotions. If the drive were long enough, say Tollygunge and Ballygunge-these emotions would cause the right arm of the man to encircle that portion of the ladies' anatomy called the waist-the heads would rest together-faces incline inwards and-they had the rest of their lives to think it over.

The City Fathers viewed this decrease in the Marriage Statistics with some dismay and after discussions, lasting the best part of a year, decided to open Lovers' Bowers all around the Maidan

These were shelters made of folinge with a door In this door, was a slot and entry could be obtained by dropping in a four-anna piece order to avoid their being used as Residential Quarters a red light would appear after ten minutes and the door fly open-a further four anna piece was necessary to close the door

The effect of this excellent innovation was somewhat spoiled by the population of Calcutta treating the vicinity as health resorts and the irritating habit of the Chowkidars who used to shake the doors with a

deprecatory cough

A true idea of these difficult times is fairly indicated by the advertisements that appeared in the daily papers

We quote selected samples -Young Lady-age 19 or enough-golden hair (permanent)blue eyes and a bewitching smile, tilted chin and teeth that have been mistaken for a string of pearls Wishes to cheer up the declining years of a gentleman having enough money to leave her happy and comfortable

Could any kind soul spare Mrs Curiosky, an outer garment of sorts She hasn't seen the green grass for a week owing to the Dhobi having decamped with her one and only

Wanted-For one day only, a pair of trousers-advertiser getting married and the clergyman has struck at shorts and a pink shirt Hip 66-length doesn't matter

long for liquor-try our Whiskeroid-take three tabloids and vou wouldn't give a damn for a Grand Duke

To men only-if you wish to avoid marriage try our face mask With one of these on you could scare a continent

The shortage of wearing apparel was very trying especially with the Fair Sex The men solved the question with shirt and shorts, and enjoyed the limitation immensely One Clive Street Mag nate however wished to improve on the situation and appeared in Office with Yellow Shirt and Pink Shorts He had so many callers that day that he didn't do a stroke of work and when he found his chuprassies wandering in every few seconds, he began to tumble that his runbow appearance was responsible

With the Fair Sex, however, the matter was quite different Clothes with them are really one of the serious affairs of life As a flighty young thing remarked one day, "I wonder what the devil Eve found to talk about," and her conversation with all due respect must have been limited A man with statistical leanings sat behind two fair ladies in the Theatre and took down an analysis of the conversation. It went something like this -

"How does she do it-he can't get

more than six hundred a month "

"Not that my dear"

" Every time I see her, she has some thing fresh on"

" Ah " said the other smiling, " That's one of the my steries " "You mean," said the first lady and

dropped into a whisper "Exactly." was the reply course she gives out that she has an income of her own but I happen to

know that is what she gets on old bottles and papers " Their attention was attracted to

another fair dame

"She spends hundreds on her clothes," said the first, " and looks like a sack tied up in the middle '

ability. So deference is paid to the furnaces raging within him now. And we continue to gaze upon the Tigris.

Smith begins discursively in a thoughtful voice as of one uprooting old memories, "Do you remember when we were in Mesopotamia? I always said then that we should agree afterwards that it was not really so bad, after all. At least, I don't suppose I said it but someone used to."

Voice in the dusk: "Oh, I think that is almost enough of a platitude for even you, Smith, to be capable of even though it was ten years back."

Smith, unruffled, resumes, "Do you remember the boats? What was Euclid's definition of a Tigris steamer, something to do with a picture of Turner's. Oh! I know! "A Tigris steamer is that which has steam smell and smoke but no speed!" And do you remember that little devil of a tug which, had her engines apparently desirned to blow her hooter?"

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Smith, calmly, "of course, they always do say these red chaps are awfully impetuous, don't they? difficult to hold back and all that!" (Sounds of struggling and general harmony).

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"I wonder her husband doesn't tell her."

"My dear, he daren't."

This the statistician afterwards said was a fair sample of the two hours' talk.

The introduction of standardised costumes relieved the situation somewhat but added certain unexpected difficulties A husband would come up behind a standardised costume and playfully pinch what he thought was

the neck of his wife only to find that the neck had another proprietor. The ladies then followed one of the most pronounced of the War tendencies and adopted the bifurcated garment with a Homburg Hat.

· The effect was very pleasing but an octogenarian who had sat half an hour in the Eden Gardens patting the hand of a youth in mistake for what he thought was a flapper expressed some strong views to the contrary.

Comforts for Officers.

A SYSTEM TO ASSIST 'EM.

THIS evening at sunset—the grateful hour when winds and tempers cool-Thompson sitting unawares in the butter raises the temperature and brings us all on duty.

Mildness on the part of Mr. Jones, inadvertently the cause of this fluctuation (he having heedlessly promoted the offending soluble from its place on the ground to the seat of Thompson's chair and as heedlessly turned aside to lay hands on the dough with which he purposed its admixture for the more sure ensnarement of certain fish or fishes unknown), has had a partial effect; but the disturbance has cast a gloom over Thompson, and we others have to admit that in realising that the annoyance is not merely of the moment he is taking the long view

Few people, perhaps, have been privileged to see a good example of the adage "constant dripping wears away a stone," though our Colonel says that the effect on the walls of his stomach of the ghee served up by our crovelling excuse for a cook must be having a somewhat analogous effect; but there is no doubt in the minds of any of us present that even occasional

washings (a feeble term in no way picturing the frenzied waist deep attack made on the river bank by our dhobi, who seems to labour under a fanatical desire to assist the river in breaking its record of erosion with one of our cherished garments as a weapon) at the hands of our merman devotee has an alarmingly lowering effect upon the vitality of one's trousers. Thus, the gentle reader may grasp, did stock in Jones' shorts (officers' khaki), so to speak, depreciate when a cleansing became necessary out of due time. Thus may he gauge our sympathy.

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The Collector's Farewell.

By J. J. COTTON.

Good-bye to the district I'm leaving, Good-bye to cutcherry and clerk, Good-bye to fond hopes I'd been

weaving

Of making in India my mark, I am come to the end of my tether, I have sent in my papers, and so At the close of the last long hot weather

I have settled to go.

Good-bye, how I've swinked and I've

sweated Year in and year out in the plains With a climate unspeakably fetid

And worse as a rule in the rains, O my people, new rulers will plague

Collectors who know not your ways Will inherit the toil and the ague I shall feel all my days

Good-bye to the mosques and pagodas, The tanks, the picottahs, the trees, Soft seats of ineffable odours,

Fond subjects of endless B P's, Good-bye to the sights of the village, The Braminy Bull and the car, The ryot afield at his tillage,

The bund, the bazaar,

Good-bye to the grind and the pleasure,

The rides to my favourite camps, Where I worked off arrears at my leisure

With the aid of facsimile stamps; Good-bye, bug-proof chair and camp table,

Blue pencil, green ink and red tape, To think I shall really be able Your thrall to escape

Good-bye to the life of the station, The Club where we always turn

For the peg that so cheers conversation,

The cheroot that so stimulates

Good-bye to the racket of mail day Good-bye, solah topee and sun, O bag of rupees upon pay day, Your pension is won

Good-bye to the peon and the servant Whose frailties I fain would forget,

The Butler and Boy so observant, Lamp matey, grasscut, sweeperette.

The chit and the chokra will wander No longer from pillar to door,

Nor the back of Big Master's verandali Resound to their snore.

Good-bye to decrees and decisions, Codes, calendars, cases and Courts, Reminders on urgent petitions,

Reviews on emergent reports, The State must find others to save it, On new heads the huzoor must rely,

For yours truly has made affidavit To retire in July.

Yesterday was my Deputy saying That India is going to dogs; Let it go; in two months I'll be paying

My court to the City of Fogs, Far far from the land of the lota,

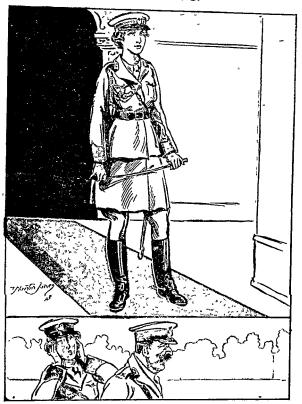
Far far from B A and B. L. I'll be dodging the 'bus and the motor

Down shady Pall Mall

Good-bye, Sanyasi and Swami, Apparelled in ashes and string, When I next see the Salvation Army I'll quote them the slokas you sing:

Good-bye to machan and man-eater, Gymkhana and bobbery pack,

The tramps with shikars and beater, The runs after jack.



It is suggested that owing to the shortage of officers, the appointment of A. D. Cs. to Generals and other brass hats be filled by young ladies.

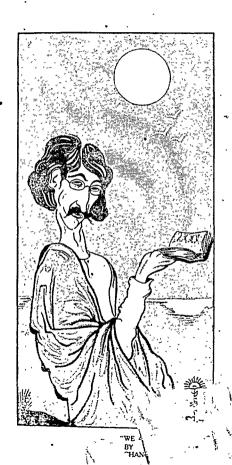
A Bargain.



Padre— 'engaging orderly) "—and ah, about salary What do you suggest now?"

Orderly— Well I reckons hiteen rupees if you eats me and twenty rupees if I eats myself!"





THE COLLECTOR'S FAREWELL.

Good-bye to Aiyengar and Aiyar, Castes, sects and sub-sects by the score,

The witness who's always a liar, The pleader who's never a bore,

Good-bye to the country that's ruled by

The Sowar, Civilian and Scribe And the number of mamools they're fooled by

I will not describe.

Good-bye O Gazette, your appointments

No longer will trouble my mind, Good*bye, Civil List, disappointments In future will find me resigned,

I have done with the daring ambition
To emulate Clive and Munro,

And shall close my imperial mission Second class P. and O. Office notes will no more be submitted
In their own unapproachable
style,

Or Travelling Allowance admitted At so many annas a mile,

Tahsildars will no more be suspended Or fuslies brought under review,

For the undersigned's Raj will have ended

And passed out of view

Good-bye to the Service that taught me To rule with the point of a pen, Good-bye to the Sircar that bought me

With silver from Gurney and Wren,

Good-bye to my friends and my neighbours, Be they brown, be they black, be they white,

Good-bye to the land of my labours, Old India, Good-night.

98

Irish Folk Bong.

By SHIRLEY MAUREEN HODGKINSON.

Mo cean dubh declish! dear dark head! Content by thy side would I wander on, Would drink the brook water, eat dry bread, And sleep 'neath the stars when the sun was gone

Cean dubh declish! when thou dost come To talk to me, here, at my father's door, My heart beats fast but my lips are dumb, Sure, how can I speak to thee, then, asthore?

Never a word I find to say! But blame me not, love, for my maiden shame, In the night when I kneel down to pray, 'Tis the Queen of the Angels hears thy name.

Mo cean dubh deelish! dear dark head! With thy raven hair and thy eyes of brown, All thine, beloved, to win and wed, I will wear thy love as a queen her crown!

War Conomy.

By E. H. TIMMINS.

COULD see Elizabeth was busy. She had rumpled her golden hair and rolled up her sleeves until I could see the dimples just by the elbows

She sat behind one black book that was propped up against the inkstand Another rested beneath a rosy arm A third and smaller book lay free to all the winds of heaven-or of the punkah. There was also a catalogue or two And a fine breezy havor the punkah made

There was ink on Elizabeth's forefinger and I knew there was trouble

about

She was worrying about figures, things that in the plural should not, for my peace of mind, concern her; but which in the singular are-should it be is?—undoubtedly her province—and she knows it

"Charles," said she, frowning.

"I'm . . ."

"So I see, Elizabeth," said I sternly "What did you promise me?"

For I had determined to "do" the accounts myself. They always make Elizabeth cry; and tears don't suit her.

"Oh! this is different, I'm trying to economise."

"Economise!" with us earning-"Yes, dear, I know. But this is WAR

ECONOMY!"

"Oh!" said I

"Yes! I've just been reading a War Loan advertisement and I feel I must give them some money."

"But, Elizabeth, you don't give money to the War Loan; you lend it!" "That's even better," she replied

briskly. "It's easier. When shall I get the money back?"

"That depends; in five, or seven, or ten years!"

Her face fell

"Five years! It's a long time"

"Not very long? We were engaged "

"I know it's not long that way. But it's a long time when you want a new dress."

I admitted the fact

"And I've been trying to see how we can economise to give-I mean lendmoney to the War Loan"

"Can't you find a way? ""

The inky finger went up to the thoughtful brow and left just the slightest stain I had to kiss it

"Can't you?"

"No-o You see this War Economy is easy to talk about, but. look I want a pair of shoes I must have some to wear and here's a catalogue says thirty-five chips for the pair I want: a ducky pair, look at them!"

"Very nice," I said, "but. . . . "

"But before the war they cost only fifteen rupees!" "How can I economise there? If I buy this pair at twenty-two I shall hate them I shall never wear them. I don't like the buckle Even then (sternly) is it ECONOMY?"

"No!" said I.

"Then one must wear clothes"

I assented.

"Here's a new hat I want; or one something like it. Look at the price! Fifty dibs That's because the flowers are so dear, and the ribbons, and everything I must have a hat to wear and if I do I can't economise."

I saw tears were near.

"Never mind, dear; we'll . . ."

"How can we? I know what you're going to say. I've been looking at the catalogue and you should see the price of jams and cheese and everything! Twice as much as they used to be!"

"We'll have to cut them out? Get some others."

"Silly! There are no others. These are not English. They're from all over the world except England."

"But there's drinks."

The vials of scorn were opened.

"Do you mean to tell me you can do without your peg? You're grumpy enough with it."

"I might drink gin instead. Gin and

soda's a tophole drink."

"You can't give it to all your friends. We entertain little enough now."

I kissed the inky finger.

"I wish you'd be serious, Charles As if I hadn't enough to try me!"

"Why, kisses don't cost anything!"
"Yes, they do; they rub the powder
off my nose—and the price of powder
frightens me," said Elizabeth.

"Go without."

"And look like a grease-spot? I'd sooner die."

She picked up the black book and dived into its pages; contending for them with the punkah.

"Do you know how much the bazar

has gone up? "

I confessed I had not the details at my

finger-ends.

"Well, I'll tell you. Here's everything dearer somehow. Now, why a marrow should be dearer because there's a war on, why butter should be up, why milk, why....."

I held up a hand
"Stop, Elizabeth," said I, "and listen
to me. A gentleman who makes bricks
has put up the price of his product
because even the price of muttee has
gone up. When that Irappens surely
the things that grow in the muttee..."

"Charles, do you defend this profiteering?"

I drew a sharp breath.

"Dearest," said I, "that awful word! You know it's libellous; you could be put in puison for saying that." - "But only you heard me and you wouldn't . . ."

"I know, but you might . . ."

"Oh no! you don't think I go about shouting the beastly word outside every shop in Calcutta." "Certainly not, dear"

"Well, be more sensible, Charles

What about this economy?"

I suggested we should turn over the War Loan pages in the papers quickly and not look at them.

"Coward," said Elizabeth, "you may, but I can't. I'm a patriot."

I was quashed

"Very well, dear, let's see the books."
"I've been looking at the books and
every day we spend more. And I want
to economise. But how can I? You
remember that brocade dress I had last
year?"

I didn't, but I nodded—one does when Elizabeth begins to talk thus It is easier.

"Well, the price of that material is seventy-five supees a yard now"

"I have an idea," I said "Sell it and buy a new one of cheaper stuff."

I received a cold stare

"Sell that dress! Who'd buy it? And a new one would cost me more—quite a plain, inexpensive one too"

I picked up my pipe Elizabeth's glance rapidly followed my hand

"And that reminds me," said she.
"What does tobacco cost?"

"Oh . . ei . , all prices, dearest."
"What does that evil-smelling sort

cost?"
It was—(There are no free advertisements in Indian Ink.—Editor, I. I.)

"Two-eight a quarter, dearest?"

"A quarter what? Hundred-weight?"
"No," said I, " a ton"

Elizabeth threw a glance of scorn towards me.

"Charles," please be serious. What used it to cost?

"One-twelve."

An Ode, Apparently to Freedom.*

By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

It is hard to light on a subject, but easy to dress it with words, To float to the empyrean on the delicate pinions of birds, To shun terrestrial crawling for a world that is sweeter far, Where roses are redder than poppies, and every lamp is a star. Wherefore, O purblind human, that pinest and strugglest below, With never ambrosia to browse on, or heaven-drawn afflatus to know, I leave thee to slumbers Lethean, to words that are few and plain, And mount to the frondage of frenzy, and verbiage abundant as rain Is there not in our vision the glory of countless feet Tramping to freedom's triumph, by every road and street? Shines there not on our eye-balls a gladsome world made free? Let others love beauty or wisdom. My country, my love is of thee For I am the prophet of freedom with nostrils distent for the battle, Mid storm-wrack and thunders and wind blasts that make all the windows rattle.

And I the herald of strifeless dawn, the spirit upon the seas, Whose hand takes freedom by the hand, who sit upon her knees When March winds sweep o'er thy bosom, laying the snow-blooms low, When summer, all colour and radiance, paints thy warm breast with her glow.

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INDIAN INK.

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The Jemidar's Death-Dream.

By C. HUGHES GOLDEN, 2nd Lieut

The whining song of shrapnel through the air Low groans that mix with curses on the ground, And dull incessant boomings make a sound Of bitter misery, and everywhere.

The shadowes in the hanging-gardens pale And quiver in the moghra-scented breeze, Whilst far within the rustling moghra trees A bul-bul sounds her challenge to the male.

The temple-domes are mistily outlined, Blue dragon-flies hang over the lagoon And circle round, beneath the yellow moon, A lotus-flower floating on the wind.

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An Ode, Apparently to Freedom.*

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Regrets.

By R. C. BONNERJEE.

Rosemary and Rue! Rosemary and

Is it Rue for others? Rosemary for you? Breathe not on the embers Where the faint flame frets, Rosemary remembers; Rue regrets!

Summer's suns and Summer's
Glorious riot of flowers
Lent to us new comers
Hosts of heavenly hours!
Hours, alas, so fleeting;
As we felt them go,
Did we think our meeting
Would end—so?

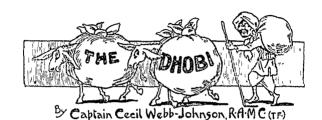
Autumns chill embraces, Withering the flowers, Left but scanty traces

Of those heavenly hours. Chill we grew and olden, Lost in each our trust, And the moments golden Turned to dust.

Winter now encloses
All the land with snow.
Gone the fragrant roses
Gone—Aye let them gr
Kindled fires are dyin
Now the truth we've .
Leave the ashes lying
On the ground!

Rosemat ! Rose
Ri ...
Rose
Only
Breath
Where \
Rosemai,

Rue regri



Mastrated by Philip Greaves

old Hindu proverb "An itch in time saves nine" In this he proves himself to be an altruist of the highest order, for he is lavish in his fungoid gifts Engaging a good dhobi requires great judgment and discrimination. It is advisable to avoid any with the temperament of Diogenes, Charles Lamb or Thomas Bad tempered dhobis vent Carlyle. their spleen on defenceless garments rending them to pieces with the truculence of a Danton and the furor tentonicus of a Hun. Mr. Rochester in "Jane Eyre" when breaking pokers in half is nothing to an angry dhobi with a flimsy garment. Even a good natured or jovial dhobi is not to be trusted, for many of his jokes are no laughing matter. Some people are in the habit of attacking those who are good to them by making untrue and

uncharitable remarks behind their back.

The dhobi cares not where he makes

his marks-in front or behind

HE dhobi is a firm believer in the

mark like Napoleon's fifth element, mud, is liable to spread—sometimes in remarkable directions. Bertillon, Francis Galton and Purkinge discovered by anthropometric research that the finger prints of all men vary. This discovery proved of great benefit to criminology, but the mark or print of the dhobi seldom incriminates any particular man. In this lies his safety, for like "Coward Adam" he can always blame his wife.

He is the idol of all soldiers, for it is solely owing to him that the present day "thorts" have taken the place of the old-fashioned long trousers. From men are more adept at beating a prir of longs into shorts than a strong reginental dhobi also gives many a soldier a few days rest and an excuse for avoiding early drills. They cannot resist the temptation of attending sick parade and displaying to the Medical Officer on duty the gifts which



the dhobs has given them The is а much-maligned man. worthy of pity and consideration, and many scurrilous aspersions have been flung at his ancient caste No wonder he is an ardent Home Ruler, and indignantly refuses the Curtiss compromise He has been accused of being in league with the doctors and chemists who benefit by his gifts. Dr. Frank Ross repudiated the suggestion "Ek dum." The Commission appointed by the Government to inquire into the charge, decided that there was no evidence to prove any such collusion Other evil-minded people have-accused him of working hand in hand with the durzi or native tailor. As no official inquiry was made into the charge that the dhobi takes a secret commission for every garment he renders unfit for further wear, it is only fair to both parties to reserve judgment.

The dhobi is destructive rather than constructive—that is as far as clothes are concerned. Just as in the 8th and 9th centuries the iconoclasts damaged or destroyed the images and pictures in churches, so in the 19th century the dhobi has sworn a solemn oath to treat in a similar manner any garment entrusted to his ablutionary care and discretion—Anyone who has lived in India and examined his stone and

wooden washing slabs must acknowledge that he has kept his oath religiously.

The natural enemies of the whale are the thrasher and sword fish. The latter with his acicular jaw pricks the pliocene leviathan in the belly when he would sink, while the former with his heterocercal tail beats her down again. The dhobi is the natural enemy of lace and fine linen and has proved himself a thrasher of no mean ability. * There are few things he cannot thrash. Lace to the dhobi is like the red flag to the bull. It engenders hatred in his heart, destruction in his soul and veform in his blows. Were lace simply, as we



are taught at school, a network of cotton or silk with the reticulations and decussations at equal distances between the interstices, we feel disillusioned when we see it on its return from the dhobi. Having ruined the lace industry he refuses to rest on his laurels until he has treated the silk industry in a similar manner, for he despises favouritism of any kind His character is complex, wavering between bravery and cowardice is a coward where clean water is concerned The very sight or thought of it sends him into opisthotonic convulsions similar to those of patients suffering from hydrophobia He will

travel miles to avoid it for washing purposes and revel when he finds something filthy and of the consistency of pea soup. In his ecstasy he has often been heard to exclaim "há! Hiñya tik pàni hai." He proves himself a coward when he attacks with Berserk ferocity defenceless garments which have never harmed man, woman or beast. In some respects he is brave. He has never been known to be afraid to return with the washing even if his zeal has made it difficult or impossible for the memsahib to distinguish her own garments from those of her husband. He also possesses a singular daring in daily washing and airing his dirty linen in public. The only men who dare flout public opinion with impunity, are either men of impregnable social position or those of exceptional ability and originality

Such men are invariably Bohemians. preferring to associate with brain to blood, wits to bores, sulphites to bromides, and people of talent and originality to the ordinary members of dull and respectable middle class society. When the average man, who is so "extraordinarily ordinary," with the originality of a louse, attempts to brave public opinion he is doomed to failure. He prefers mixing with women of his own mental calibre and discussing local scandal to subjects which make life worth living, and he always dies a man of no importance. He leaves no imprints on the sands of time-he has lived in vain.

The dhobi belongs to this class and dies a disappointed man—unregretted and unmissed. No dhobi has ever succeeded in dying a rich man, or of reing elected a member of the Legislative Council nor has he succeeded in being mentioned amongst the 47,000. He is an exclusive man—some people

say he is a snob. In his ignorance and arrogance he fancies himself better than others. He is always seen with his near relations—his wife, his son or his ass. The apotheosis of the dhobi is the pinxellah. To him ladies send their most expensive silks and crêpede-chines. The only difference between the pinxellah and his humble



confrère the dhob, is that when the former has finished with your clothes it is possible to keep them together with the aid of pins, whilst with the latter even pins are useless for the purpose.

In 1918, "The Dhobi-proof Clothing Company, Ltd," was on the point of being floated with a capital of 20 lakhs of rupees, at Rs 10 a share. It was arranged to put the shares on the market as Rs 10 premium, but at the last moment the Indian Government intervened and refused to grant the license on the ground that the company was not one of national importance.

The chagrin of the agents and prospective shareholders and the delight of the dhobis can well be imagined Though the origin of the dhobi is obscure and wrapped in mystery, the anthropologists, after years of research, have traced him back to the original wife beaters of the past. His motto, translated from the original, runs as follows:

"Clothes are like woman, a dog or a

The more they be beaten, the better they be."

The dhobi has other sides to his nature—sometimes he is sentimental. Many people must have heard him singing as he approaches his various clients, his version of Ellen Wright's song:

"Every morn I bring thee toilets." There is one person who can never forgive him! I refer, of course, to the blushing bride who arrives at Bombay with the latest Parisian trousseau She heaves a sigh and suppresses a tear as she gazes at her garments some 6-9 months afterwards. Seeing them on the ground, frayed, tattered and torn, she becomes philosophical and orders new ones made of more resistant material, substituting in her Eastern wisdom embroidery for lace. It is futile to fight against the dhobi, for even if you appear to win, the victory is but a Pyrrhic one. One can gauge, with a fair amount of accuracy, the relations existing between a dhobi and his wife. Should the washing be returned in a dilapidated condition, minus buttons and seams, it may be justifiably surmised that the connubial relations have been disturbed by the ubiquitous tertium quid.

Owing to the ever-growing emancipation of women and female competition, the dhobin or native washerwoman has appeared upon the scene. She guarantees to do the same amount of damage to your clothes for less money. The strength of her blows is in direct proportion to her progeny. The Hindu proverb says that just as a fat man makes a poor husband, so a childless dhobin makes a poor husband, so a childless dhobin makes a poor husband, so a childless dhobin is no Griselda in temper Just as the female havk is stronger than the male, so a dhobin who is the



mother of many children is often of greater muscular development than he husband. She believes that sparing the rod spoils the child and for this reason makes a practice of whipping her children once a week whether they deserve it or not. By this means she retains her authority in her home and keeps in form for her washing. In other words she retains her footing by keeping her hand in.

The Quest Perpetual.

By W C WORDSWORTH

I have sought on the banks of the Hooghly, Have ranged through Assam and Bihar Enquiringly roamed up to Poonjee, To Patna Monghyr and Buxar I have hunted for news in the desert Of Scinde and the valleys of Kas Miri And winnowed through Bombay and Ooty And Murree and Mhow and Madras

I have pestered my friends and dependents Until they all think me a bore Commissioners bishops chipprissis The durwan who sleeps at the door Advice I have sought from all quarters, Have advertised near and afar Put questions to cooks and masalchis And (for rhyme) to an Oudh talukdar

In van And I fear me the vision Resembles the mystical Grail That heroes of legend enraptured Sought manfully ever to ful As visions shone brightly before them And drew them from dallance and rest To venture and toil in the seekings So rumours mock me in the quest

l or that seevent who always was honest, That servant who always was clean Was always respectful and sober And always hard working and le in Who was proud of his place and his wages Was never unkempt or uncouth Whose hishabs were fragrant with justice Whose word was the marrow of truth

Perf-nps when our troubles are over Well meet on that beautiful shore Perhaps tired Nature exhausted Produces such wonders no more Perhaps he is but the perfection Conceived in the mind's highest plane The glory we ever must covet, And mortal can never attain

Fly.

By N. S CHENOY

N ages gone by, long before the so called prehistoric age, there lived in the ancient land of very miserly old woman was so very parsimonious none of Maheshwara's* agents had any record of any single act of on her part It is that Maheshwara, the God of the and the unknown, gives known a plot of land to every soul, in the world to come, where the seeds of any good acts done in this world are sown and the souls reap the harvest Now it so happened that this particular old woman had no seeds of charity or good acts to sow, Maheshwara, the lord of creation, seeing that the woman's life was drawing to a close sent for one of the subordinate gods and asked him about the record of the woman's acts The God replied that there was not a single charitable act recorded to her credit The money-crested Gody was at first puzzled a bit, but seeing into the future, said. "On a certain day, at a certain hour, the old woman will place a plateful of well cooked rice on the floor, but before eating it she will go to another room to bring some brown sugar and butter to eat with the rice Send one of our heavenly crows with instructions to take a mouthful of rice and fly back here, sow what the crow brings and let her reap the harvest" On the appointed day the crow went to the old woman's dwelling and watching his opportunity took a mouthful of rice, but before he could fly the old woman caught him and putting a

finger in his mouth cleared out every single grain of rice. The poor envoy went up to the God's abode rather disappointed in not being able to fulfil what he had been commanded

Then the God't whose bunner depicts a bull on it, inquired of the subordinates the result of the crow's mission These gods having inspected the crow's mouth. and finding nothing, reported accordingly Maheshwara The great God was surprised but asked them to examine the crow's mouth again very carefully On their second attempt they were more successful and found a small husk in a corner of the mouth The husk was sown in the plot of land allotted to the old woman The latter died and her soul went to the place where her plot of land and her crop awaited her When she was hungry she went to reap the harvest and as the seed sown was only husk, this was all she could reap and this she could not eat began to pull ears of husk and rub them between the palms of her hands. finding nothing but husk she com menced to beat both her hands on her forehead and cry aloud complaining of misfortune Maheshwara, the three eyed God hearing the lamentations of the old woman inquired of his subordinates who it was that was weeping and wailing They replied saving "O Lord of the creatures. animate and inanimate, it is the miserly old woman" Maheshwara, the God of gods, "transmigrate the miser's soul into a fly and send it back to the world, as a punishment "

Hence arises their custom of rubbing their forefeet together and beating them on the head Perhaps they do thus as they dream of their former birth

^{*}Some SansI rit scholars might object to the Where, Principal F W Bain of the Deccan College Poons says 'The answer to this is that Luropean scholars have trught everybod' to pronounce everything wrong by eg introducing into Sanskirt a letter that it does not contain There is no V in Sanskirt nor can any Hindu without special training pronounce it he says for instance 'walve' for 'valve'."

[†] Maheshwara

THE QUEST PERPETUAL.

Perhaps—and yet once, I remember, When tossing in fever I lay, How tenderly Chungatong nursed me, Unsleeping by night or by day, His face isn't radiant with beauty, He adds to my burden of cares. And yet he perhaps is the angel That I entertain unawares.

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My Girl.

By D. G. DAVIES.

I've said good-bye to Janie, and it wasn't very hard: We left the farm together, and we walked across the yard. The autumn winds were blowing and the clouds came up for rain (And a kind of feeling got me that I'd not be there again).

And we crossed the field as usual by the path and reached the gate (The light was getting dimmer for the afternoon was late), And up the little lane we walked, like any other day, A talking all the time as if I weren't going away.

And when we reached the turnpike and 'twas time to say good-bye, I took her by the shoulders and she look me eye to eye, And I said "Good-bye my darling—only for a little while ('Probably,' I thought, 'I'm lying ') smile, my Janie darling, smile."

And she smiled, clear-eyed and steady, and she laid her lovely arms Round my neck (she was the loveliest daughter of the valley farms), And she leaned her beauty upwards and she kissed me on the lips (I forgot all earth and heaven, winds and wars and seas and ships).

So we kissed good-bye and parted, and she turned and smiled and went Out of sight, not looking backward, down the farm-lane, homeward bent. Half afraid "Was it so easy, then," I said, "for her to part? Truly cared she very little, truly she'll not break her heart."

And I followed, and looked after, down the lane, and saw her turn To the old grey wooden gate there, through the sodden grass and fern, And she bowed her head upon her arms and wept. I saw quite plain In the dusk her shoulders shaking, sobbing in the autumn rain.

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A Tale from Rangoon

By R. S.

Gentle reader, stay awhile,
Listen to my story,
Part of it may raise a smile,
Part of it is gory—
This is Jack, and that is Jim,
Lastly Phyllis, neat and trim

Phyllis was an import new
By the Bibby Liner,
Ne'er were eyes such heavenly blue,
Ne'er was smile diviner,
Mouth demurely arched above—
Jim and Jack both fell in love.

Jimmy to his office ran,
Overhauled his ledgers,
Twinzas, Burma Oils, Aunghan,
Burma Mines and Dredgers;
Marriage seemed a dreadful price,
Was it worth the sacrifice?

Jack was less beset with cares,
Thought such conduct treason,
Didn't count his stocks and shares
For a simple reason;
Entered for the marriage stakes—
Took dear Phyllis on the Lakes.

What a wondrous thing is Art
In the tender gloaming,
How it thrills a maiden's heart,
Sets her fancy roaming—
Jack discoursed of "truth of tone,"
Moonlight, and the Shwe Dagon.

Cunning was the plot he laid,
False his tones of rapture;
Phyllis, simple dimply maid,
Fell an easy capture;
As the fateful "yes" was said
Jim had just resolved to wed!

From his office quickly ran,
Overturned his ledgers,
Sold his Twinzas, sold Aungban,
Sold his golden Dredgers,
Brought his money-bags complete,
Dumped them down at Phyllis'
feet.

O'er the scene that then ensued
Let us draw a curtain,
Was he wild, or mild, or rude?
No one knows for certain;
This much only can be said—
Jack and Phyllis soon were wed

Jack had got an Uncle rich Who had single tarried, Died the very morning which Saw the lovers married; And, for fear his heirs should fail, Left Jack his estates in tail.

Jim took all his hard-earned pelf, Tied it round his body, Went away and drowned himself In the Irrawaddy— Why these things perversely fell, Gentle reader, who can tell?

PELMANISM The Little Grey Books.

oks have achieved greater popularity during the war "The Little Grey Books, as they are affectionately

sers pore over them in the trenches, sailors con them ir brief intervals of leisure in the Grand Fleet , busi ien and women consult them at every possible oppor, lawyers, doctors and students declare them to be an ady source of help, stimulation and encouragement ct, everybody is studying these wonderful little grey in which the principles of Pelmanism are so imply explained "Pelmanism"—that extraordinary ree in modern life-the "cardinal factor of success te Truth's telling phrase

su do not know the httle grey books if you are 'elmanist you should hasten to make up for lost time dy who has not studied these books," says an ardent ist "can conceive the immeasurable benefits resulting em **

single one of them would be cheep to me at a 1 pounds," declares a solicitor 'As a direct con c of them I gained a step in promotion' writes epant General

neral writes from France ' The importance of the Course can hardly be evaggerated I seree it be nationalised

clerks shop assistants and salesmen tell how they and trebled their incomes as the result of a few study of the Pelmin Course Trademen tell of turnover" and 100 per cent and 200 per cent in profits Tle latest bytch of reports from students (including men and women of all occupa life) show that less than one per cent -not one in ed-failed to gain substantial advantages from the Course

all at the price of a half hour of so a day for a ka! It sounds too good to be true but there are Is of letters to prove that it is absolutely true not a class not a business or trade or profession islands in which Pelmanism has not proved itself sful help to success. That is to say a means of a efficiency and developing "I rain ness" to such that promotion and a bigger salary follow as surely follows day

nt line a ere particularly keen on Pelman sm such in enormous help to them in "getting on" itses. Many of them describe it as "the best at I ever made".

er they fullit a frely forenating state "I am sorry the course I as finished I have found it an rly interesting as well as profitable. These are t words used by students of the Pelman Course I as lately made another report upon the progress their amount various closes and confesses it mpossible to name a business profession or in which there were not hundreds of Pelman

and Navy officers are very ' keen on Pelman" Admirals and Generals and over 30 000 other re studying the entree as well as thousands of rank A large number of readers of the lead no conmale on it and have already profited by it in income and

actors of the Institute have arranged a substantial in the fee to enable the readers of Indian Ink to e complete course with a minimum outlay

the berefit of this liberal offer application should at once by posteard to the address given

INTERESTING LETTERS

From a Director I consider the Pelman Course is of the utmost value It teaches one how to observe and to think in the right way which few realisa who have not studied it. The great charm to me was the realisation of greater power guined from each lesson right up to the end of the

From a Clerk.

Looking back over the time since I first enrolled for the Course I marved at the changed outlook and wide sphere which it opens to us to me. The personal bendles are a thousandfold better memory. If only the public Azem your Course, I am a new your offeren would be literally besieged by prospective students

com a works manager from the works manager for a variety of wars. Up to recently I was works me in a variety of wars. Up to recently I was works manager for a polymer property of year spinners but have now attained the position of right and man to the owners being removed from the expensive for the administrative of the sammisticitive of the position of the polymer for the property of the proper side of the business.

From a Bank Cashler

I have much pleasure in test lying to the practical value of the Pelman System as a means of developing vills of the Feinan evatem as a means or developing one a metal powers. We chief recret is that I did not take the Course years ago. I have found the training of great value in clearness of mental vision quickness of decision and greater self-confidence. The online is quite nominal compared with the great advantages attained From a Textile Buyer

From my own experience I would strongly recommend the Pelman Course to all wlo are amittious and keenly desirous of success. Perhaps its greatest value is that it causes one to feel more independent of circumstances of any and every kind it tends to transfer our destiny from chance into our own keeping

From a Merchant

I think it right that I should tell you what benefits I have derived from the study. The greatest benefit is a larger interest in life—a keener appetite for business. It has awakened me to a fuller knowledge of myself giving me more self-confidence and making my powers of observation more exact.

IMMEDIATE BENEFIT 'Benefit," says "Truth ' 'is derived from the very first, and this is the general experience of the vest majority of the students. Almost before they are aware of it the brain is being set methodically to work on the lines which will bring out its full capacity."

OVER 250,000 MEN AND WOMEN

The Pelman Course has already been followed by over 110 reiman Course has areary reen tollowed by ore 20,000 men and women. It is directed through the post and is simple to follow. It takes up very little time. It moves no hard stady. It can be practised anywhere in the trenches in the office in the train in sparse minutes doing the day and yet in quite a short time it has the effect of developing the mird just as physical exercise develors the muscles of increasing your personal efficiency and thus doubling your all round capacity and freeme-

earning power \ full description of the Pelman Course with a complete Valu description of the Person Course with a complete snops of the lessons is given in "Mind and Memory" a free copy of which (together with Truth's special supple-ment on "Primanum") will be sent post free in all readers of Induse Ink. who send a postcard to Tto Pelman Initiate 33 Felman lious Promotionium Street London

Conclusive Evidence.



CLINCHER TYRES "always leave a good impression."

change from internal to external colour effects. The Christians, from the first cave chapels of the catacombs down to the French Gothic cathedrals, cut themselves off from outside influences when they prayed. The custom may have grown out of a grim necessity; it was best to hide in the days of persecution Joined to this, no doubt, it was felt to have a deeper spiritual meaning But the Moslems, like the ancient Greeks, praised Allah in the open air The courtyard of Mohammet's house at Medina formed the type for the first mosque In one of the arches of its surrounding arcade was placed the Mihrab, the empty niche,the Sanctuary without the Idol The mosaics of St Sophia, the golden gloom of Chartres, find their equal but exact opposite in the dawn-flushed portals of the Tai

Scattered throughout the Turkish quarter are a few forlorn-looking tekkehs, monasteries or hostels for pilgrims, where one or two Dervishes cling pathetically to the scene of their past activities Here, if anywhere, it should be dangerous for a Westerner to intrude.

Accustomed as I was to go where fancy led, without attracting any notice beyond that of the gipsy children, I hesitated to accept the grave invitation to enter the archway just below the Church of St Demetrius. But the fountains and the flowers within proved too tempting to be To my surprise the Sheik who lived there, tending the little garden and serving the mosque, far from being a fierce enemy, hailed with delight the chance of pouring his woes into English ears It was hard to make out whom he hated most, the Jewish "Young Turks" who had rushed his country into war with their oldest and best friends in Europe, or the Greeks who had raided his garden at the taking

Grafion Volle

DAINTY & COOL

THE exquisite beauty of texture and design have made Grafton's Voile the ideal material for all Summer Frocks, Blouses, Afternoon Tea Gowns, Evening Dresses, etc

The very dantiness of the fabric makes it all the harder for us to describe it to you, but its charming quality, the tasteful and alluring designs, and its distinguished colourings will appeal irresistibly to you the minute you see it.

Picture to yourself the most delightful style you ever saw in Summer Frocks Preture it, too, made up in this wondrously dainty fabric, and you will certainly make up your mind that Grafton Voile, and only Grafton Voile; is good enough for YOÜR Summer

Frock

The Dainty Fabr

Why not go "Grafton Voile Buying" To-day?

Your draper will be very pleased to show you his selection if you will ask him

Over 200 Designs.

of Salonica and wantonly smashed the tombs of his family saints. I left with a bunch of pink roses and lilac and a special request that I should come back and sketch the mosque.

Nor was this a solitary instance of Turkish hospitality in war time. At the Monastery of Meylane, outside the city walls, a direct descendant of the last Seljuk Sultans still entertains the stray visitor to his fascinating but much-dilapidated shrine. I went there one day with two companions, a Red Cross Sister and an Anglo-Syrian merchant not long escaped from Smyrna, my object, at the moment, being to find out something further on the subject of the symbolism employed in the planting of Moslem tombs.

The afternoon prayers were ending as we arrived and walked up the steps leading into the picturesque courtyard. In the centre stood a fountain kiosk, the ceiling of its dome and deep caves covered with frescoes in the modern Turkish style, a quaint blend of Chinese and French Rococo. servant met us there and showed us into the Chief Dervish's room to await his return. Round the walls ran the usual low divan. The skins of wild animals on the Moor reminded me of Persian miniatures of Mainun as a · desert Dervish.

When the great man entered, the merchant greeted him in suitably flowing terms and at the same time we made our salaams. Then with much bowing to each other we retook our seats on the divan. Our host settled himself opposite us, eigarettes and coffee were handed round and the real conversation between the two men began. It surged up and down in rich guttural tones, every now and then points being translated and explained for my benefit.

"Yes," the Chief Dervish admitted, "the Hanum (lady) was right in one

At the Dressing Table.

Br MINOSA.

How Millcent Chasted Father Time.

I hadn t seen gli cent fee over three years, when I called on her a few days ago. I knew she had taken up monition her a few days ago. I knew she had taken up monition had been to be the same that the her had taken from stane great the same that the her had taken the same that the her had taken the her had taken to her had taken to had entirely disappeared

How She Preserved Her Complexion.

After a little persuasion she told me the secret of how abo had not only kept, but improved, her looks during the three years in which we had not met, in ap to of her hard work and late hours.

shie told me ahe owed the freahness of her complexion to the require use every might of a little plan mercolased was. Thus ahe rubbed gently into the face and aced, fewering it of water the bad entirely given up the use of powed, which she told me she felt sure caused wrinkles, and was uning instead a 1 tion made by mixing an onnee of cleminate in about two ounces of water. This lation, gives a most natural appearance, and is beneficial to the kin, and judging the state of the property of the state of the s the told me she owed the freshness of her complexion to by her complexion I can well believe it

Removing the Wrinkles,

When I asked what she had done to remove the little wrankle which I remobered round her eyes and mouth, abe told me nothing The use of the mercalized wax had done the truck without any effort on her part. Thus wax, is seems, critily peels off all the deed coater skin, allowly and imperceptibly while we alsope, and with the deed skin all lines and wralks, fearing the fresh young complexion beneath clear and smooth

A Slight Growth of Superfluous Hair-

There was another point upon which I was very currous antro was amount youts upon union; a was very currous Milicent used to have a slight growth of hair en the tupper lip, which I am forced to admit, entirely agold her claims to being considered a precty grit, and this too had entirely disappeared, owing to the use she led I me of a hitle produced pheninto. After two opplications, this said all frees of the growth had disappeared, but as greenation also had need some taken yearted for a curry of weeks alternated.

How She Kept Her Hair Bright and Glossy.

To keep her has in good condition she had all-unjused, it to keep her has in good condition she had all-unjused, it to keep her had been been as to be a subject of the state of the state

A Pericetly Hatural Colour.

Milicent had always been naturally pale and I remarked on the pretty flush which had come into her cheeks. This she confessed was not natural (although it had deceived even see concessed when madelly, but was brought about by using a an expert like myselly, but was brought about by using a little pure colliandam, which the applied to her checks with a piece of cotton wood. The beauty of this colour was that it appeared absolutely natural, for it deer ened as the atmosphere became warmer, just as a natural colour, would

INDIAN INK.

or two of her surmises. But on the whole, the planting of the flowers she had noticed had no symbolic meaning; it was all a matter of custom."

As a Moslem priest, of course, he could not allow of symbolism for a moment, for that might savour of the idolatry so condemned by the Holy Koran

But what started the custom? Why were lilies, for instance, always found on a woman's tomb in some form or another, and irrses planted in every cemetery? The answer came later from a poet, a secular Moslem scholar From time to time as the talk flowed on I noticed the Dervish glance across at us three, perplexed. At length I saw what was puzzling him—what was wrong. The man of our party with his venerable white beard, sat in the lowest place, nearest the door. "What a deplorable lack of breeding afflicts the English," was plainly what he thought

Just then he looked up at the Red Cross Sister on my other side and smuled, a little relieved; at least the "Benyuk Hanum," the Eldest Wife, had the place of honour; we meant well, our manners, though odd, might pass

The I. D. F. Alphabet.

Compiled by E. H. TIMMINS

A's for Act yeelpt I. D. F. A.
Which made us all "soldiers" 'ere we could say nay:
Exposed tender flowers as the innocent prey
Of the stridently loud Sergeant-Major.

B is Bundook you have to tote round, Its ugly and clumsy and weighs half a maund— I put mine down once and it couldn't be found, Blank, Blank! said the irate Sergeant-Major.

C's for Committee—we have quite a lot— Selection, Exemption, what more I know not; They did me no good and I've just got to swot 'Neath the eye of the grim Sergeant-Major.

D's for the Drill we all have to do—
Morning and evening and Saturdays too—
Till our marks total up to a hundred and two,
Or more—for the gay Sergeant-Major.

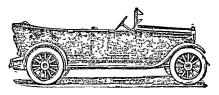
E's for Exemption the lucky ones get—
I haven't; but I can't be spared just yet,
They want me to give a tone to the set
And stands drinks to the dry Sergeant-Major

F's for Fighting—now don't go and smile;

We all do our fighting in elegant style,
With blank when the maidan's as wet as the Nile

Under Pharoah the nth—Sergeant-Major.





CLASS IN CARS

There is that subtle atmosphere of "class" about Austin Cars which makes its appeal to the careful buyer Both in Private and Commercial Cars the workmanship and general appearance of AUSTIN productions display this atmosphere in a marked degree We shall be glad to supply full particulars, or place your name upon our Priority List for post-war delivery upon request

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO., LD.,

Head Office. NORTHFIELD, BIRMINGHAM, *ENGLAND

London 479, 483, OXFORD STREET, W 1 Also at MANCHESTER and NORWICH or two of her sumises. But on the whole, the planting of the flowers she had noticed had no symbolic meaning; it was all a matter of custom."

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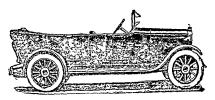
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INDIAN INK

- G's for the Guards at Aidderpore Docks— Sulubrious places where you can get shocks From 'skeeters and gentry while watching the locks— They can't bite the tough Sergeant-Major
- H is the Horses the cavalry ride—
 And mind you return them the marks on their hide
 Or you won't get the twenty chips writ in the inside
 'Of his books by the smart Sergeant Major
- Is for the Indian part of the Force—
 It ought to be ready, but isn't of course!
 They want fifty years to develop a dorsal vert. And a full Sergeant-Major
- J's, for the juld; they like us to show

 When told to advance at the trot to and fro,

 If you want to go a st; just try it, but lo!

 "Ware the gibe of the glib Sergeant-Major
- K's for the Kit you were going to get,

 Double of everything—a real complete set,

 No matter if nobody's seen it yet,

 "It's coming"—quoth the old Sergeant Major
- L's for the Lerve you have to produce; No lying in bed without just excuse, A fat herd in the morn can go to the deuce— It won't wash with our Sergeant-Major!
- M's is the Maidan whereon we parade,
 It's wonderful muddy or else hird as Hide
 S' but not big enough to smother the t'inde
 Of the venturesome Sergeant-Major
- N's is for the Naul ar who isn't to touch
 Your bay'net or rifle nor does he—much,
 Only to clean them and keep them in such
 Condition as pleases the "Major"
- O is for Orders—can't remember 'em all— Given by our officers, both big and small Lootenant, and Major, and e'en Generall— And they're'hot stuff from the Sergeant Major
- P. is for Pullthrough—you know it quite well The thing that gets stuck in your rifle and—hell! Your boy burns it out with poker you yell— But less than the shocked Sergeant-Major!

THE I D F ALPHABET

- Q's for QM, the man with the grub
 Who travels around with a reg lar young pub—
 But why doesn the bring us the been in \(\tau \text{tub}^2 \)
 Sh' (With a thirst) here s the 'Myjor''
- R's for Route marches we ve got to do,
 Hundreds of miles on our flat feet two
 Before we'll be old nough to 'scape the view
 Of the persistent and "wide' Sergeant Major
- S is the Slacker who's doing his bit
 They get him it list and he's looling quite fit
 And shows he's got muscle ind plenty of grit,
 Thit's thinks to the keen Sergenit Major
- Ts for the Trooper he rides a big horse
 And gets twenty dibs as a matter of course
 To maintain the spectacular part of the force
 And make sport for the rough riding "Major"
- U is the Unit that's liable to go
 To most terrible places from Ceylon to Mhow
 Or anywhere else that will rhyme with an "O"—
 So says the learned Sergeant Major
- V's for the Veterans—the patriots who Served till they were buddhas and still game to do Many more drills than you or I—B boo! And more than the aged Sergeant Major
- W's for Washout—we hope we're not that!

 If we thought we'd succeeded we'd not fit our hat,

 Some doubt it but others lend ear to the flat—

 'Ries spoke by the kind Sergeant Major'
- X stands for the Numbers produced by the Act The censor won t let me say more—that's a fact, If I did I should surely be locking in Arct And not like the adroit Sergeant Major
- Y's for the Y M C A. in a tent
 It treats you to drinks without phying rent
 No wonder when it's thirges not e en a cent,
 Except to the old Sergeant Major
- Z is for—really I must be excused—
 If I misuse Z don't get confused—.
 I must work in the "Major" or I II be abused
 So Z's for the bold Zergeant Major,
 For the gallant and gay Zergeant Major

Paison Acorges Exclusive alcutta